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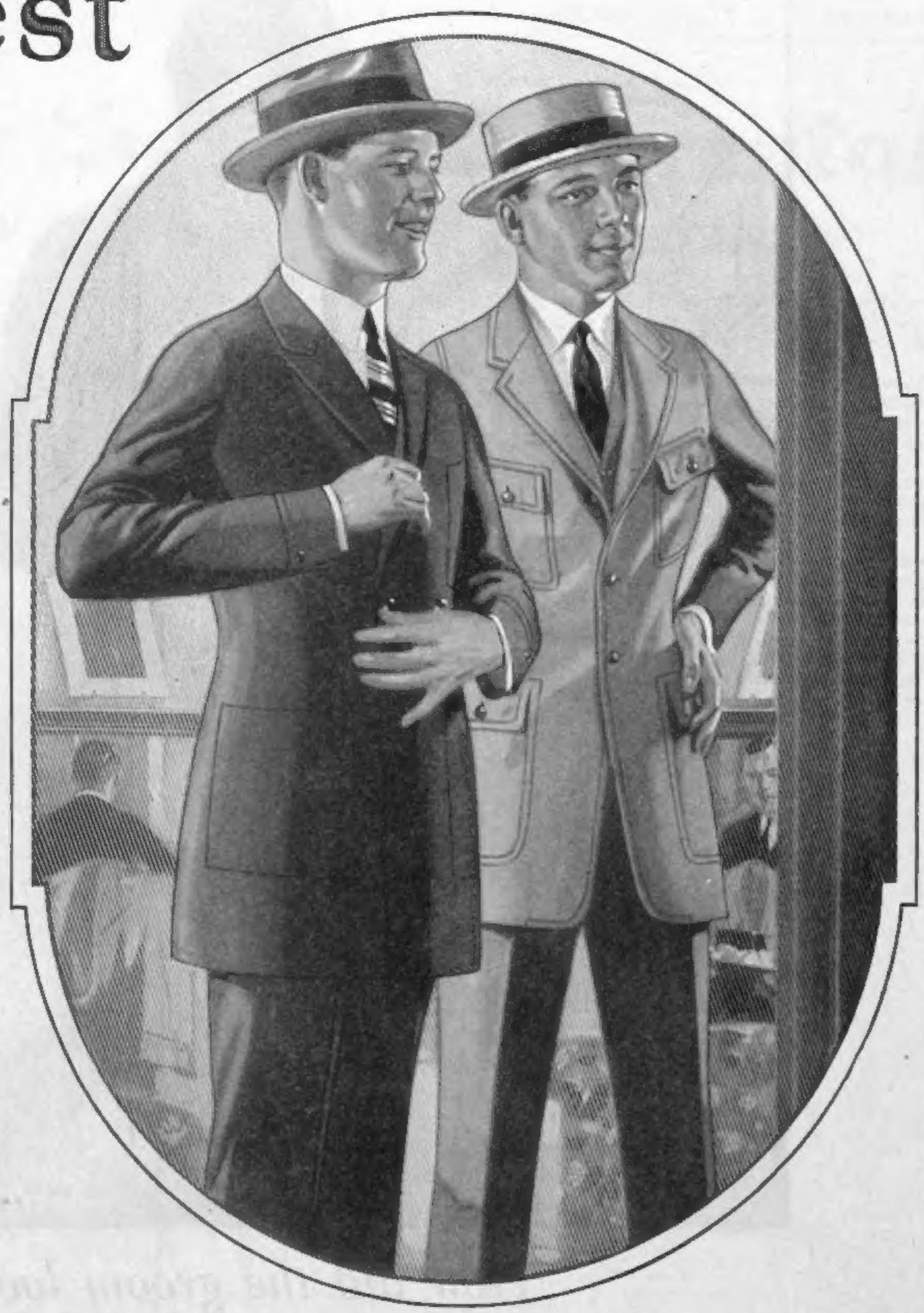

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Protecting the Small Investor

WHERE THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE STANDS

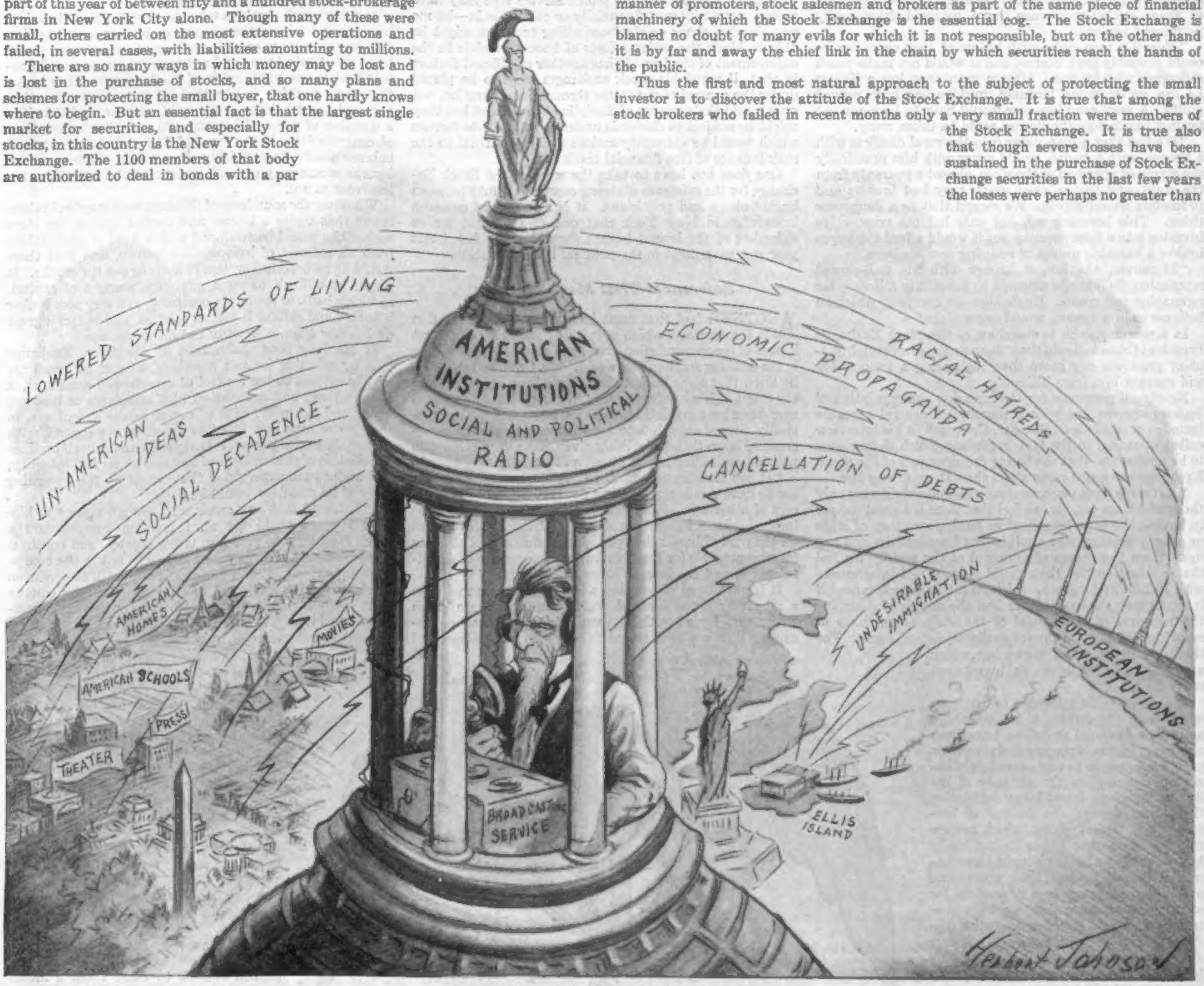
By Albert W. Atwood

THE question of protecting the small investor is not only one of permanent economic importance but has a continued personal interest for millions of individuals. The subject has been discussed many times from many viewpoints. High wages during the war and the Liberty Loans created new armies of stock and bond holders. The great industrial boom of 1919 carried with it the flotation of thousands of new stocks. Now the whole subject is up again in most insistent form because of the failure in the early part of this year of between fifty and a hundred stock-brokerage firms in New York City alone. Though many of these were small, others carried on the most extensive operations and failed, in several cases, with liabilities amounting to millions.

There are so many ways in which money may be lost and is lost in the purchase of stocks, and so many plans and schemes for protecting the small buyer, that one hardly knows where to begin. But an essential fact is that the largest single market for securities, and especially for stocks, in this country is the New York Stock Exchange. The 1100 members of that body are authorized to deal in bonds with a par value of more than $37,000,000,000 and stocks of a par value of nearly $18,500,000,000, in addition to nearly 32,000,000 shares of stock without par value.

The brokers who belong to the Stock Exchange are members of 437 different firms, ranging from comparatively small and unimportant partnerships up to J. P. Morgan & Co. itself. In the public mind the Stock Exchange is almost synonymous with the words "Wall Street." To a large extent the public looks upon the Stock Exchange and all manner of promoters, stock salesmen and brokers as part of the same piece of financial machinery of which the Stock Exchange is the essential cog. The Stock Exchange is blamed no doubt for many evils for which it is not responsible, but on the other hand it is by far and away the chief link in the chain by which securities reach the hands of the public.

Thus the first and most natural approach to the subject of protecting the small investor is to discover the attitude of the Stock Exchange. It is true that among the stock brokers who failed in recent months only a very small fraction were members of the Stock Exchange. It is true also that though severe losses have been sustained in the purchase of Stock Exchange securities in the last few years the losses were perhaps no greater than



TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE

among business operations in general, and certainly the vast flood of get-rich-quick shares which were sold so freely in recent years were only in the rarest instances listed on the Stock Exchange.

But the Stock Exchange is so large and powerful that its responsibilities are correspondingly great. If the small investor is to be safeguarded and the standard of protection raised the Stock Exchange must obviously take the lead. For that reason these questions were put to Seymour L. Cromwell, president of the Stock Exchange:

What specific objection has the Stock Exchange to the regulation of its members by the state banking department or other state authority? Why should brokers, who handle large sums of money, object to being licensed and controlled like banks and other similar institutions?

If the Stock Exchange objects to this sort of treatment, what constructive proposal has it to make regarding the whole question of bucket shops, get-rich-quick stock selling and financial swindling?

Many customers have urged that all brokers be placed under state control, on the ground that the average customer is no more competent to pick out a good sound broker than he is able to choose a strong bank or insurance company. These latter institutions have long been regulated by the state.

Mr. Cromwell replied: "The Stock Exchange is not against legislation which will accomplish good, and there is nobody so thoroughly in favor of such legislation. But the danger of licensing, above all, to me is the lowering of the standard instead of the raising of it."

Objections to Licensing Systems

"WE CONSIDER that it would be a very easy thing for a man to get a license. We have seen an extraordinary amount of that in the personal letters that a lot of these bucket-shop men have received from really prominent persons.

"Now if a man came with letters of that character he could probably get a license, and it would not make much difference who he was. After a man once has a license he can go on doing business until he has been proved guilty. A very complete case would have to be made out against him before the license could be taken away.

"We feel that a man going into the rural districts with a license, with a badge, would carry with him practically the stamp of approval of the state, almost a guaranty from the state, and that a great many very bad brokers and promoters would slip in. We regard that as a dangerous thing. This licensing will not only lull the prospective investor into a false security but it would afford the bogus broker a valuable means of securing new business.

"Moreover, the honest broker with his well-earned reputation dislikes the attempt to substitute a license for reputation and credit. He dislikes the company which he believes such a system would necessitate."

In a recent speech to members of the Stock Exchange President Cromwell said that "licensing doesn't stop fraudulent practices any more than registering a vicious dog will prevent him from biting."

Nearly all proposals for the licensing and regulation of brokers are coupled with a measure of control over the issuance of securities. But Mr. Cromwell in his interview called attention to the fact, regarding which there seems to be no dispute, that the listing requirements of the Stock Exchange are much more strict than those of any law.

"But aside from our own securities and considering only those which are outside, we feel that there is a great danger in having the superintendent of banks, secretary of state or other official receive applications for securities and put upon them the stamp of approval of the state. We feel that a situation like that would mean a real interference with legitimate business, which might be countenanced if it would stop the bad things. But the danger of stamping the approval of the official of the state on an issue of securities is that you cannot easily take it off again. The thing does not stand on its own feet, which an ordinary speculation or investment must do."

Mr. Cromwell's reference to the ease with which the owners of bucket shops and other financial swindlers have been able to get letters of recommendation from prominent people has an exceedingly important bearing on the attitude of the Stock Exchange toward any legislation that looks toward the control of brokers. The bucket shops, which are so-called brokers that either do not really buy securities or having bought them immediately sell against their customers, are in almost every case dependent for existence upon being able to get the quotations of stock prices made upon the floor of the Stock Exchange and nowhere else. Unless these can be had quickly by telegraph or telephone the bucket shop soon goes out of business.

But the Stock Exchange, owing to its autocratic power and perhaps monopolistic character, as well as its freedom from state regulation, is able to deny and does deny its ticker service or quotations to many of those who ask for them. It also frequently rips out the telegraph wires from brokers who are not members of the exchange but who have been granted the ticker service. This is done upon evidence that these brokers are bucketing their orders. Whatever the defects or faults of the Stock Exchange may be, there is not the slightest doubt that it has broken up numerous great and powerful rings of bucket-shop gamblers by the simple and expeditious device of tearing out their wires, as well as those of many individual bucket shops. Indeed, the many brokerage failures in recent months were precipitated by action on the part of the Stock Exchange in depriving what it suspected to be bucket shops of their tickers.

Now it is asserted by the Stock Exchange that many of these bucket shops, and rings or groups of them, have had the most powerful of political backing. Nor is there the slightest doubt that bucket shops, like race tracks, gambling houses, liquor interests and other easy-money forms of business, have had in many instances the support of politicians. Mr. Cromwell says: "We believe that it is greatly to the public benefit for us to have this, you can call it 'autocratic' power, if you want to. We believe we are the last ditch, in the way of defense, against these swindlers. We believe that we are the one agency that the public authorities can use to accomplish what they want, if they want to. When the wires were taken out of one of these houses last year, the pressure that was exercised was such that we are convinced that the cure cannot come from that source"—political control.

"In some of the recent flagrant failures of bucket-shop houses men who had held public office were partners or directors. Any man in the public service who may have even a remote interest financially or otherwise in—let me say—bucket shops or stock-swindling concerns might be able to block the active efforts of honest officials in the enforcement of the law. It has another significant feature in that, if reputable stock exchanges were to be placed under the control of the states through incorporation, not only would their powers of discipline be menaced but they might be subject to demands under threats of interference which would be extremely serious and detrimental to the maintenance of free financial markets."

One does not have to take the word of the Stock Exchange for the existence of strong connecting links between bucket shops and politicians. It is a matter of common knowledge in New York that one of the most active defenders of the largest bucket shop that has failed this year was prominent in the political life of the state.

References That Mean Nothing

ANOTHER fact that must be taken into consideration is the ease with which swindling brokers appear to get letters of recommendation even from men of high standing in the banking and business world. Mr. Cromwell said that he knew that some bucket shops have been able to obtain the finest of bank references. "We know that prominent men have been inveigled into giving introductions to practically chance acquaintances, and in many cases these references, honestly but foolishly given, have been utilized to promote swindling in the Street and out of it.

"It has sometimes seemed to be sufficient for a depositor to have a substantial bank account to justify the officers of a bank in giving him letters of introduction that imply business integrity and responsibility. This failure on the part of banks to investigate character has at times been responsible for the distribution of securities of doubtful value, and consequent losses to the public."

It is obvious of course that a bucket shop can maintain a relatively larger bank deposit or appropriate a much larger sum for advertising than a legitimate broker, because it does not have to use its capital in its business, and therefore can pile it up in a bank to make an impressive showing, or spend it for advertising purposes.

In view of these facts there is a very obvious dilemma presented. Many people feel that the Stock Exchange is not strict enough in keeping its quotations and ticker service out of the hands of irresponsible swindlers, and it has been urged to far greater severity in this respect. But other people say that it is an arbitrary and arrogant institution when it rips out wires from bucket shops without due process of law. The question is whether under state control it would be easier or more difficult for the bucket shops to get the stock quotations and ticker service.

In discussing the position of the stockbroker Mr. Cromwell laid stress on the fact that the broker is a confidential and personal agent of his client. Brokers look upon their position as only slightly removed from the professional relationship of the lawyer or physician, where the question of personal character is more important even than that of finances. The relation is looked upon as one of close personal confidence, and there is no profession that is supposed to guard information regarding the affairs of its clients more jealously than that of the stockbroker.

Confidential Relationships

THE position taken by most brokers is that though they handle money and securities for their principals they handle them not as a bank does, but as a personal agent. Very few customers have personal checking accounts in brokerage firms, and a broker is not supposed to act for everyone who chooses to come into his office. He acts only for the principals with whom he is willing to assume the confidential relationship involved in the employment, and customers are expected to select as their brokers men whom they personally know, in whom they have personal confidence and whom they can trust.

In other words, brokers take the position that they do a less public business than banks or insurance companies, and for the state to come in and assume supervision would be to substitute forms and red tape for the personal contact that is the whole spirit of the business. They argue that their position is like that of an executor or other personal agent holding property of another, and that it is a question of personal honesty and character rather than of concrete facts in the form of financial statements and balance sheets, that quickly show to the examiner of an insurance company or bank whether such institutions are insolvent or not.

Whatever the soundness of this argument may be, brokers assert that under a license and control system the state authorities would be swamped with a flood of applications from all manner of irresponsible parties, and that there would be no practical system of keeping out the crooks. It would be difficult to set a minimum amount of capital, as with a bank or insurance company, as a very poor broker if honest and skillful is just as good as, and in fact a great deal better than, a wealthy but dishonest one.

It has long been maintained by the Stock Exchange that by selecting its own members, who at all times are wholly subject to the control of experienced governors, it has produced and maintained high standards of business honor and integrity, with of course minor exceptions, in the eyes of men best fitted to know. State control, with its complemental license, it is argued, cannot itself produce or maintain high standards of business honor and integrity, and under such supervision the control by the governing body of its members would be gone.

It is feared that any crook with enough money to hire good lawyers could get an injunction compelling the Stock Exchange to give him ticker service, and continue to do business until the case was fought out in the courts. It is argued that not only the swift removal of tickers from outside concerns suspected of bucketing but the equally swift discipline of its own members upon frequent occasions would be interfered with by all manner of legal objections and obstacles.

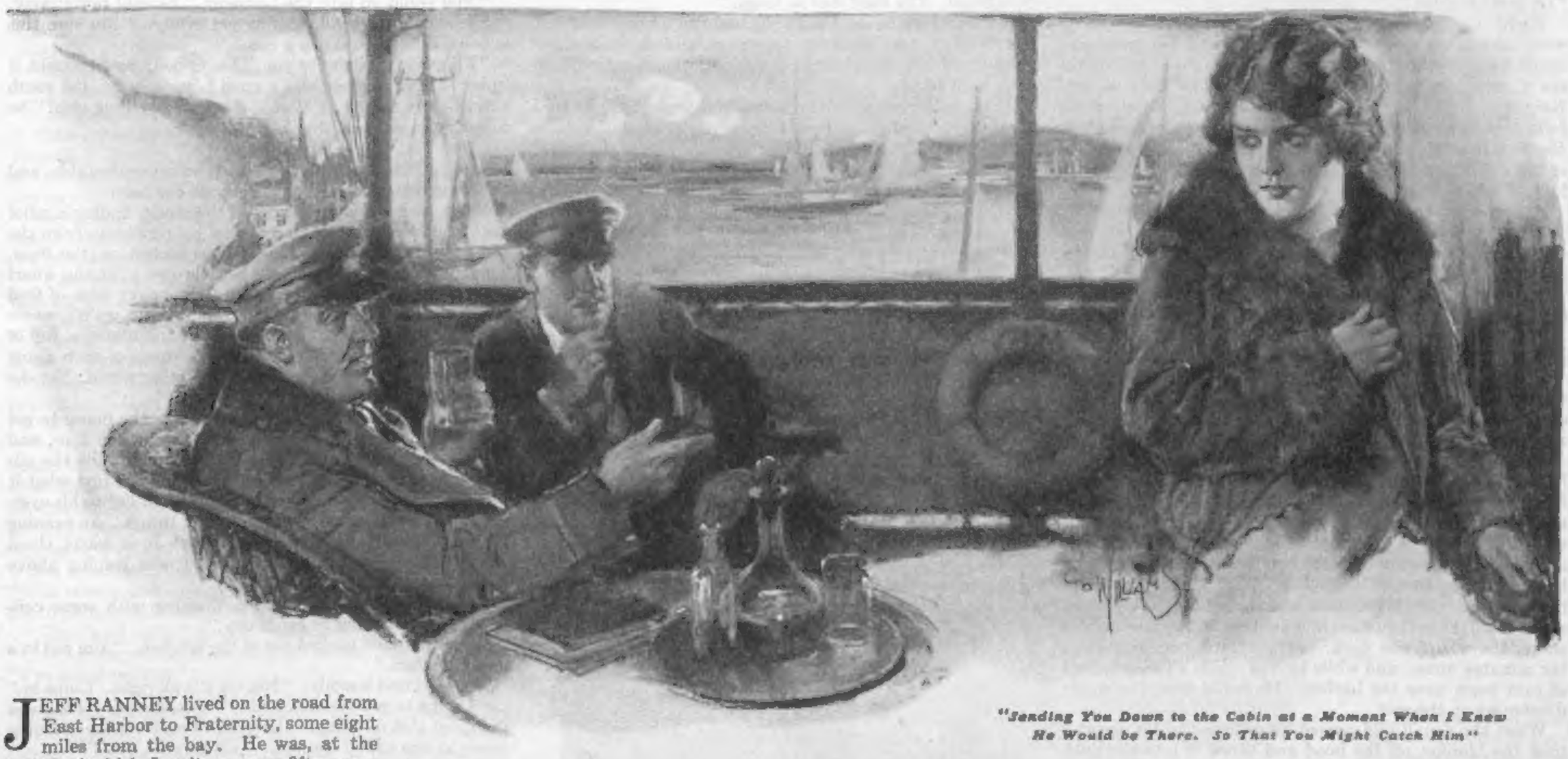
Mr. Cromwell stated that in one of the Middle Western States which has a blue-sky law that has been advertised as working well, the exchange has had more trouble with bucket shops using its tickers than almost anywhere else, and has had to pull out many of them.

It may be argued that the Stock Exchange should take the leadership in putting statutes upon the books that will restrict bucket shops, get-rich-quick operations and bogus investments generally, and that its failure to do so has been an important reason for the growth of such parasites. Mr. Cromwell spoke of the blue-sky laws as cumbersome and as being obstacles to the distribution of bona-fide securities.

He also expressed the view that most of these laws have not yet accomplished enough to make them a model

(Continued on Page 132)

ONE CROWDED HOUR



"Sending You Down to the Cabin at a Moment When I Knew He Would be There. So That You Might Catch Him"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

JEFF RANNEY lived on the road from East Harbor to Fraternity, some eight miles from the bay. He was, at the period of which I write, a man fifty-seven years old, and his life had been as completely uneventful as life can be. He had never had an adventure, had never suffered a catastrophe, had never achieved any great thing, had never even been called upon to endure a particularly poignant grief. He was born in the house where he still lived and save for one trip to Portland had never crossed the county line. He married the daughter of a man whose farm lay on the other side of Fraternity. She was not particularly pretty at any time; and he had never any passion for her, though he had always liked her well enough, and had always been kind. His father and mother lived till he was in his forties, then died peaceably in their beds. He had been a child of their later years, and before they died they had become almost completely helpless, so that he felt it was time for them to go. He and his wife had three children, all of whom grew to maturity. The oldest, a girl, married an East Harbor boy who later moved to Augusta; the other two, boys, went to Augusta to work in a factory there, preferring the ordered hours of confined toil to the long and irregular tasks upon the farm.

Now and then Jeff's wife departed to visit her daughter, leaving him to keep bachelor hall alone. He managed comfortably enough; his life, then as always, followed a well-ordered and familiar routine. He rose at daylight, cared for his stock, made his own breakfast, did whatever tasks lay before him for the day, finished his chores before cooking supper at night, washed the dishes, read the evening paper till he fell asleep in his chair, and then went to bed. Now and then in the spring and summer months he found time to catch a mess of trout; now and then in the fall or winter he shot a partridge or a rabbit. When there was a circus in East Harbor, or a fair, he went to town for the day. When there was a dance in the Grange Hall he and his wife had used to go; but they had long since ceased these frivolities.

Jeff's farm was well kept; he had a profitable orchard, his cows were of good stock. When the price of feed made the enterprise worth while he raised a few pigs. There was no mortgage on the farm, his taxes were paid, he owed no bills, his buildings were in good condition, he owned a secondhand automobile and a piano, and he had some few hundred dollars in the bank. It is fair to say that by the standards of the community in which he lived he was a prosperous man. He was also a just man, and he had a native sense and wit which his neighbors respected.

One November day, some years before this time of which I propose to write, he woke early and looked from his kitchen window and saw a deer feeding on the windfalls in his orchard. He shot the animal through the open window; and the spike horns, still attached to a fragment of the skull, were kept on the marble-topped table in the parlor of the farmhouse. The shooting of this deer was the most exciting, the most interesting thing that had ever happened to Jeff until that series of incidents in which romance and drama were so absorbingly mingled, and which is to be here set down.

It was a day in October. He had planned to go down into his woodlot and manufacture stove wood, to be stored for use during the winter that was still twelve months away. But when he awoke in the morning a cold rain was lashing his window, and a glance at the sky assured him the rain would continue all that day. He decided to postpone the outdoor task. A few errands in town wanted doing, so he put before his animals sufficient water for their needs till night, threw a thing or two into the tonneau of his car, secured the curtains, cranked the engine and started for East Harbor. Since the road was muddy and somewhat rutted, and he had no chains, it was necessary for him to drive slowly; and his late start made it almost noon when he slid down the steep and muddy hill into the town. He parked his car at an angle in the middle of the street and went to the restaurant presided over by Bob Bumpass for his midday meal. Eating at a restaurant on his trips to town was one of the things Jeff accounted luxuries.

Bob, fat and amiable as a Mine Host out of Dickens, asked Jeff what he wanted; and Jeff ordered Regular Dinner Number Three: Vegetable soup, fried haddock, pie and coffee; thirty-five cents. Not till he had given his order did Jeff perceive that a certain excitement was in the air.

There were two other customers having lunch near where he sat. One was Dolph Bullen, whose haberdashery was among the most prosperous of East Harbor mercantile establishments; the other was the chief of police, Sam Gallop, a wordy man. Bob Bumpass, having taken Jeff's order and served his soup, leaned against the counter to talk with these two men. Jeff perceived that Sam was telling over again a story that had evidently been told before.

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "he came right along when I took a hold of him. And he had the necklace in a kind of a leather case in his pocket the whole time."

"You took him right off the Boston boat, didn't you?" Dolph asked.

"Yep," said Sam. "Right out of his stateroom. He had his suitcase open on the bunk when I knocked on the door. I didn't wait for him to let me in. Just opened her right up and went in; and he looked at me kind of impudent; and he says, 'Hullo,' he says. 'What's the matter?' Cool as you want."

"He come in here one day this summer, when the yacht was in here," Bob commented. "I kind of liked his looks."

Sam shook his head ponderously. "Them's the worst kind. But he didn't fool me."

"Name's Gardner, isn't it?" Dolph asked.

Bob nodded. "Frank Gardner. He's worked for old Viles for six-seven years, he said."

The chief of police was not willing that his part in the affair should be forgotten. He was a round-faced, bald, easy-going man; but he knew his rights, knew that in this drama which had been played he had a leading rôle.

"I says to him, 'Matter enough,'" he continued importantly. "'I got a warrant for you,' I says. And he asked me what for; and I told him for stealing Mrs. Viles' jewels. He got red enough at that, and mad looking, I'll tell you. And he started to say something. But I shut him up. 'You can tell that to someone else,' I says. 'My job's to take you up to jail.' Then he asked who swore out the warrant; and I told him old Viles did; and at that he shut up like a clam, and snapped his suitcase shut, and came along. I found the things when I went through his clothes, up't the jail."

He had more to tell, and when Bob Bumpass had brought Jeff his fried haddock and resumed his place as auditor Sam took up the telling. How Leander Viles had come to him, demanding the arrest of his secretary; how he had insisted that the millionaire swear out a warrant; how incensed Viles had become at this insistence.

"I'll tell you," said Sam emphatically, "he got right purple, till I thought the man'd burst; and he sort of fell down in a chair, grabbing at his chest; and then he got white as can be."

Dolph nodded. "Men like him, big and fat, and full of whisky all the time—they go that way. He's got a temper too. Some day when he's good and mad that heart of his will crack on him."

Their talk continued, and Jeff continued to listen. In any issue it is instinctive for mankind to take sides. Dolph and Bob Bumpass were inclined to think a mistake had been made. "I don't believe he aimed to steal that necklace at all," said Bob; and Jeff found himself agreeing with the restaurant man. The three were still discussing the matter when Jeff finished his pie, paid his score and went his way.

His errands kept him busy all that afternoon. An ax handle, two or three pounds of nails, four feet of strap iron and a box of shells from the hardware store; a pair of overalls from Dolph Bullen; oatmeal, coffee, sugar and salt from the grocer; a bag of feed from the hay and grain market at the foot of the street. These errands were attended with much casual conversation, chiefly concerned with the arrest of the jewel thief. Late in the afternoon Jeff sought out Ed Whalen, who dealt in coal and wood, and made a deal by which Ed would buy from him a dozen cords of stove wood, to be delivered while snow was on the

ground. Ed's office was near the water front; and when Jeff came out he perceived the Viles yacht at her anchorage a little above the steamboat wharf. Jeff studied the craft for a while admiringly, and he wondered how much she had cost. "As much as my whole farm," he guessed. "Or mebbe more."

Night was coming swiftly; the lights aboard the yacht were turned on while he stood there, and her portholes appeared like round and luminous eyes. He could dimly see a sailor or two, in oilskins, under the deck lamps. Rain was still falling, cold and implacable. "Guess the folks that live on her are keeping dry, inside," he hazarded. He tried to picture to himself their manner of life, so different from his own, as he went back up the hill toward where he had left his car.

A farmer from Winterport, whom he had not seen for years, halted him on the corner above Dolph's store, and they talked together for a space in the shelter of the entrance to the bank. A whistle down the harbor announced the coming of the Boston boat; and before they separated another whistle told of her departure. Then Jeff had trouble cranking his car. He had forgotten to cover the hood, and the ignition wires and plugs were wet. One cylinder caught at last; and then another; and finally all four. He had already loaded in his purchases on the floor and seat of the tonneau. The bag of feed lay along the seat.

The Winterport man had reported that the steamship line would make a new rate for apples by the barrel to Boston that fall; and Jeff decided to go down to the wharf and make inquiries. He parked his car on the edge of the wharf, in the lee of the freight sheds, and this time threw an old rubber blanket over the hood to keep the plugs dry, before turning toward the office. With the departure of the boat, business hereabouts was done for the day; and save for a light in the office, and another on the pier toward shore, the wharf was dark. Jeff's errand occupied some ten minutes' time; and while he was inside a fiercer squall of rain burst over the harbor. He could hear the water drumming on the roof.

When the squall had passed he returned to his car and took the blanket off the hood and threw it into the dark cavern of the tonneau, then cranked the engine and turned around and started home. His lights, run from the magneto, were dim and uncertain; his attention was all upon the road. The car skidded and slid and slued and bumped; but it came to no disaster. He drove into his own barn toward seven o'clock in the evening, and left his purchases untouched while he went into the house to change into overalls, so that he might do his chores.

When he came back into the barn he saw someone standing motionless beside the machine. He lifted the lantern which he carried, so that its light flooded the still figure, and perceived that the person who stood there, facing him, was a woman.

This woman, in these surroundings, was an amazing apparition. Against the background of his old hayrick, still half full of hay, Jeff saw her outlined. She wore a sailor's oilskin coat, buttoned about her throat; and beneath the skirts of the draggled coat he glimpsed slim silk-clad ankles and badly soiled white satin pumps. She wore no hat; her hair was wet and all awry; and there was a thin streak of blood from a scratch upon her temple that had trickled down across the bridge of her nose in a slanting direction. Yet in spite of these difficulties he perceived that she was very beautiful.

At sight of her Jeff had stopped in his tracks and still stood motionless with surprise, the lantern in his lifted hand. The woman's white fingers fumbled nervously at the fastenings of the oilskin coat she wore; she waited for a moment in silence; but when he did not speak she nodded in an uneasy little way and stammeringly said to him, "Good evening!" Her voice was full and throaty and pleasantly modulated.

Jeff replied, "Howdo!"

She began to speak very rapidly.

"You're probably wondering how I came here. I was in your car. On the floor of the back seat. Almost crushed. That big bag fell off the seat on top of me when you hit that terrible bump. It banged my head down on a piece of iron. I'm afraid it has bled a little. I was almost smothered. The road was so rough."

She was panting as though she had run a race; and Jeff watched her steadfastly for a moment, and then, for sheer relief from his astonishment, gripped the commonplace with both hands.

"You better come in the house and wash up," he told her slowly, "and get warm. I guess you're kind of wet."

She nodded. "Yes. I'd like that. I'd like to do that."

He perceived that she was fighting for self-control, putting down the revolt of jangling nerves.

"Come through here, ma'am," he bade her, and led the way through the woodshed and into the kitchen. There he set his lantern on the table and brought fresh water from the pump. "I've been away since morning," he explained. "The water in the tank is cold. You want to wait till I heat some up?"

She shook her head. "This will do finely."

He went through into the bedroom and returned with a heavy porcelain bowl, which he set in the sink, removing the granite-ware washbasin. The woman had sunk down limply in a chair beside the table. Jeff, careful not to distress her by his scrutiny, unwrapped a fresh bar of soap, brought out a clean towel. Then with half a dozen motions he threw shavings and bits of kindling into the stove, touched a match to them, laid a stick or two of hardwood atop. "That'll warm the kitchen up pretty quick," he told her. He understood that she wished to be alone, yet was not sure what he should do. At last he said awkwardly, "I'll be doing the chores," and lighted a lamp for her, then took the lantern and departed through the shed again.

"I've Heard Enough About You So I'd Like Right Well to Mix it Up With You a Little Bit—if You Want to Try Anything Like That"

When he had gone only a few steps he stopped, considered, then returned and knocked upon the door through which he had come out. She bade him enter; and when he did so he found her on her feet, unfastening the long black coat.

"You could go into the bedroom," he said tentatively.

She shook her head, smiling gratefully. "I'm sure this is fine. But I would like a comb."

"I'll get my wife's for you," he replied; and brought it to her. Mrs. Ranney was a good housekeeper; the comb was as clean as new. "Would there be anything else?" he asked when she had thanked him for it.

"No. But you're very kind to me."

"I'll get the chores done," he replied uncomfortably, and this time departed in good earnest to the barn.

When he had fed and watered the stock, finding a relief in the familiar routine, he removed his purchases from the car. Saw where the woman had crouched on the floor. The rubber blanket which he had thrown in at the wharf must have fallen across her back; the heavy sack of feed might well have crushed her. "Lucky she wa'n't worse hurt," he told himself. He was full of speculations, full of questions, half dazed with wonder. Women of such a sort as this were as though they lived in another world. Yet she was in his kitchen now.

It was necessary for him to go back to the house to get the milking pails. Again he knocked upon the door, and the woman bade him come in. She had laid aside the oilskins; he was not able at once to understand just what it was she wore. A dress, but of a sort unfamiliar to his eyes. He had seen magazine pictures of such things. An evening gown, décolletté. Her hair was loose in a warm cloud about her smooth shoulders, and she was leaning above the stove.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, flushing with some confusion. "I'm trying to get it dry."

He would have backed out of the kitchen. "I'm not in a hurry, ma'am."

But she cried warmly, "No, no, it's all right. Come in."

"I come to get the milk pails," he explained. "I scalded them out this morning." He took them from the draining board at one end of the sink. "I'll go milk now."

She asked diffidently, "Can't I be starting supper while you're doing that?"

Jeff smiled faintly. "I'm used to cooking. I know where the things are."

"I can cook," she assured him. "What are we going to have for supper?" She was beginning to see some humor in the situation.

"Why I just figured to scramble some eggs, and make coffee," Jeff confessed. "The things are in the pantry, in through the dining room," he added.

"I'll have supper all ready when you come back," she promised.

He said reluctantly, "Well, all right," and left her there.

When he returned, half an hour later, he found her, her hair in a loose braid, wearing one of his wife's aprons, busy about the kitchen table. "I've everything ready," she told him, "but I waited, so that things would be nice and hot."

"I got to separate the milk first," he explained.

She nodded and, while he performed that operation, busied herself with egg beater and mixing bowl. He took the cream down cellar, set the skim milk in the shed for his hogs. When he had washed his hands and face she summoned him to supper in the dining room. She had made an omelet and toast, and her coffee was better than his. He ate with the silent intentness of a hungry man. Afterward she insisted on washing the dishes, while he read, fitfully enough, yet with an appearance of absorption, the paper that had been left that afternoon in the mail box before the door. There was something grotesquely domestic in the situation, and Jeff's pulses were pounding with wonder at it all.

He had asked the woman no single question. There were a thousand questions he desired to ask, but an innate delicacy restrained him. The glamour of the hour had dazed this man; his senses were confused. There was an unreality about the whole experience. The dishes, rattling in the sink, sounded no differently than when his wife washed them. The illusion that it was his wife who had come home in this guise had for a moment dominion over him. The lines of newsprint staggered and swam before his inattentive eyes. He wondered, wondered, wondered. But he asked no question of his guest.

When she had finished her self-appointed task and come into the dining room where he was sitting she seemed to expect a catechism; but Jeff kept his eyes upon his paper, as a man clings to a safe anchorage, till at last she was forced to speak.

"I've been expecting you to question me," she said uncertainly.

Jeff looked up at her then and found some reassurance in the fact that the silence was thus broken. "I've been expecting you'd tell me without asking," he said, smiling faintly at her.

"I ought to," she nodded. "But there's so much to tell; and it must sound so incredible to you. I hid in your car

at the wharf, blindly, not knowing who you were. I had to get away; wanted to get away. Anywhere. To hide. For a little while. I can pay you." She spoke uncertainly, unwilling to give offense.

Jeff shook his head good-humoredly. "I don't run a boarding house, ma'am."

"I have to find some place where I can stay."

He was thoughtfully silent for a little, then asked, "How long?"

"I don't know. Perhaps only a little while."

"I guess you can stay here a while," he said.

"You spoke of your wife?" she suggested.

"She's visiting my daughter, over in Augusta," Jeff explained. "Won't be back for a week anyways. I reckon it'd be easier for you if she was here; but you're welcome anyways."

She looked down helplessly at the gown she wore. "It was a mad thing to do," she whispered, half to herself. Jeff guessed what she was thinking.

"I reckon you could wear some of my wife's things," he suggested.

"Have you room for me?"

There were two bedrooms on the ground floor of the farmhouse; but he thought she would prefer a measure of isolation. "I can make the bed in the room upstairs," he replied.

"Won't your neighbors be surprised that I am here?"

Jeff considered that for a long time in silence, till she began to be afraid the obstacle was insuperable. Then his eyes lighted with recollection, and he said slowly, "My brother moved to California and married there, and his girl has been talking about coming to see us. We can let on you're her."

She cried with sudden friendly warmth in her tones, "You're ever so kind to me. I appreciate it. Your taking me in so unquestioningly."

"That's all right," he told her.

"I'm going to take you at your word," she exclaimed. "I'm going to stay."

II

JEFF RANNEY was a man habituated to routine; he fell naturally into a regular way of doing even irregular things. The next morning his life was on the surface as it had always been. He rose to his chores, returned to his breakfast, went into the woodlot and set about the task he had postponed the day before. The woman cooked breakfast and did the work about the kitchen that his wife might have done. It would have been easy for any outsider to accept as fact her pretended status as Jeff's niece from California.

But Jeff was not deceived by the apparent normality of this new existence. The man was immensely curious about her, absorbed in the mystery which she personified. His thoughts all that day were full of conjectures, full of hypotheses, formed and as quickly thrown away. One guess he clung to as probable fact. It seemed to him certain she had come ashore from that yacht which he had seen lying in East Harbor the night before; had come ashore as one who flees. But to the questions who she might be and why she had fled, he found a thousand answers and accepted none of them.

The question of her identity was solved that night, for on the first page of his Boston paper a headline caught his eye. It read thus:

MILLIONAIRE VILES'
WIFE IS A SUICIDE

His eyes moved down the closely printed column, intent on each word. Save for journalistic padding the first paragraph told the story:

EAST HARBOR, ME., Oct. 18—Lucia Viles, wife of Leander Viles, the millionaire banker, committed suicide here last night by drowning. She left the Viles yacht, which is anchored in the harbor, in a small rowboat, at a moment when a heavy squall of rain had driven the crew to shelter; and it is presumed that she threw herself into the water as soon as she had reached a sufficient distance so that she would not be seen. The tide was running out; and the rowboat was picked up by an incoming fisherman early this morning, down below the bell buoy, three miles from the yacht's anchorage. The body has not been recovered. Mr. Viles, millionaire husband of the dead woman, said to-day that she had been subject to fits of melancholy for some time.

Jeff read this while his guest was washing the dishes after supper. She had thrown herself zealously into these household tasks, as though her overstrained nerves found relief in them. When she came into the dining room afterward he laid the paper down in such a manner that she must see the headline which had caught his eye.

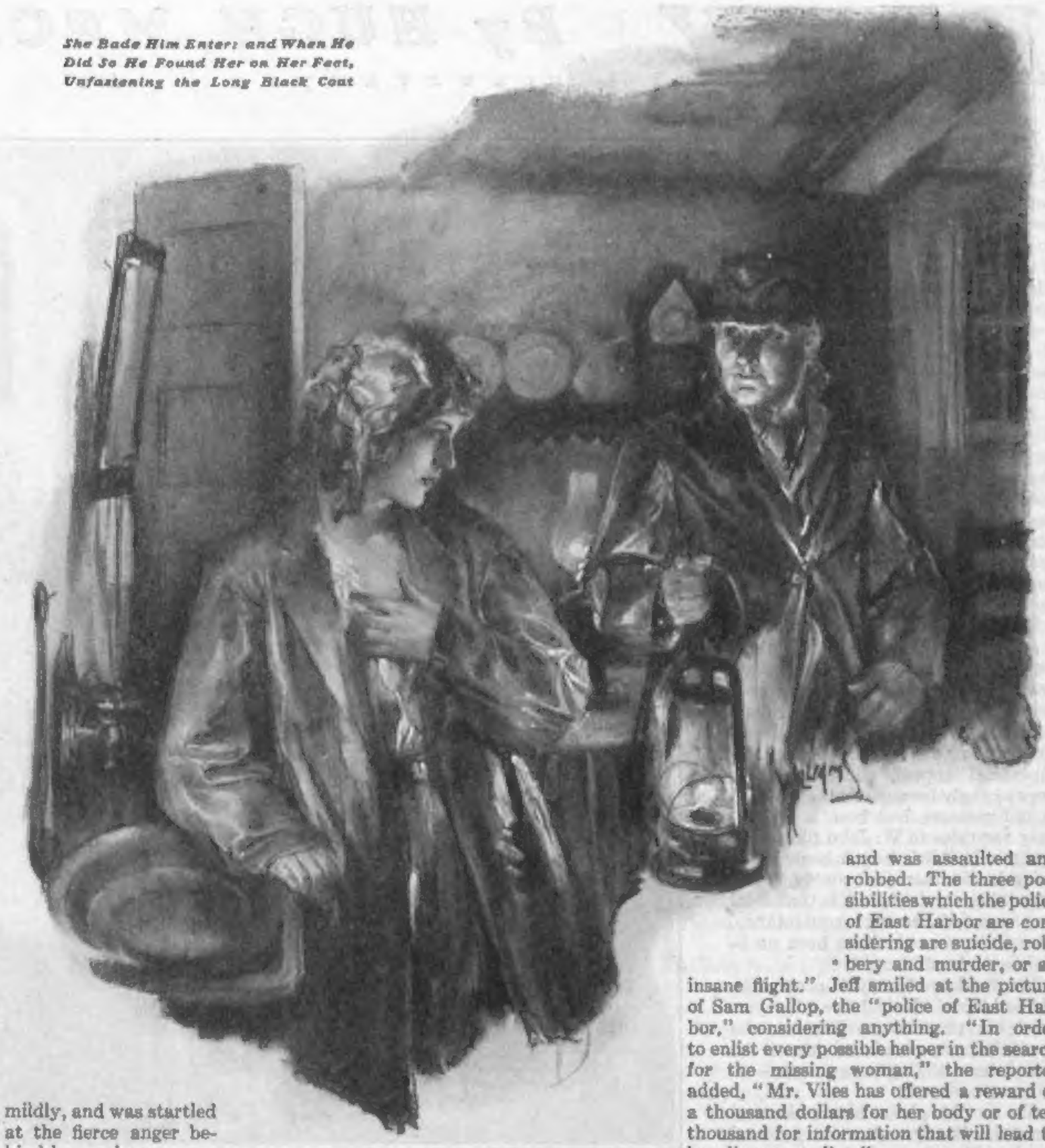
She did see it, caught up the paper, read hurriedly, looked up when she was done, to find him watching her.

"You've read it?" she asked. He nodded. "I didn't think they'd have it in the papers," she cried, as though appalled at what she had done.

"Guess you didn't make your boat fast when you landed," Jeff suggested.

She shook her head. "No. I pushed it off. I hoped they would think this."

He studied her, surprised and thoughtful. "Won't your husband be kind of worried about you?" he suggested mildly, and was startled at the fierce anger behind her reply.



She Bade Him Enter; and When He Did So He Found Her on Her Feet, Unfastening the Long Black Coat

"I want him to be worried! Oh, I want him to be tortured!" she cried, and became absorbed once more in that which was printed on the page before her. "'The body has not been recovered,'" she read aloud after a moment; and with a quick change of mood laughed at him, shuddering faintly. "It does give me a creepy feeling," she said.

"I should think it might," Jeff assented mildly. "Yes, I should think it would."

She was wearing a gingham dress belonging to his wife, which he had found at her request. Now, sitting across the table from him, she began to tremble and to laugh in nervous bursts of sound.

Jeff asked, "What's the matter? What you laughing at?"

"I can't stop," she told him helplessly. "It just strikes me as funny. I can't help laughing. If I didn't laugh I should cry. They think I'm dead. Dead!" The word was high pitched, almost like a scream.

Jeff had seen feminine hysteria before; he said sternly, "You got to stop. Now you be still."

The woman controlled herself at once, nodding reassuringly. "Yes, I'll be still. I will be still," she promised. "You won't let them find me here, will you? You won't let them know I'm here?"

"Andy Wattles stopped here this morning, in the truck," Jeff answered. "I told him you'd come. He'd heard me say you was thinking of coming. It was safest to tell him."

"But I wasn't thinking of coming!" she cried, appalled.

"My brother's girl from California was," he reminded her; and she nodded over and over, as a child nods, to show her understanding and her acquiescence. Her trembling had ceased; her fright was passing. She went to bed at last, somewhat reassured.

But the paper next day, in even larger headlines, announced that doubt was cast upon the theory that she was a suicide.

"Mr. Viles," the reporter wrote, "said to-day he thought it possible his wife might have become temporarily insane; that she was subject to hours of extreme nervous depression. It is known that she took a considerable sum of money from a safe in her cabin before she left the yacht. It is possible that she went ashore upon some errand and was assaulted and robbed. The three possibilities which the police of East Harbor are considering are suicide, robbery and murder, or an insane flight." Jeff smiled at the picture of Sam Gallop, the "police of East Harbor," considering anything. "In order to enlist every possible helper in the search for the missing woman," the reporter added, "Mr. Viles has offered a reward of a thousand dollars for her body or of ten thousand for information that will lead to her discovery alive."

The woman, when she read this, shivered with dread. "They will find me," she told Jeff wearily. "Oh, I hoped they would believe me dead."

"I dunno as they'll find you," Jeff argued. "They're not apt to look out this way. They're more likely to think you headed for Boston or somewheres."

"It's hopeless," she insisted. "I think you'd better go tell them where I am, and get the money. The ten thousand dollars. Some good will come out of it, that way. I'd like you to have the money. You've been kind to me."

The man laughed reassuringly. "Shucks, ma'am," he said. "What would I do with a lot of money like that? It's no good except to buy things with, and I've got more things than I can take care of now. Don't you fret yourself. They ain't going to find you, ma'am."

"Everyone knows I'm here. Those women who came to-day ——" She moved her hands drearily. "Someone will tell."

Jeff shook his head. "No, they won't. That was Will Bissell's wife and Mrs. McAusland. They heard from the store that you was here; and they'd heard my wife say you was coming."

"Oh, they must have seen that I was ——" She paused, unwilling to hurt him.

"Different from us folks?" he asked, smiling at her understandingly. "Well, California folks are different from people around here. They'd have thought it was funny if you was like us."

"And my wearing your wife's dress."

"I told 'em your trunk was lost. You had to have something to work around the house in."

She was, in the end, unwillingly persuaded to a more hopeful point of view. But when she had gone up the stairs to her room Jeff sat for a long time, turning the newspaper in his hands, reading over and over that which was written there. She was so beautiful, so much more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen; and the gown she wore when she came to the farm had stamped itself upon his visual memory as a part of her beauty. That a reward of ten thousand dollars should have been offered for her discovery did not surprise Jeff; though it added to the glamour which cloaked her in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 134)

PLAY

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

AS USUAL, W. John Simpson met disillusion halfway. He confronted his tardy enlightenment with a correctly cynical amusement, his chagrin almost exactly counterbalanced by the satisfaction of a triumphant inner "I told you so" addressed to that other Mr. Simpson who had once written it William J.

Edith had not justified the expectations of this artless fellow; the shrewd and sardonic W. John had never expected that she would.

He surveyed her now, impersonally, aloof, observing that his prolonged silence did not disturb her, that she was content to hear the nervous clock, the whit-whit-whit of the gas grate, her attention engaged with her seam, her lips puckered, her brows drawn faintly together. She no longer required conversation, his conversation. His smile became perceptibly acid. They were all alike.

In a way, he had known from the very beginning, had been accessory before and during the fact to his own deception. It was a pity too. Outwardly Edith left so little to be desired. He catalogued the items of this superficial appeal, admitting them ungrudgingly because their existence, in full measure, had been a preliminary requisite to W. John Simpson's notice. If Edith hadn't been something better than just pretty, if she hadn't been amiable and, in the trivial exchanges of nascent acquaintance, clever, there would have been no illusions to be destroyed.

He shouldered his just proportion of the blame. He'd helped her persuade him that she was different; she couldn't have convinced him if he hadn't been willing—eager, even—to be convinced.

She met his glance above the needlework. Her lips relaxed and curved slowly. He admitted that she had a jolly smile. "Tired, John?"

He nodded. He realized suddenly that he was very tired, tired of the whole silly quest. That very speech, for instance—he classified it savagely. Maternal, proprietary, without excuse. Just because he had fancied that a fellow could play about with her a bit she assumed a vested interest in him. Her property.

"You shouldn't do it! You're just slaving for that Mr. McIntyre. He doesn't appreciate you either. You ought to take care of yourself."

He held a bitter smile in decent leash. There it was, naked and shameless, if a fellow needed any better proof. She might just as well have added "because you belong to me now." They all got that way. Sooner or later, no matter how frivolously they began, they got that look in their eyes, that possessive quality in their voices, that tenderly superior attitude. And if you hadn't been on your guard, hadn't been wary and watched your step, they could make it stick too.

They couldn't remember that it was just play. That was the whole trouble. No matter how it started they always ended by taking it in dull, deadly earnest. And even when your conscience was absolutely clear they could make you feel like a desperate cad for not taking it in earnest too. A fellow was a fool to jolly himself with that old dream of finding a girl who could keep on playing, who didn't want young slender romance to grow old and fat and stupid. There wasn't any such girl. They were all alike.

"Of course I believe in working with all your might." Edith rethreaded her needle. "But you oughtn't to overdo it. Night work's bad for you—and you've stayed at that old office five evenings in two weeks!"

"Got some new accounts—keep us all hustling at first."

He achieved a passable counterfeit of a smile. She'd counted! She thought she had a right to keep tabs on his evenings! It was about time he got his eyes open.

"It's not as if they paid you extra either."

A finger on the purse strings too! He realized suddenly that she'd been vetoing nearly all expensive fun lately. They'd been going to movies instead of plays, eating afterwards at some soda fountain, dining at dinky Italian joints; she chose the Subway instead of taxicabs. Oh, she'd

She Thought She Had a Right to Keep Tabs on His Evenings! It Was About Time He Got His Eyes Open

given him warning, sure enough. Her signals had flown in plain sight. And if she hadn't practically told him to-night he might have let it go on for weeks—might have got himself jammed in a corner.

He came to his feet, moved by an instinct of escape.

"I do feel all in. Guess I didn't realize it. Been holding my nose against the old grindstone pretty steadily, for a fact. Bad company. Better go home and catch up on sleep."

She let him go too willingly. He almost stumbled on the stairs. His feet wanted to run. That was a near thing—nearer than usual. If he'd happened to ask her what she was making! He shivered at the recollection of that impulse, arrested just in time.

It was always like this. You'd think you'd found one at last—found a girl who could play the game and stop at that—be a good comrade, dabble delightfully in sentimental shallows—and the first thing you knew she had you sitting by a fire and watching her hem dish towels.

It was lucky that he'd been working late. He could stay at the office every evening for a couple of weeks, and then taper down gently on any surviving intimacy, avoiding anything like a fuss.

Of course she'd be sore. Probably in private she'd cry about it, and see that he guessed as much when they met—try to make him feel guilty. They all did that. He scrutinized his word and deed in accurate retrospect, confirming his stainless innocence of anything, overt or implied, which could justify dish towels. And yet he couldn't help feeling rather mean about it. That was the worst of these disappointments: you couldn't even count on your own moral support.

Well, it was over anyway. That was settled. And he ought to be convinced, now, that there wasn't any pot of gold at the end of that rainbow. You could dream about a girl who took romance temperately, but there weren't any real ones who did, except those who only pretended to like it. To the rest it was just a habit-forming drug. They wanted it in ever-increasing doses, until even in sickening quantities it failed to stimulate, and merely narcotized.

Edith, for instance. At first it had made her gleam and sparkle; then there was just a steady unexciting glow. And, at the last of it, the gas fire and dish towels!

No, when it came to romance women were either total abstainers or hopeless topers. They couldn't take it or leave it, couldn't learn to enjoy the taste instead of craving the effects.

He sighed deeply as he turned up his collar against a nipping wind from the river. It was a frightful pity. Taken sparingly sentiment was a glorious intoxicant, but you couldn't drink alone, and for company you must choose between girls who only feigned a taste for it and girls whom it inevitably stupefied. There wasn't any sense in hoping that you'd some day find the ideal playmate. You only let yourself in for—for that dish-towel look if you tried to search for her.

The dream brightened as it took its reluctant flight. Only suppose that such a girl existed—a girl who took it truly and yet lightly, who could enjoy the shallows with no desire for the depths; a girl, for instance, who could regard a kiss as a detached and pleasurable incident, with none of the train of implications which silly custom had appended to it. Only suppose—but it was better to stop supposing, once for all. If you gave such dreams a lodging in your fancy they'd surely lead to attempts at their translation to reality. Still, suppose ——

He shook his head impatiently. Better get all that nonsense out of his head for keeps. Plenty of other things to think about. Miller, for instance, of the Miller Electric. If he could just get under Miller's skin, ever so little. He could be sold, like anybody else, if you could find out what went on behind that frozen face. And a new contract like that would settle things at the office, too, put a fellow on a definite footing as an out-and-out salesman, with a drawing account against commissions instead of a static salary.

That was the idea. If you must dream, dream about something attainable instead of wasting your imagination on impossibilities. One reason he hadn't got ahead faster at this advertising job was probably right there. If he'd cut out this wild notion of finding the ideal girl he might have had an interest in the McIntyre agency by now.

In this light he regarded the closed episode of Edith with a new malevolence. She'd distracted his attention from his work, just when he had his first crack at selling too. Served him right though. Maybe he'd believe now that they were all alike.

It was a pity though. You were only young a little while and if there were a girl who —— He set his foot brutally on the persistent vision. Of course there wasn't any such girl.

II

SUPERFICIALLY—he compelled himself to insert the adverb against an incautious impulse—superficially this girl undoubtedly measured up. Not just looks either—there were thousands of them who struck agreeably on the optic nerve; this was deeper than that, though still an affair of the surface, to be sure. Class. You could always tell that when you saw it if you'd trained your eye to recognize the counterfeits. A blend of health and wit and charm with something that was neither hereditary nor yet acquired—a clear and confident eye, neither boldly inquisitive nor coldly disinterested; a direct, unstudied speech, with the effect of words used like arrows, instantly chosen, accurately aimed; that cunning harmony of dress, too, presenting itself as a unit instead of an assembly—all these things had a share in it, and were yet merely symptoms of it, external indicia, not the thing itself.

There was fun behind that mouth, too, or W. John Simpson was no judge at all. That was the most important single factor, when you came right down to it, that gift of humor which could grin back at life's flat old jokes. Perhaps, after all, this girl ——

He jerked savagely at a mental curb. Playing the fool again, with the bill for the latest folly still to pay! Just

because he'd run into a new girl who was reasonably good to look at, seemingly intelligent, probably a nice, jolly sort, if you got to know her! Dora Willet. Straightforward, sensible names, but to W. John Simpson names only. What did he know about her except that she'd illustrated Miller's catalogue with rather decent photographs? Couldn't he ever get rid of that obsession?

"I liked them myself," she was saying in that cheerful staccato speech that had pleased him at once. "What about them? I suppose you didn't look me up simply to pin a few kind words on my work."

Decidedly she had humor—didn't take herself too seriously, like most women who got on at business. And she wasn't on her dignity, either, like some of them who seemed perpetually alert for offensive courtesy at men's hands.

"Not exactly." He felt his face reflect her smile. "And yet it was something like that—something pretty vague, I'm afraid. I thought that perhaps if I talked to you I might get a line on Miller that would help me manage him. I saw your imprint on the back of one of these prints and it struck me that you must know ——"

"I see." The mouth crooked more cheerfully. "You want me to tell you how I did it. That's good sense. I like that! There aren't many men who'd have thought it out, and precious few of them would have sunk their dignity and come around to a woman for the straight tip."

He saw, quite plainly, a narrower interest in her frank inspection. He patted himself on a mental shoulder. He knew how to handle 'em! That was one thing he'd got out of all those painful experiences—he understood 'em like a book in twelve-point bold! In five minutes' talk he'd got this girl's attention fixed on him as an individual worth some study.

"Thanks. But I might have guessed, without coming. I don't need to know why Miller bought those illustrations now."

You could hand it out straight to a girl like this. She knew exactly what her looks were worth to her.

"It was partly that," she admitted calmly. "He's human. But I had something to sell, didn't I?"

"Oh, it's bully good work—I told you that to begin with. But I've been offering him good stuff, too, and never making a dent. That's the difference."

She smiled as if at a memory. Then her face darkened.

"Yes, that's the difference." Even when her voice hardened, he noticed, it didn't flat. His ear was nice in such distinctions. "I probably shouldn't have sold him those photographs if I hadn't had the sex percentage on my side. But ——" She stopped abruptly. "Look here—I made up some studies for him with a view to advertising. He didn't order them—didn't know anything about them. Before I had them complete we—we disagreed. There's quite a bit of money tied up in them, and they're no good to anybody except Mr. Miller. Suppose I helped you sell him your agency service, could you find a way of working them in on the campaign? I'd put a reasonable price on them, and they're really good—just about what he ought to have."

W. John Simpson tugged his mind back to business from an excursion into conjecture. They'd disagreed, she and Miller. What about? He visualized the manufacturer, fifty, perhaps, but youthfully vigorous, with the look of a man who had definite ideas of what he wanted and a strong bias in favor of getting it. They'd quarreled.

W. John was reasonably sure that it hadn't been over mere business differences.

"I don't see why not. Of course I don't decide such things—but Carey, our art boss, would listen to reason. And we'd about decided, anyway, to illustrate with photographs if we ever managed to line him up. Can I see what you've got?"

He went over the prints rapidly. They were extraordinarily good, not merely in execution but in conception too. They told a story in its simplest form, realized the full value of the pictorial appeal.

"We could use most of these, I think. They're good—very good."

She shrugged. "I know that. There's a condition. If you ever come to use them my name doesn't appear. They're your work—as far as Mr. Miller is concerned."

"All right—that's all the better for us of course."

Again his mind wavered from the essential point. They must have quarreled in earnest if she felt like this.

"Now about selling him. I wonder if you've noticed anything queer about him."

"He's the coldest proposition I ever tackled. Sits perfectly still, never talks, himself, except to say when your time's up. Won't even ask a question."

"Yes. Does that suggest anything to you?"

He shrugged. "Plenty. But nothing very useful, so far."

"I'll give you a lead, then. You'll have to sell him through his eyes. There, now. Does that help?"

He laughed. "It would help—you, sure enough. But it doesn't do me much good. He won't even look me in the eye—sits there staring at the end of my nose till he gets me wondering if there's a smudge on it."

"You've even noticed that! And still you don't see!" She spread her hands. "Who ever started the fiction that business was a man's job, I wonder? I guessed it the first time I saw him."

"I'm still in the dark."

She was splendid when she glowed like this. Really handsome—not just another good-looking girl. Perhaps —— He gritted his teeth. Again? Wouldn't he ever learn?

"He's watching your lips, that's all. He's not very deaf, but he's sensitive about it. Men of his sort often are—they pride themselves on youth, and hate to admit anything that doesn't bear them out. He misses about half what you say, and has to strain for the rest. Stay away from his office and write him. When you do see him always send him a letter repeating what you've said. He does nearly all his buying that way."

His mouth opened. As simple as that! And as visible to his eye as to hers! That was the kind of observation and inference that counted! He'd been right about her—she had a mind with a tempered edge.

"I'll try it, anyway. I'm better at letters too. Six years' work in the copy department, you see. Just beginning to try the selling end of it. I'll land Miller if a typewriter can do it. And if I do I'll—well, I suppose thanks won't do you much good, but you'll get all I've got."

"I'll sell a lot of photographs that cost me real money," she said. "Take them with you if you like. Let your art manager see them before you go ahead. I'll talk prices with him direct if he's interested."

He lingered, in spite of dismissal in her voice and look. Carey would be dealing with her after this—fat, falsetto Carey, with his pink, puffy fingers and his bulging eyes. He groped for a pretext that would bring him back. A girl like that—and it was suddenly significant that a tenuous chain of improbable coincidences had led him to her—a girl who might, after all ——

"Good-by, Mr.—er—Mr. Simpson."

She'd even had to glance at his card. He resolved that she'd know his name before she finished with him.

"Good afternoon, and a first installment on the thanks account."

He went out, pleased that he'd varied the commonplace even a little. Really a remarkable girl, however you considered her. He discovered that he was contrasting her with Edith. A girl who wouldn't be very likely to degenerate to dish towels.

He was bitter about Edith now. He'd missed her—not the real woman of course, but the imaginary Edith who had almost convinced him that he'd found the ideal playmate at last. They had separated into quite distinct personalities in his thought; Edith as she was had destroyed Edith as he had fancied her. He couldn't quite forgive her for that, even though he was broad-minded enough to admit that she couldn't help being what she was.

Looking back he found the lost romance touched with a soft melancholy glamour. It had been perfect while it lasted; Edith had played the game so beautifully at first. He remembered an evening by that little lake in the Jersey hills, with a moonway on the water and a mandolin tinkling like thin silver on the farther shore. And he had kissed Edith, quite casually, and she hadn't minded, hadn't even seemed to give it significance. It had all been delightfully pianissimo till she spoiled it—as sweet and light and meaningless as the thin, distant mandolin. And it was gone. He couldn't help missing it, displeased as he was with Edith herself.

As he reached the office he was already considering Dora Willet as a possible candidate for the vacant idealship. Of course it wasn't likely that she was different, but you couldn't tell. Plenty of people believed in fate, and they might be right, at that. When you figured the odds against his ever meeting Dora Willet it certainly looked as though somebody had taken a lot of trouble to bring them together.

He scowled at Carey as he passed his desk; Carey, vulgarly cheerful under his layers, absorbing a cigarette in a long, feminine holder. Carey couldn't possibly appreciate a girl like that. He called them skirts, as if they weren't anything but clothes with clockwork inside. The fat mutt! He exhibited the prints defiantly, his hostility appeased only at Carey's ready approval.

"Who's this D. Willet? Never saw her work."

"Guess she's just beginning. Got a sort of shop over in the Sidney Building."

Carey cocked his head. "What's she like? Any good?"

The hostility revived. "Clever photographer, I guess."

"Meaning you saw her first, eh? Well, son, the race doesn't always favor the front runner."

"Quoting the war cry of the well-known turtle family," said W. John tartly.

He avoided a counter by shutting the door of the cell in which he still wrote his copy and dictated his letters, his good humor restored by the lingering savor of the retort. He'd tell Edith that. The impulse startled him. Habit took hold of a fellow in funny ways. He hadn't even realized this one. He saw

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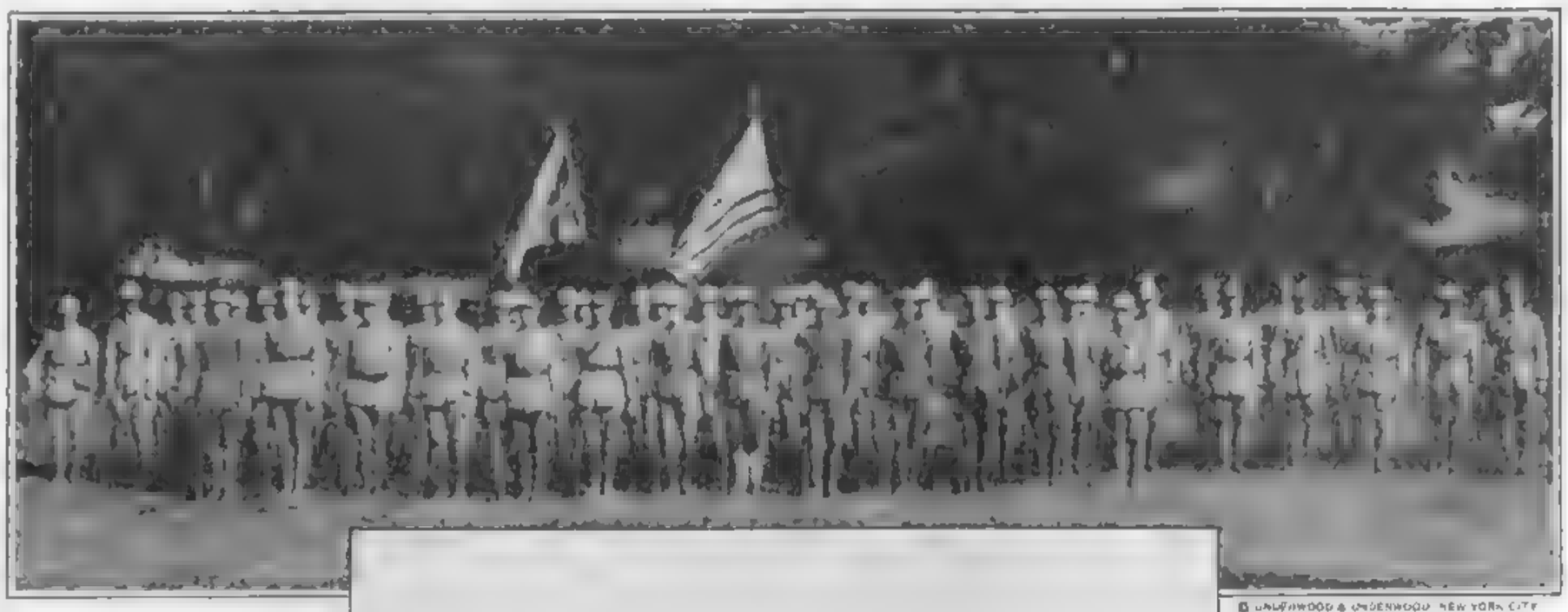
Dora Was Exactly the Woman of All Those Hungry, Hopeless Dreams. And Yet ——

The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO



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JUST as it is impossible for an individual to view his family's relations with outsiders impartially, so is it beyond the capacity of nationals of one country to see anything except their own side in dealings with other nations. The tendency to attribute base motives and double dealing to a rival is universal; on the other hand, everything that one's own country does is great and noble and of pure purpose. And of course an enemy is always a scoundrel.

The extremes to which this sort of thinking will drive people are often laughable. I remember two nice old ladies from New England stopping a returned war correspondent on Fifth Avenue to question him about certain stories they had heard of war prisoners in German hands.

Was it true that the Germans prodded prisoners with bayonets, and kicked them, too, to make them walk faster?

"Well, war's a tough game," answered the correspondent, who was a bit fed up with the whole business.

"It's dog eat dog, and every army has men in it who go in for rough stuff. You have to, in a fight."

"Oh!" gasped the ladies, all aflutter. "But not our boys! They're too noble."

Conditions Early in 1918

WITH this very human tendency in mind I have tried in this narrative—and will continue to do so—to stick as exclusively as possible to official reports and memoranda which are in the secret files of the French, British and American authorities. Now and then short explanations are necessary to a clear understanding of what the official report really means, for it seems generally to be the object of officialdom to make communications conceal happenings and disguise intent to all except the inner circle, and even in that direction to word agreements so as to leave loopholes for further decisions.

And I plan to tell all sides of the story. Therefore it may as well be admitted right now that the American effort in the war up to the early months of 1918 was very dismal. We had made the welkin ring with shouts of what we would do, and our Allies had evidently taken us at our word. By this I mean the civilian populations, and the rank and file of their armies; their higher commands and governments must have realized the impossibility of putting such huge forces in France as our newspapers and orators glibly described, when those forces were then nonexistent and we had no means of transporting them had they been ready.

That was the saddest winter of the war. Everywhere the enemy was triumphant. Russia had collapsed; Italy lay bruised from one of the most crushing defeats in military annals; and despite a 20 per cent numerical superiority on the Western Front the Allies had been unable to score anything but local successes against the German defense. Their efforts to gain a decision had failed signally, with terrific loss of man power and a sickening slump in morale. If the Germans could hold and beat back the Allies with considerably fewer forces what might they not do in the approaching year when they would have numerical superiority on account of the arrival of their freed divisions from the Eastern fronts?

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American Troops, at the End of a Day's Training, Returning to Camp in Back of the Lines. Above—The First American Troops to Arrive in France. They are Wearing the French Helmet

Dismal Months

"THE German general staff could now foresee . . . ," writes General Pershing in his published report, "the campaign of 1918 against the French and British on the western front which might terminate the war. It can not be said that German hopes of final victory were extravagant. . . . Discouragement existed not only among the [Allied] civil population but throughout the armies as well. . . . Allied resources in man power at home were low, and there was little prospect of materially increasing their armed strength."

The events of the last half of 1917 called for new decisions. On July twenty-sixth a conference of the French and Italian commanders in chief and the British and French chiefs of staff had agreed: "General conclusions reached were necessity for adoption of purely defensive attitude on all secondary fronts and withdrawing surplus troops for duty on western front. By thus strengthening western front, believed Allies could hold until American

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPH

Panorama of the City of Château-Thierry Photographed July 27, 1918, When the Last Offensive of the

forces arrive, in numbers sufficient to gain ascendancy."

But German successes necessitated modification of these plans. Our Allies woke to the fact that unless the United States vastly increased its effort very soon the war would be lost.

The American commander in chief had foreseen the need as early as July 11, 1917, when he wrote to the War Department in connection with plans he was forwarding for an army of a million men:

"It is evident that a force of about 1,000,000 is the smallest unit which in modern war will be a complete, well-balanced, and independent fighting organization. However, it must be equally clear that the adoption of this size force as a basis of study should not be construed as representing the maximum force which should be sent to, or which will be needed in, France. It is taken as the force which may be expected to reach France in time for an offensive in 1918, and as a unit and basis of organization. Plans for the future should be based especially in reference to the manufacture of artillery, aviation, and other material, on three times this force—*i. e.*, at least 3,000,000 men."

U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Acres of American Trucks Used in the Service of Supplies

Shortage of Clothing for Our Men

SUCH was the scale on which he planned—a million men for a 1918 offensive! But by the end of 1917 we had only 176,600 troops in France, and none of them had been in the line except the infantry and artillery of the First Division. America's entry into the war and the spectacular arrival of the First Division in Paris had done much to stimulate Allied morale, but their hopes gradually died when nothing more seemed forthcoming in the way of help from the United States. Clemenceau put some heart into the French, and just in time; had his assumption of the premiership been delayed there is no saying what might have happened.

Troops were coming very tardily. The shipping situation was bad, and at home there were delays owing to the necessity of reorganizing various departments of Government and getting rid of the dead wood. Fine old peace soldiers who could sit at a desk and stare a recruit into a panic but could not think beyond squad needs to save their immortal souls were hitting the chutes, but politics still played a hand and reorganization dragged. They did things faster in the A. E. F. When a man showed he wasn't equal to his job there off went his head regardless of his rank or friends in Congress. J. J. Pershing has never been noted for nice consideration of feelings in a fight; he thinks a fight calls for fighting methods; and the way he slaughtered incompetents was one of the sweetest sights that ever gladdened the eye.

The winter wore along under most depressing conditions. On every hand we heard discouragement talked among the civilian population. Had our troops felt that adequate progress was being made, the rain and snow and mud and the lack of proper clothing and shoes and equipment would not have mattered; but it was so pitifully evident that American effort was falling below expectations. And our supplies! I remember at one time we had no blankets, no shoes, no socks, no caps, except what we could buy from the British surplus and the French.

Our lack of supplies at this time was a scandal. And instead of receiving the quantities needed, instead of getting the heavy shipments of hard-boiled fighting men the 1918 prospect demanded, the A. E. F. grew by comparative driblets while witnessing a continuous procession of junketing parties of politicians and their friends, and helplessly watching much needed shipping diverted to business uses and to humanitarian efforts. For we had in the United States an unduly large element of ballyhoo enthusiasts who seemed to think that the war could be won with chocolate and hostess houses, and whose excessive zeal for humanitarian work in preference to fighting slowed the wheels of the military machine appreciably. It was a bitter pill for the American soldiers to see these joyriders whirling through the training areas when they needed clothes to their backs and reënforcements by division units.

The American commander in chief kept moving heaven and earth to hurry shipments of men and material, but the results were woefully disappointing. The United States had not yet got into its stride, and naturally the difficulties in the way of operating so far from its base proved enormous.

"For all practical purpose," reported Pershing, "the American Expeditionary Forces were based on the American Continent. Three thousand miles of ocean to cross with the growing submarine menace confronting us, the quantity of ship tonnage then unknown, and a line of communications by land 400 miles long from French ports to our probable front, presented difficulties that seemed insurmountable as compared with those of our Allies."

Great Handicaps Overcome

YET despite these handicaps—despite red tape and French efforts to direct American construction more in the direction of permanent improvements than temporary works to meet the need of haste—when the armistice was signed a year later, "all projects for construction had been completed and supplies were on hand to meet the needs of 2,000,000 men, while further plans for necessary construction and for the supply of an additional 2,000,000 were well under way." It is worth mentioning, also, that we had more than 2,000,000 men in France before the armistice was signed.

The A. E. F. had taken over certain southern ports in France and the use of some lines not already devoted exclusively to the French and British military machines. As for the American front of the future, "to the east the great fortified district east of Verdun and around Metz menaced central France, protected the most exposed portion of the German line of communications—that between Metz and Sedan—and covered the Briey iron region, from which the enemy obtained the greater part of the iron required for munitions and material. The coal fields east of Metz were also covered by these same defenses. A deep advance east of Metz, or the capture of the Briey region, by threatening the invasion of rich German territory in the Moselle Valley and the Saar Basin, thus curtailing her supply of coal or iron, would have a

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Germans Had Been Halted. Above—Some of the Earliest American Troops in France During the Winter of 1917-1918

FISH EYES

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

CLIFFORD WALLACE was noticeably ill at ease. He worked intensively yet mechanically at his post in the Third National Bank, within the narrow confines of a cage bearing the inscription Paying Teller No. 1. Horizontal lines of worry creased his forehead and a single lock of white stood out with startling clarity against the deep brown of his hair.

Beside him were piled great stacks of money divided into neat packages. Behind his back the huge doors of the cash vault gaped, disclosing more money. At the right of his cage were the inclosures of the three other—the junior—paying tellers. The marbled lobby of the big bank was a welter of discordant activity, of impatience—the clink of silver, the soft shuffling of new bank notes, the slamming of ledgers, the hum of banking during the rush hours.

To-day was the busiest of the month for Paying Teller Number One. To-day came due the pay rolls of the three largest corporations in the industrial district of which this city was the metropolis. More than a million and a quarter dollars in cash occupied the cage with Cliff Wallace; a million and a quarter dollars in silver and bills, only a few of the latter in denominations of more than one hundred dollars. It was Wallace's task to make up these pay rolls and deliver them to the armed men who came with the checks. He was sorting the money now, indifferent to the exasperated stare of the little man outside the window who impatiently rattled his own modest pay-roll check for $208.

Behind the irate little man a line formed slowly—two or three other representatives of small businesses, then a strikingly pretty young woman in a blue coat suit, and behind her, two stalwarts from the Garrison Coal, Iron and Steel Company. Cliff knew the proportions of the check they carried—$278,000. Real work there, work requiring intense concentration. It was so easy to make an error of a few hundred dollars when one dealt casually in single amounts greater than a quarter million. Cliff received the little man's check and counted the money deftly, cramming it into a canvas sack. He was visibly annoyed when the man insisted on opening the sack and counting the money for himself. Cliff's eyes sought those of the pretty girl and a brief glance of understanding passed between them. Both were taut of muscle and tense of nerves; upon the face of each was an unnatural pallor.

The little man completed his count, closed his canvas sack and moved off pompously. The next man in line presented his check and received his money. So, too, did the next. The girl pushed her check through the window—the pay-roll check of the wholesale hardware company for which she worked; $728.56. With it she presented a leather satchel. Cliff Wallace unlocked the barred window of his cage to take the satchel. He placed it on the shelf at his right, the shelf containing the mountains of bills. Again that look of understanding—of apprehension—passed between them. They spoke with simulated casualness.

"Good morning, Phyllis."

"Good morning, Cliff."

That was all. Yet, save for those first glances, they avoided each other's eyes. The oldish-young paying teller sorted out the amount of her pay roll. And then, working discreetly, swiftly and dexterously, he piled beside it a small stack of new bills. In that stack of bills was a hundred thousand dollars; one thousand one-hundred-dollar bank notes. Once he permitted his eyes to rove restlessly about the lobby. They paused briefly on the gray-coated figure of the bank's special officer, who lounged indifferently near the Notes and Discounts Window. Apparently the bank detective had neither thought nor care in the world. Reassured, yet with no diminution of his nervousness, Cliff Wallace returned to the task in hand.

The Color Receded From Her Cheeks, and Her Hand Trembled Visibly as She Shoved Her Satchel Through the Little Window

Into the girl's brown leather satchel he put the amount of her pay-roll check, and then he crammed into it also the one hundred thousand dollars.

His face was ghastly pale as he faced her once more. The hand that held the satchel trembled violently. He conscripted a smile which he intended to be reassuring, and the smile with which she answered him was so obviously an effort that it seemed to shriek her guilt. For a second they remained rigid, staring into each other's eyes, then the envoys of the Garrison Coal, Iron and Steel Company coughed impatiently and the girl moved away. The paying teller fingered the $278,000 check nervously, his eyes remaining focused on the blue coat suit which was moving with horrid slowness toward the whirling doors that opened onto the street. And finally she disappeared and Cliff Wallace breathed a sigh of infinite relief. Thus far nothing had been noticed. He gave his attention to the task of assorting huge stacks of bills for the Garrison company.

Meanwhile the girl in the blue coat suit turned into the swirl of traffic on the city's main thoroughfare. She threaded her way through the crowd, walking with unnecessary swiftness, with the single thought in her mind of putting as much space as possible between herself and the Third National Bank. Her fingers were wrapped tightly about the handle of the brown leather satchel, her face bore a fixed rigidity of expression, her heart was pounding beneath the plain tailored waist she wore. It seemed incomprehensible that the transaction in Cliff Wallace's cage had gone unnoticed. It had been so simple—so absurdly simple.

And now she was making all haste toward the office where she worked. Cliff had warned her that she must return promptly from the bank in order that the inevitable investigation should disclose no suspicious lapse of time.

She turned up a side street and thence into a gaunt, red-brick building labeled Sanford Jones & Co. Biting her lips with a fierce effort at self-control, she entered the building and turned immediately into the women's washroom. Trembling fingers found the door key and turned it. Then making certain that she was alone in the room she took from the shelf a large piece of brown wrapping paper which she had placed there earlier in the morning—that and a bit of twine.

She dropped to her knees, opened the satchel and took from it the one hundred thousand dollars. She felt a vague amazement that so much money should be of such small bulk. She arranged the bills neatly in three stacks of equal height and wrapped them carefully in the brown paper. Then with the package securely tied with twine she closed the satchel, unlocked the washroom door and swung into the office. No one had noticed her brief excursion into the washroom; that much was evident.

Straight toward the cashier's desk she went, and in his hands placed the satchel. His eyes smiled briefly into hers.

"Got back pretty quick this morning, Miss Robinson."

She forced a smile. "Yes. Not much crowd at the bank. I did get back in a hurry."

The bit of dialogue pleased her. The cashier had noticed specifically that her absence from the store had been of briefer duration than usual. He would remember that when the detectives made inquiry.

She seated herself at her typewriter. Beside her, on the battered oak desk, she placed the innocuous-appearing brown paper package, the package containing one hundred thousand dollars. She was horribly nervous, but apparently no one noticed anything unusual in her manner. The wall clock indicated the hour of 10:30. From then until noon she must work.

It was difficult. Her thoughts were focused upon the money before her. Once a clerk stopped by her desk to chat and his hand rested idly upon the package of money. She felt as though she must scream. But he moved away eventually. She breathed more easily.

At five minutes after noon she left the office for her lunch. With her went the package of money. She made her way to the City Trust and Savings Company, an imposing edifice of white marble nearly opposite the Third National. She entered the building and descended the broad stairway to the safety-deposit vaults, noticing with relief that there was an unusually large crowd there. She extended her key to the ancient man in charge.

"Two-thirty-five, please. Mrs. Harriet Dare."

Mrs. Dare, now dead, had been Phyllis' sister. Phyllis had access to the box. Too, she maintained in this bank a box in her own name, so that should official investigation progress to the point of examining the safety-deposit box of Phyllis Robinson, nothing to excite suspicion would be found. That was one of the strongest links in the safety chain that Cliff Wallace had welded.

The man in charge ran through his index and handed her a card to sign. Her hand trembled as she wrote her name: Phyllis Robinson. The old man took her key and his, unlocked the box and left her. There were a number of persons in the vault: One pompous gentleman ostentatiously clipping coupons from Liberty Bonds of fifty-dollar denomination; an old lady who had already locked her box and was struggling vainly to assure herself that it was thoroughly locked; a fair-haired clerk from a broker's office assuming the businesslike airs of his employer; a half dozen others, each reassuringly absorbed in his own business. Phyllis took her box—it was a large one—and carried it into one of the private booths which stood just outside the vault door.

She placed the tin box and her package side by side on the mahogany shelf. A quick survey of the place assured her that she was not observed. She wondered vaguely why she was not. It seemed as though someone must know. But apparently no one did. Swiftly she transferred the

hundred thousand dollars to the strong box. She was amazed to find herself computing financial possibilities when all the while she was frightened. It was an amount to yield seven thousand dollars a year carefully invested. Two persons could live comfortably on seven thousand dollars a year. And that meant every year—there'd be no diminution of principal. Nearly one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Every comfort and many luxuries assured. Freedom. Independence. Fear.

She returned the box to its compartment and emerged upon the street again. With the money put safely away a load had lifted from her shoulders. She felt a sense of enormous relief. The danger mark had been passed, the scheme appeared to have justified itself. But now her nerves were jangling as they had not been before. She was frightened, not so much for what the immediate future might hold as by the experience through which she had just passed. No longer was she keyed up by action. Retrospection left her weak and afraid. She knew that she couldn't do it again; marveled at the fact that she had committed this act at all.

She ate a tiny meal at the dairy lunch which she patronized regularly. At 12:40 she returned to the office, where she threw herself into the grind of routine work, seeking forgetfulness and ease for her jangling nerves. But her thoughts were not on the letters she typed; they were at the bank with Clifford Wallace, chief paying teller.

Meanwhile Cliff's inscrutable, rather hard face gave no indication of the seethe within him. He did his work with mechanical precision, counting large sums of money with incredible speed, checking and rechecking his payments, attending to his routine work with the deftness and accuracy that had won him this post.

There was in his manner no slightest indication that he had just engineered the theft of one hundred thousand dollars in currency. Never friendly at best, he was perhaps this day a trifle more reserved than usual; but even had his fellow workers noticed the fact they would have ascribed it to the abnormal pressure of work. It was seldom that three big pay rolls became due at one time. And the handling of such huge sums of money is likely to cause temporary irascibility in even the most genial of men.

The hour hand of the big clock on the marble wall crept to the figure two. A gong sounded. Immediately work was suspended at the long rows of windows. Then the little barred doors were dropped, the patrons of the bank drifted out gradually, and the bedlam of a busy day was succeeded by the drone of after-hours work—the clackety-clack of adding machines, the rustle of checks, the slamming of books, the clink of silver and gold.

Pencil in hand, Cliff Wallace checked over the money in his vault. Paying Tellers Numbers Two, Three and Four made their reports first. Then Wallace gave his attention to his own cash. The door of his cage was open, so that the cages of the four paying tellers were temporarily en suite. Behind Wallace's back the door of the cash vault gaped. The vault itself was part of his cage, its contents Wallace's responsibility. He worked swiftly and expertly. And then, a few minutes before 4:30 o'clock, he presented himself before Robert Warren, president of the Third National. He was nervous and ill at ease. In his left hand he held a paper covered with figures. His face was expressionless, unless one was sufficiently keen to observe the hunted, haunted look in his cold blue eyes. Here was the crisis. He pulled up a chair and seated himself, after having first closed the door of the president's office.

"Mr. Warren"—his voice was steady and incisive, giving no hint of the emotional strain under which he labored—"I have just checked over the cash. I am precisely one hundred thousand dollars short."

The president's swivel chair creaked. The gentleman strangled on a puff of cigar smoke. His big, spatulate hands came down on the polished mahogany desk surface with a thump. His eyes widened.

"You—you are what?"

"My cash is one hundred thousand dollars short."

The statement appeared to have difficulty in penetrating.

"My dear Mr. Wallace that is impossible! An exact amount?"

Cliff was more at ease. It was a scene he had rehearsed a hundred times, and it was developing just as anticipated.

"I realize the impossibility, sir. But it is nevertheless a fact."

Robert Warren's face hardened slightly. He regarded his chief paying teller with a critical, speculative glance. Wallace returned look for look. The president spoke:

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Wallace. Am I listening to a statement or a confession?"

"A statement, sir."

"H'm!" Warren was himself again. Only superficially was the man genial. He had cultivated geniality as a business asset. Basically he was utterly emotionless. He realized that the thing to which he gave ear was of vital import, and as that realization hammered home, his demeanor became intransigently frigid. "H'm! A statement?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your cash is—er—an even one hundred thousand dollars short?"

"Yes, sir."

"How does that happen?"

"I'm trying to find out myself."

"You are quite sure?"

"Certainly, sir. I would not have come to you had I not been sure."

Silence. Again that clash of eyes. "This puts you in an exceedingly awkward position, Mr. Wallace. Personally."

"I understand that, sir."

"One hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money."

"Yes, sir."

"The responsibility is absolutely and exclusively yours."

"I realize that."

"Its loss cannot but be due to carelessness on your part."

"That is probably true."

"Probably?"

"Yes, sir. I am not certain about any phase of this this—unfortunate situation."

Warren lighted another cigar. "Of course the bank will not lose. You are bonded. I must notify the bonding company immediately."

"Of course."

The younger man's poise seemed to get on the nerves of the bank president. For once in his life he had come into contact with a man more unemotional than himself. His fist pounded the desk suddenly.

"Damn it! Wallace, what does it all mean?"

"That that amount of money has disappeared, sir."

"One hundred thousand even?"

"To the dollar."

"When did you notice the loss?"

"Just a few minutes ago, sir—when I checked over the cash."

"You rechecked?"

"Twice."

"Have you been alone in your cage all day?"

"I believe so, sir."

"You only believe?"

"I can't make a too positive statement. The cages of the other paying tellers open into mine. Almost every day the door between my cage and theirs is open for a little while. It is possible that that was the case at certain times to-day."

"You are not positive?"

"No, sir."

"But you believe that the door was open—in the regular course of the day's work?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you believe that one of your assistants took that money?"

Wallace's face twitched, ever so slightly. "No, sir."

"No?"

"Even if my door had been open, Mr. Warren, I don't believe they would have had a chance to take that much money."

"But—but, Wallace—there are only four men in this bank who could have taken it—provided it was taken: yourself and your three assistant paying tellers."

"I realize that."

"And you say that you don't believe they could?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! Do you realize the inevitable conclusion?"

"That if they didn't, I did?"

"Exactly."

"Yes, sir, I realize that."

"Yet you say that you did not."

"Of course."

Robert Warren showed a flash of irritation. "You seem damned unexcited."

"I don't believe this is any time for me to become excited, sir."

Robert Warren rose. "Come with me, young man. We'll lock the doors of the bank and check every cent of cash we have. There must be some mistake."

"I sincerely hope so, sir."

A careful checkup showed plainly that there was no mistake. One hundred thousand dollars had disappeared from the bank during the course of the day's business. It was gone. The three assistant paying tellers were nervous and excited. The cashier, a nervous, wiry little man, rushed around the bank like a chicken suddenly bereft of its head. The bank's private detective, a portly, unimaginative individual, strutted around the empty lobby trying to look

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He Fancied He Could Discern the Person Lolling in the Shadows of the Big Oak Across the Street

BOOTLEGGER DE MAIN

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THEY called it the Greased Road. Before July, 1919, it had been known as the Hamburg Turnpike. It ran southwest from the Canadian border for several hundred miles. Here and there, on its smoothly twisting length, settlements were clumped or straggled. Incidentally it wound along Crescent Hill, skirting the noisily black metropolis of Midwestburg. It had once been a highway of much minor convenience but of no special significance. Now it had taken on a new and rather sinister importance. The countryside at large and the motor-club signs still spoke of it as the Hamburg Turnpike. But an ever-increasing element from Canada to Missouri knew it as the Greased Road.

There was no more visible or tangible grease on its well-kept surface than automobiles spill on any other thoroughfare. But certain chauffeurs received one dollar and seventy-five cents a mile for making long runs on it. Certain garages along its course received from twenty to thirty-five dollars a night—or a day—for harboring and tending these chauffeurs' cars. More than one village constable and crossroads justice of the peace was refurnishing his home and buying a mechanical piano and a new set of dining-room furniture by reason of a mysteriously doubled income.

The long highway was greased with money, particularly in spots where untoward creaking would have interfered with a flourishing industry. Along its undulating miles, sometimes by day but oftener by night, chugged heavily laden trucks, driven by stone-faced men and laden with boxes and bales.

These bales and boxes were most distinctly labeled for all to see. There was no mystery about them. The legends, Dominion Apple Corporation and Saskatchewan Canning Concern, Ltd., and the like, were stenciled on their exposed sides with vivid clearness; and the vehicles themselves bore still more plainly the names and stolid business addresses of their owners. Sometimes through the darkness such heavy-laden trucks or a line of from three to seven high-powered motor cars would go roaring along the Greased Road at hideous speed and showing illegally few lights. From the north they came, and the night swallowed up their southward dash.

A like traffic prevailed on a score of other greased roads leading from Canada, from Mexico, from Florida. The greasing of these thousands of miles was a costly item. But the consumer paid it all, the price of the commodity rising in direct ratio to every greased mile.

At the point where the Greased Road topped the summit of Crescent Hill—the most exclusive residence suburb of Midwestburg—stood the gorgeous estate of Rufus G. Belden, the region's chief politician-financier. Well back from the curiously wrought iron fence and its elaborate gates, across a swell of stage lawn, the house of Rufus G. upreared its six-hundred-thousand-dollar bulk. It was not a home; it was a residence. Anyone with half an eye could see that.

The architect seemingly had sought to graft the dream glories of the Taj Mahal on the more practical groundwork of Buckingham Palace. If the resultant edifice had been built by a less inexhaustibly rich man it must have won the nickname of Belden's Folly. It was that sort of house.

At a respectful distance behind it was a garage-stable which had the aspect of a dissolute Russian cathedral. To the left of this was the most ornate and up-to-date group of kennel buildings in America. Here were housed the famed Beldencroft collies, the pride of Rufus G. Belden's heart. Here they were cared for by a staff of highly efficient and more highly paid collie experts, under command of a soft-spoken little Scot named Jamie Mackellar.

To Gambol Around and Around Their Prison Was the Ultimate Insult

Back of the kennels was the most unpretentious and only homelike structure on the estate—Jamie Mackellar's cottage. Here, with his big Yorkshire wife and his two stocky children, dwelt the little Scotchman. Here, too, an honored member of the Mackellar family, dwelt Champion Lochinvar Bobby, the great collie who shared Jamie's hearth and board and who gave to his diminutive master a blindly obedient adoration. Bobby was not one of the bragged-of treasures of the magnificent Rufus G. He was Jamie's own dog, not only because Jamie had bought him as a gangling pup and had humanized him and taught him he had a soul, but because Bobby had chosen Jamie as his god. When the best type of collie thus selects a man or woman to worship it matters nothing who else may buy or sell him. Till death he is the dog of that one chosen deity.

People had a way of liking Mackellar. Even the awesome Rufus G. held him in queerly high esteem, and after one or two useless attempts had ceased to try bullying him. He valued Jamie's services unspeakably, and trusted him alone of all his employes.

On a morning in very early spring Mackellar finished his round of the kennels. Bobby paced along beside him on the tour of inspection, every line of his classic head and shaggily tawny body vibrant with lofty contempt for these lesser dogs of his breed who must live in wire runs and concrete huts instead of chumming with their master. For collies have reduced snobbishness to an art.

As Jamie paused to give directions to one of the kennel men Bobby unbent so far as to sniff patronizingly at a slender merle collie—one of seven young dogs that had been turned out together for the day in a large wire inclosure. The merle had been thrusting his pointed nose through the wire loops, and Bobby touched the sniffing nostrils inquiringly with his own. The temperamental merle snarled at the unasked attention from a dog that was free while he himself was not. Not only did he snarl, but he snapped in futility at the receding muzzle.

Bobby drew back in icy disgust at such a display of ill temper. He did not deign to return the snarl or so much as to ripple his shaggy mane in menace. The merle was quite beneath his notice. He proceeded to prove it by giving the transgressor a look of contempt and then turning slowly away. Yet the snub rankled just a little. It was seldom that Bobby condescended to make overtures of friendliness either to strange humans or to strange collies, and it was far more seldom that such overtures were rebuffed. The offender needed punishment. Moreover, early spring had got into the great dog's blood and had wakened there the imp of mischief that never lies very deep below the surface in a collie's make-up.

Thus, even as Bobby turned away, he changed his stately walk for a wild gallop. Around and around the big wire run he frisked at top speed, his plumed tail flying. Now, as any collie student knows, this was the very blackest affront he could possibly heap upon the merle and the rest of the run's occupants. It was bad enough to walk past their prison. But to gambol around and around it in gay freedom while they were captives was the ultimate insult. In a fraction of a second the success of Bobby's prank was proved.

Every one of the seven dogs proceeded to go crazy. Barking, screaming, howling, they flung themselves at the wire barrier, following in a plangent rush the course of Bobby's playful gallop, splitting the morning air with a horrible cacophony of din.

"Quiet!" shrilled Jamie Mackellar, coming up at a trot, followed by two kennel men. "Quiet, there!"

The seven clangorous dogs ceased their wild din and came to a shambling halt, still whimpering and staring resentfully out at Bobby.

At his master's shouted command Bobby had abandoned the provoking gallop. His deep-set dark eyes atwinkle, his head a little on one side, he stood gazing interestedly at Jamie, who bore down upon him.

"It's all your fault, you old ruffian!" accused Jamie. "Don't go flattering yourself I don't know it! I saw the whole thing! Are you a harum-scarum, kittle-kattle, six-month pup, or have you gone fey, Bobby lad?"

For answer Bobby wrinkled his nose backward in a grin that showed teeth and gums alike, and he came wriggling in conciliation up to Mackellar, gesticulating fervidly with one stiffly outthrust white foreleg. There was no fear in his placating manner. He knew perfectly well that Jamie was not displeased with him. But he also knew that he had been in mischief and that it behooved him to make his peace. Mackellar rumpled the classic head in loving severity, grumbling:

"That's the collie of it! You never know when the oldest of 'em will turn puppy. Take shame to yourself for

teasing those poor tikes, Bobby boy. Next time you do it I'll leave you in there with 'em for a while, just to show you how it feels to be in the hoosgow. I'm off to the station to see have those bales of cedar shavings come and to pay for the new crates. Want to come along? Not that you deserve to."

At once Bobby's mock contrition fell away from him as by magic. Though he read the tone rather than the words of Jamie's question, long experience told him it forecast a walk, and on the instant he was dancing feverishly around the little man, careless now whether or not his antics should rouse the kenneled dogs to frenzy.

Off up the drive to the highroad they started, Jamie swinging sturdily along and Bobby dashing ahead and then back to his master's side a dozen times in as many hundred feet. Once out on the turnpike, he steadied down to the behavior of the occasion. True, he trotted ahead or loitered to investigate interesting scents and sounds along the way. But at the most distant approach of any motor car he always dropped back to Jamie and walked soberly, close to the man's side, until the car had gone by. This he had learned to do long ago, even as he had learned to abandon the forward or sideways excursions and to stay beside his master as soon as the city streets were reached.

About a half mile beyond the Beldencroft gates a turn in the hillside road brought him in sight of a motor vehicle for which he did not drop back to Jamie's side. For this machine was standing still. It was a huge truck, empty except for a heap of tarpaulin on its tonneau floor. It was facing north and had evidently come from Midwestburg or from some point to southward.

A tire puncture had brought its driver down from his seat. The man was replacing the deflated tire with one of five spares strapped under the tailboard. He was on his knees beside the car, hard at work. Bobby trotted past him with no great interest, but stopped presently and turned back. This because Jamie Mackellar had paused beside the busy mechanic.

Until Rufus G. had hired him as kennel manager Jamie had made his living, first by driving another man's truck and later a truck of his own. Several odd features of this truck in the road to-day had caught his notice.

The sweating driver glanced up from his tire-changing labors to see a small man and a large dog intently watching him. The driver had not the look of a bashful or self-conscious person. Yet noting this interested inspection he scowled. Indeed, he seemed thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Need any help?" Jamie opened the conversation in his timid way.

"No," grunted the driver. "And I don't need any gallery, either. Move on, can't you?"

Jamie looked grieved at the rebuff, but his interest was greater than his shyness.

"I never saw such a heavy truck before with pneumatic tires," he said, "except for carting explosives. It must be a big expense item when you're deep-loaded. Of course you can make lots better time, and you don't jounce so much. But the cost of all those spares ——"

"Say!" exhorted the driver, getting truculently to his feet and revealing himself as something like a head taller and forty pounds heavier than the little Scot. "Say, you mangy shrimp, I told you once to beat it! I'm telling you again! Next time I'll start you on your way. Take the air!"

Jamie flushed. He was a peaceable and friendly chap. He did not like to be spoken to in this fashion. Far down under his friendliness something hot began to stir.

"The road is public, neighbor," he said gently. "If it riles you to be talked to while you're working I'll keep my mouth shut. But I'm an old-time truckman, and this machine of yours has got some things about it that are new to me. By your leave I'll just walk around it and take a look or two. I won't meddle with anything."

The driver, after delivering his warning, had bent down over the almost adjusted tire. To the first part of Jamie's reply he had paid no heed at all. But now as Mackellar took an inquisitive step nearer the truck he got to his feet again and lurched threateningly forward.

Deftly, with his hamlike right hand, he grasped Jamie by the collar-back and spun him around, facing the city below.

"Walk!" he commanded, giving the amazed little man a forward shove.

Then two things happened at the same time and with bewildering quickness. Bobby, head turned, ears cocked, had been listening to the colloquy. Skilled at reading the human voice, he disliked the tone of this sweating and malodorous stranger toward his little god. Yet, as Mackellar did not seem ruffled by it, Bobby saw no cause to interfere.

Now, however, something occurred that did not need any explanation or second thought. The driver had laid violent hands on Jamie.

As the man gripped the Scot's coat collar Bobby sprang for him. Jamie, too, at the brutish contact, was galvanized into fury. Wriggling eel-like out of his coat, he spun about and smote upward with all his wiry strength at the driver's unprotected jaw.

Now Malachi Dorner was uncommonly handy with his fists. Also, as became a man of his trade, he was resourceful and plucky and of powerful physique. But just now his right hand was impeded by a suddenly vacated coat and his left was far extended in a grab for that coat's elusive shedder. Moreover, attack was the last thing to have been expected from the meekly talkative and nosey little intruder whom he had sought to chastise.

Wherefore Malachi Dorner was off guard. Wherefore, too, Malachi Dorner received on the jaw point a scientific and fairly effective blow that set him rocking back on his heels. At the same moment seventy pounds of furry avalanche smote him on the upper chest. A double set of white fangs raked his red throat dangerously deep, in a praiseworthy effort to reach the jugular.

Backward reeled Malachi Dorner, scrambling for his balance and flailing the empty air with his outflung arms.

Bobby, missing his mark, sprang again. The arm gripping Jamie's coat sought mechanically to fend him off. The coat was slashed from neck to waist by the snapping jaws; then was shaken aside as Bobby made a fresh dive for his master's assailant.

Jamie Mackellar, blind with rage, smote again for the heavy jaw of the giant who had so grossly assailed him, and again the blow landed. It landed at the same instant Bobby's flying bulk smote Dorner amidships, and this time the dual impact sent him asprawl on his back.

The driver, bleeding from the flesh wounds in throat and arm, and jarred by the two jaw smashes, prepared nevertheless to spring up and return to the fray. But Bobby whirled again at his throat and the man shrank back. With one hand Dorner sought to thrust away the dog; with the other he reached for his hip pocket.

It was then Jamie noted for the first time that his chum was taking part in the battle. He seized the collie by the ruff as Bobby flashed past him in the throat dive.

"Steady, Bobby boy!" he quavered, tugging at the anger-scourged collie. "Steady, there! No one asked you to horn in! I'm none so old I can't fight my own fights. Keep back, you murderous idiot! Now then," he shrilled defiantly at the prostrate Dorner, "are you man enough to get up and finish it? Or have you maybe had all you can hold? Which'll it be?"

For answer the driver tucked his ample feet under him for the dual purpose of getting up and of launching himself at the belligerently dancing little Mackellar. But his warlike eye rested on Lochinvar Bobby, tense, bulky, terrible, straining forward in his master's grasp; and half

(Continued on Page 76)

Bobby Was Too Much in Earnest to Use Finesse, Far Too Angry to Give Voice. He Sprang Forward

THE KEEPER OF THE BULLS

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

An Elephant in the Act of a Breakaway

THERE are certain well-founded American traditions regarding the equally American circus which it seems almost sacrilege to disturb. For instance, it has been handed from generation to generation that when a big show goes into territory comprised of many small towns the circus splits into several parts like the fabled joint snake, and exhibits in three or four places at once. Again, it's a certainty that the fiercest beasts in captivity are the lions and the tigers and that if ever one of them should escape it at once would vent the pent-up rage of years of imprisonment by killing everyone in sight. By the same line of reasoning the bravest man on the whole blatant organization must be the lion trainer, who twice daily—rain or shine—goes into the dens with these beasts and by a narrow margin comes forth with skin and body still hanging together. A different existence indeed from that of the bull man—all elephants are "bulls" on a circus—who has nothing to do save to keep his placid, gigantic, ever-begging charges from eating too many peanuts, to bring them forth now and then that they may push a few wagons complacently around the lot, or trot them into the ring during the crowded hours of the performance to do the hootchy-kootchy in their lumbering, comical fashion, to play a big mouth harp with their trunks until that laughing, easy-going trainer takes it away from them, to cavort at a pachydermic game of baseball or bear the million-dollar beauty around the arena at the head of the grand entrée. All in all, comparatively speaking, it would seem much easier than shooting a blank-cartridged revolver into the bellowing jaws of a roaring lion. Of course he must be handy always to warn the uneducated that his big, clumsy charges hate tobacco, and that they never forget an injury, but those are only little idiosyncrasies which bob up even with some human beings. No matter how placid a person or beast may be ——

Shattering Old Traditions

BUT to get back to the traditions. Just to take them in their numerical order, a show never splits and never exhibits in several places at once. The lions and tigers aren't nearly so fierce, perhaps, as one of the tumbling bears, which stays in its cage for the simple reason that no one ever has been able to train it. Still more, when the doors of a lion or tiger den are left open by a careless attendant—as often happens—the escaped feline is usually so frightened at being exiled from its natural, steel-barred home that it does nothing but run in circles and yowl like some overgrown house cat until its rescuers surround it with a bit of side walling and restore it to its own habitat again; and the lion trainer, he who fights the ferocious beasts in the steel arena, often yawns after his work is over and calls for nothing stronger than a bottle of near-beer. Unless there is illness or fear or an animal feud of some sort among his charges, he has little to worry about. But the placid life of the placid keeper of the placid bulls is something entirely different.

For, as it often happens with traditions, the usual reasoning is wrong. In the first place, the bulls are not placid, just as they are not clumsy, just as they do not remember an injury for years and just as they do not promptly set upon the man who insults their taste with a juicy plug of tobacco. Perhaps, long, long ago there may have been a solitary elephant that disliked nicotine—but times evidently have changed. To-day a plug of tobacco is a titbit for any elephant, and more than once is a visitor's pocket ransacked by an inquiring trunk searching for a chew. Elephants eat tobacco just as they eat sugar cane or pop corn or peanuts or candy. To them it is a delicacy. Nor is the taste confined only to chewing tobacco; if you'll keep your eyes open the next time you go to a circus you may even see elephants shooting snipes, where visitors have dropped their cigar butts along the picket line. Which ends that.

Their memories are no longer than those of any other intelligent animal, and their clumsiness and slowness are things that exist only in appearance. As for the relationship of ease between the lot of the keeper of the lions and the keeper of the bulls, the lion trainer leads a bored existence. All that is necessary for him to do is to keep a whip rein on a group of well-trained beasts, and by a reasonable amount of care guard his own skin. The keeper of the bulls must strive to protect his own life, the lives of the thousands who crowd into the circus, the lives of the animals of the menagerie, the horses of the great show, the tents, the wagons, the heavy, costly properties—and even the houses and lives of the people in the town where the circus is showing, as well as that of the countryside surrounding it! Once the placid, amiable, stodgy elephant starts forth upon a tour of wreckage his only competitor is a tornado, and his only possible master that envied person of a life of ease—the keeper of the bulls!

Inconsistency is a thing which surrounds an elephant on every side in his life in the circus. Just as he is the best-liked beast of the menagerie, so is he the most feared. Just as he is the thing that must be counted upon literally to drag the show out of the mud when the mire of a wet circus lot has sunk every wagon to the wheel hubs and so entangled the heavy conveyances that horseflesh, even tractors, lose their efficiency, so on the very next day he may wreck everything he has worked so hard to save. He will swing forward confidently to the attack, should a lion make a breakaway, but the proximity of a mouse or even a small, harmless snake on a country wayside is the signal for a panic. He will carry a cannon on his back into a performance and stand immobile while the booming charge breaks in deafening fashion above him—and then, on the next Fourth of July, start a stampede at the popping of a penny firecracker. He will remain at a picket line through confusion and turmoil while thousands of persons crowd about him, then pull up stakes and chase the daylights out of a candy butcher who consistently offends him by selling dainties among the show goers instead of distributing them free along the elephant line. He is the most sagacious animal in captivity—yet, when he becomes frightened he doesn't know enough to turn out of the way of a brick building. His daily food consists of fully two hundred pounds of roughage, a few pounds of coal which he munches greedily if he can but get it, a bushel or so of grain, ten or twenty pounds of pure dirt—chocolate loam or swamp muck preferred—and a tub or two of water, yet he will quit it all gladly for one lonely peanut or a piece of candy. In the circus world they've changed an old, old expression to fit their own needs:

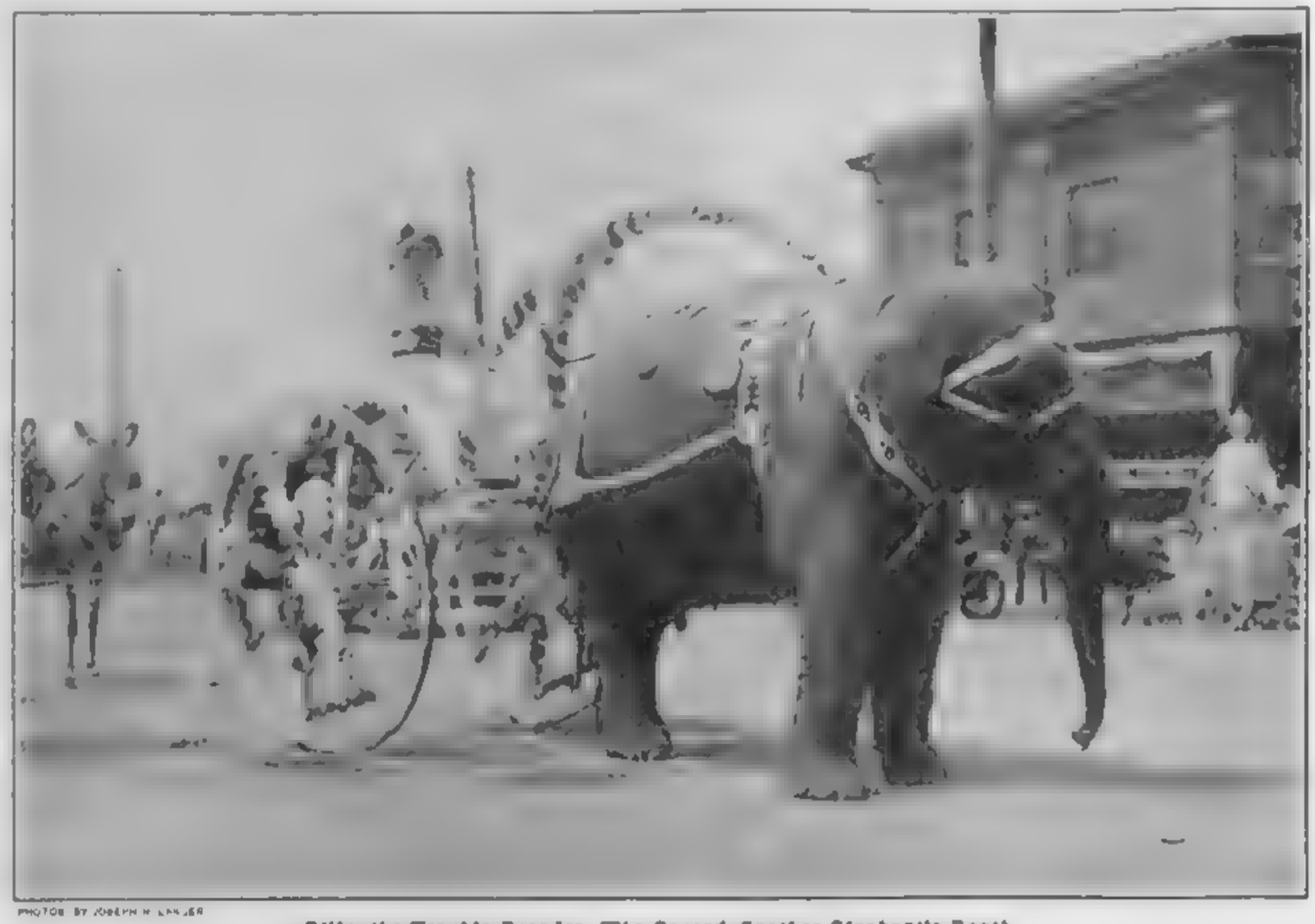
"Inconsistency—thy name is elephant!"

The Four-Legged Paradox

FOR, it seems, the paradox is a continual thing with the great pachyderms which form the backbone of practically every circus. There is never a time in which they are not depended upon to save the show in times of late arrivals, muddy or sandy lots or on long hauls from the unloading runs to the exhibition grounds, when the two or three tons of flesh and bone and muscle which every elephant possesses are thrown into play to augment the efforts of the straining draft stock and chugging tractors. Yet, by the same token, there is never a moment when the circus is free from the danger of being torn to pieces by that same bone and muscle and sinew! Upon one man and one alone does the task depend, one man who is a leader above a leader, who can succeed often where all others may fail, and upon whom rests the responsibility for salvation or wreckage—the keeper of the bulls.

In explanation, a herd of elephants—and in some of the big circuses a herd will number as high as twenty-five members—is built upon the monarchial system, with a princess or two, a queen and a king in control. The princesses and queen are elephants; the only male ruler allowed is the superintendent of the herd, the man to whom the queen, or leader, vows allegiance. No matter what other men may do, what other men may command, if the keeper of the herd decides otherwise—then otherwise is the result. The leader obeys him above all others, if she obeys at all; the princesses obey her, and the male members tag along in a group of bulky camp followers, citizens, agitators and revolutionists. The males make the trouble in an elephant monarchy, the females make the laws and enforce them. It is seldom that other than a male causes a stampede; and almost inevitably it is a female—obeying in her turn the man who commands her—that halts it.

As an example: The Sells-Floto Circus, one of the group of larger shows, was in Canada several years ago, and one of its stands was Winnipeg. The performances



PHOTOS BY JOSEPH H. LANZER

Billy, the Trouble Breeder, Who Caused Another Elephant's Death

were dated for Monday and, as is usual with a circus, the show had arrived in town a day ahead for what is known in circus parlance as a Sunday on the lot—a day of rest and work in which everything is made ready for the performances to come, leisurely, yet carefully, that the parade may go forth early the following morning and every scheduled thing take place on the minute. The tents had been erected, the seats placed, the animals fed and exercised, the ring curbs fastened into position, the hippodrome track smoothed into readiness, the rigging for the various aërial acts set—and the circus had settled to rest.

In the menagerie the lions and tigers nodded sleepily, with nothing to disturb them from their Sunday slothfulness. The elephant picket line was calm and peaceful, the long trunks weaving lazily at the transference of a full portion of roughage from ground to mouth. Group by group the circus people departed from the lot, townward bound, for the usual Sunday stroll and the luxury of a night in a hotel instead of the cramped berths of the sleepers. Only the watchmen were left about the various tents, only the assistants in the menagerie.

Night came, starlit and peaceful. The torches began to gleam about the circus grounds, spots of limited brilliance barely sufficient to provide protection against the pitfalls of stakes and wagon tongues and tight-pulled guy ropes. Hours passed in torpid peace. Down town the superintendent of the elephant herd, Fred Alispaw, seated himself at the table of a night restaurant and glanced across toward his wife, awaiting her decision on the menu of an after-theater supper. He called a waiter. He began the giving of an order. Then ——

Fear-Crazed Monsters

SUDDENLY the café, the street, the city were in darkness, following a green blaze of lightning and its consequent crash of thunder. A moment more and the rain was pelting, borne at the fore of a forty-mile gale. Winnipeg all in a second had become a storm-stricken city, its lights extinguished by a lightning bolt which had struck one of the main feed wires, its street-car service blocked, its streets running small rivers from the rain, its every activity for the moment halted. In the café diners laughed, struck matches and waited for the lights to come on again—all but one man, stumbling through the darkness toward the doorway, Fred Alispaw, keeper of the bulls.

"Stay here until the lights come on!" he ordered hastily of his wife. "I've got to get to the lot!"

"But the cars are stopped."

"Can't help that. I'll find a taxi! I've got to get to the lot!"

Out into the sheetlike rain he went, to leap to the running board of the first passing automobile and literally commandeer it for a trip to the circus grounds several miles away. His experience with elephants and the instinctive knowledge of what the beasts might do under circumstances such as this demanded swift action, and plenty of it. More, intuition proved correct!

The storm had struck as suddenly at the circus grounds as in the city. With the first flash of lightning the wind had swept through the menagerie tent with galelike force, lifting the side walling and causing it to slap and bellow and snap in queer ghostly fashion. The elephant herd, peaceful and drowsing at its double row of stakes only a moment before, had heard and seen!

There was no keeper to reassure them; only assistants. To an elephant an assistant counts for little if the supreme voice is absent, and right at that moment Alispaw was miles away. In vain the menagerie men sank their bull hooks into the ears of the plunging charges, then bobbing about like so many plummets strove in vain to hold the beasts in line. Even Old Mom, the head of the herd, had become panicky with the rest, not from fear of the storm but from the fright caused by the sight of that twisting, writhing side wall as it had shown for an instant in the glare of the lightning. To the elephants it represented some unknown bellowing monster about to attack; the unexplained thing always means trouble in an elephant herd. So the stampede had begun.

One by one the extra stakes were dragged from the ground. One by one the frantic animal attendants were thrown aside or knocked down by the flail-like blows of tossing trunks. The thunder now bore an obbligato of screaming, hissing cat animals, crouched in fear in their dens, of shouting men, of rending stakes, clanking chains and squealing, trumpeting elephants. Then still another thunder—that of ton-heavy bodies plunging across the menagerie tent, the crushing of timbers as they knocked poles and cages from their path, and the stampede of the nine-elephant herd was on! A moment later the stages, the poles, the seats and grand stand of the main tent were splintering and snapping as some sixty thousand pounds of fear-maddened elephant flesh tore madly here and there in the big inclosure, rushing wildly, then wheeling as frantically in the other direction as a lightning flash showed that writhing, flapping thing of wind-blown canvas surrounding them on every side. Greater and greater the frenzy became; in the milling two of the males collided and began to fight with swift smashing rushes and lashing trunks. Louder and louder became the squealing and trumpeting—suddenly to lull. A voice had come faintly from the darkness of the menagerie tent—every torch long had been extinguished—a voice which caused Old Mom to turn and to trumpet with a new note:

"Mom—Mom! Here I am!"

Snyder After He Had Been Executed

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

An Elephant Will Save the Show One Day and Wreck It the Next

The Bull Keeper Restores Confidence

AGAIN the call sounded and Old Mom answered, the queen obeying the command of her overlord. The fighting ceased. A new signal sounded from the throat of Old Mom. The elephants steadied. A moment later Alispaw, standing in the connection between the menagerie and the main tent, saw revealed in a flash of lightning a great hulking shadow coming slowly but steadily toward him, while in the rear there followed eight others, practically abreast! Old Mom had heard the voice she sought. That was enough!

But the fight had only begun. The storm now was taking on a new intensity, a new fury, and the trainer knew that he had but two allies, Mom and Alice, a sort of elephantine lady in waiting to the real queen of the herd. As soon as possible he caught the two elephants by their ears and stood between them, talking to them, reassuring them, while they wrapped their trunks about him and squealed their delight, while the rest of the herd milled and trumpeted about them, each crowding its utmost to be near the thing which to them meant safety. For nearly an hour it continued, with the fate of the show in the hands of one man, literally buried in a bumping, jostling mass of thirty tons of frightened elephants—one man whom they trusted and whose presence alone could hold them against a new panic. Then slowly with the aid of his assistants and a lone flickering torch he began

(Continued on Page 113)

PHOTO. BY JOSEPH H. LANNER

Kas and Mo as They Appeared When First Brought to This Country With Their Singhalese Attendant

RITA COVENTRY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXII

THE Jersey pines were looming black in the February twilight as the limousine slipped swiftly into Lakewood, and it was dark when, after a light repast, Parrish and Rita resumed their way toward New York. Reaching the city before ten, they drove to her house, where, because of her early rehearsal next morning, they parted on the doorstep.

"Wednesday night, then, at the opera house," she said in farewell as Pierre opened the outer door.

Wednesday night—and this only Monday!

At Parrish's own door Ito greeted him with his polite Japanese smile.

"Teregram for you, sir," he said as he carried in the baggage; for Ito had the usual Oriental difficulty with "l" and "r."

Parrish knew what the telegram would be. Going to the library he took the yellow envelope from the desk, opened it and read. Yes, it was from Alice—a tautological announcement that she had arrived safely in Cleveland. Also there lay upon the desk a special-delivery letter addressed in her familiar handwriting -legible, slightly unformed, above all, honest.

As the telegram closed with the words "Much love," so the letter opened with the salutation "Dearest," followed by a dash; for dashes served Alice in place of periods, colons, semicolons and sometimes commas.

Hurriedly he read the letter:

George met me at the station with his car and drove me out to the house—It was certainly fine to see them all again—though of course I miss you terribly dear—When I was here before the grading wasn't all finished but now everything looks nice and settled inside and out—although it is certainly what you would call "suburban" looking—It's a California bungalow type house—stucco and brown wood—with a second story that you'd hardly notice from outside—and the furniture is mostly "mission"—I can see you turn up your nose at that! I don't think Margaret really likes mission furniture—but George the old dear likes it because it's "solid looking"—and all those two ever think of is having everything the way the other wants it—You would think them very unsophisticated and they are—the way I used to be!—but I know you'd like them because they are so good and devoted—and you'd be crazy about the children—They have grown so much since I last saw them that I could hardly believe my eyes—and they made such a fuss over "Auntie Alice" that it made her cry—It certainly is wonderful to have children love you like that and I don't say it because they are Margaret's but they really are *remarkable*—I think I cried partly because they are such little darlings and partly because their little arms around my neck somehow made my loneliness for you horribly acute—Does that sound crazy dear? Maybe it is but that's how I felt—Oh Dick how I do love you! (How Clara would scold me for writing you that and telling it to you all the time!) She thinks men are so conceited and selfish because she has never known the right *kind* of man and that has made her cynical—She says a woman is a fool to let a man know she cares because a man tires of a woman when he is so sure of her I don't believe you can lay down any such rule to cover all cases do you? Anyway, I *want* you to be sure of me! And it's lucky for me I do!—because if I *didn't* want you to be you would be just the same—I couldn't help letting you see—

Oh dearest I'm so worried over Margaret! She's so miserable—worse than I thought—The doctor says she ought to have gone to the Adirondacks two or three weeks ago because though it's just pleurisy she won't get over it in this lake climate at this time of year and it might get worse—She has been fighting going because she can't bear to leave George and the children but she is getting frightened about herself now and since I am here she certainly has no excuse—But Dick it means a month or six weeks out here for me and I only reproach myself for not having realized and come sooner—So I can't go back with you when you come through—but I would give anything on earth to see you—Couldn't you stop over a train and come up? But if not I could come down and see you for a minute at the train—That would *help* wouldn't it dear? So if you go west be sure to telegraph me in plenty of time—

Well dear I'm afraid this epistle isn't any too cheerful sounding—but I do miss you so and this is the nearest I can get to talking to you—

Take care of yourself for my sake dear and don't get too tired—You work so hard you know—and there are so many germs around one can't be too careful—

I will write you every day and you must write me as often as you can even if it is only a line just to let me know you are well.

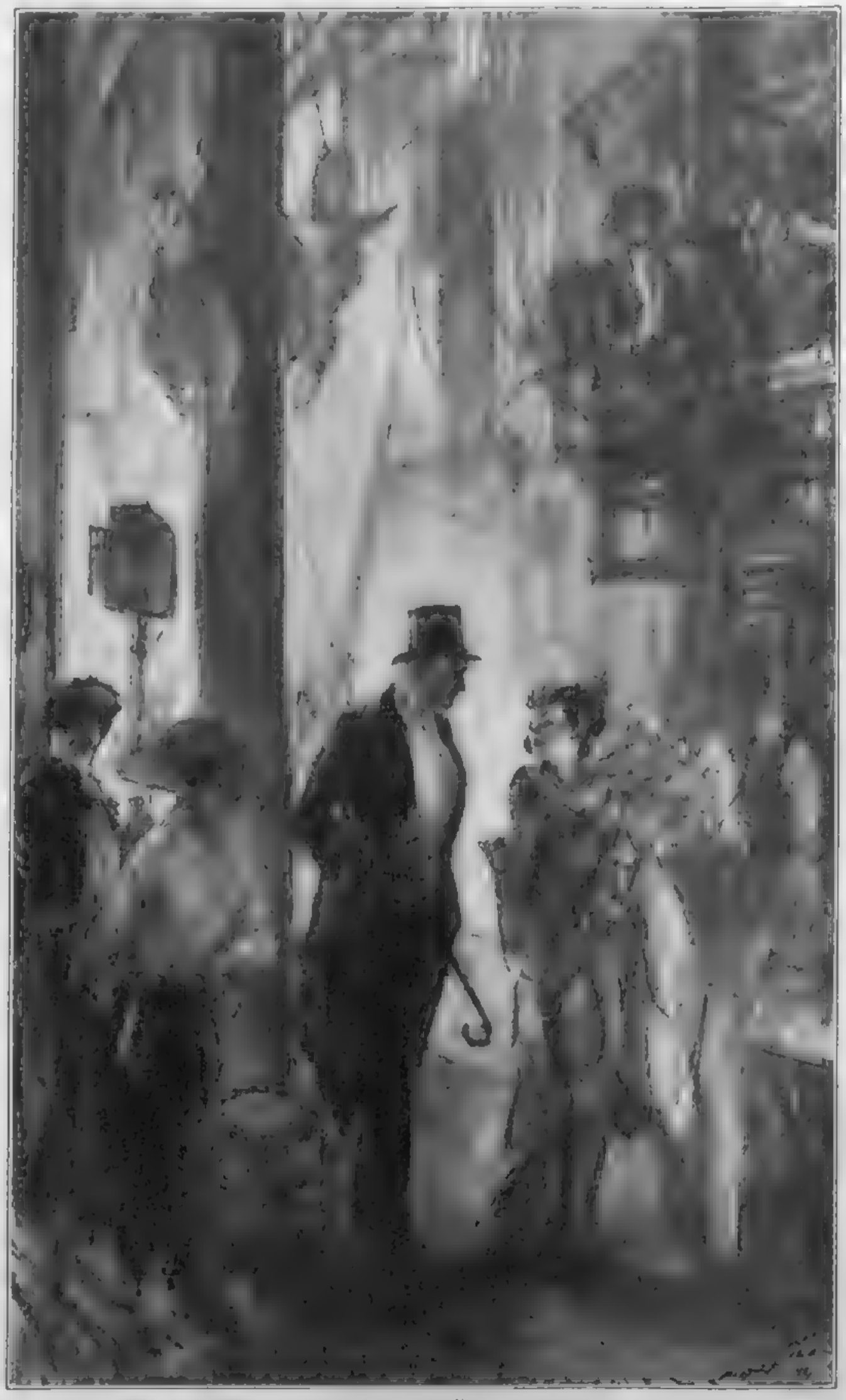
Perhaps if we get so lonesome for each other we can't stand it any longer we can talk on the long distance the way we did when I was here before—

Oh Dick you know how I adore you don't you?

Your loving ALICE.

P S—

You haven't forgotten what the farmer wrote you about the fences at Blenkinswood have you?



"Your Engagement," He Began Interrogatively, "That Business You Spoke of—It Hasn't by Any Chance Been ——"

Parrish sighed heavily, tore the letter into small pieces and dropped them into the wastebasket. Out of his welter of conflicting emotions and impulses emerged a thought of telephoning to her, but quickly he let it slip back into the welter. He would write.

He took a sheet of paper from the rack, dipped his pen and paused. Then he wrote "Dear," and after pausing again, added "est." But when he blotted the word the final syllable, not having dried so long, was perceptibly lighter than the first.

"Oh, hang it!" he said.

He tore up the sheet and let the fragments fall to the basket, where Alice's letter already lay; then rising he went to his room, washed and put on his bathrobe and slippers, whereafter he returned to the desk and sat for a moment, but only to get up again. This time he proceeded to the butler's pantry, where, after picking savagely at the ice, he secured a suitable piece, which he washed and deposited in a tall thin glass. Thence he went to the sideboard and, after unlocking it, withdrew a bottle containing an amber fluid. Hastily he poured a generous portion into his glass, and adding water, drank.

Putting down the empty glass he returned to the desk, seated himself, took up the telephone and asked for the telegraph office.

His night letter to Alice was long, sympathetic and uninforming. "Am writing," he ended.

But he did not write that night, and next morning he was pressed for time; he had been absent from the office for a day; much business would be awaiting him. Moreover, there were errands to be done on the way down. He stopped at his jeweler's, on Fifth Avenue, and was there for the better part of an hour, closeted with the head of the firm. Thence he went to his florist's, where he ordered flowers to be telegraphed to Cleveland.

That night at the club he was requisitioned to make a fourth at bridge, so he put into his pocket the letter he had begun, intending to finish it when he got home. But it was late when he got home; and on Wednesday morning there was the office calling him again. A meeting kept him downtown later than usual, and when, after taking his walk up the Avenue, he reached the apartment, it was practically time to dress. Ordinarily he would have had more time, but to-night he must dine early in order to be at the stage door promptly at quarter before eight.

XXIII

HE WAS even a little ahead of time, but the door man was expecting him and let him through, sending a young man to pilot him to Rita's dressing room.

Parrish had been behind scenes before, but never in such a place as this. Here, as in an ordinary theater, he was aware of worn gray boards underfoot, of brick walls, crude and solid, and of the pervasive musty smell common to all playhouse stages. He was dimly conscious as he moved along of innumerable ropes and cables running aloft, of cyclopean lighting devices to be avoided, of furniture and properties piled in corners, and of the brutal bareness of unpainted canvas. Yet this stage, because of its vast size, was unlike any other. It was cosmic. In its dim vistas workmen were but gnomes; beyond the towering

bulk of the scene set for the first act lay an undiscovered country; the dark, deep spaces of the fly gallery, above, had the remoteness of a midnight sky. Following the young man Parrish began to feel that life itself, becoming touched with madness, had turned its clothing wrong side out and gone to masquerading.

Negotiating a corner and leading the way up several carpeted steps the pilot knocked upon a metal door, and upon receiving an answer from within, departed, leaving Parrish standing there.

Almost immediately the door was opened narrowly, showing a maid in a frilled cap.

"Monsieur Parrish?"

"Yes."

She opened the door wider, saying "*Entrez, s'il vous plait, monsieur,*" and as she relieved him of hat, overcoat and cane, continued, "*Mademoiselle vous demande mille pardons, monsieur, mais elle n'est pas encore habillée. Donnez-vous la peine de vous asseoir, monsieur.*"

Selecting the most comfortable of the wicker chairs Parrish obediently sat down, and as the maid departed to the next room began to entertain himself by inspecting his surroundings. Long and narrow, the room had the dimensions of a rather large hall bedroom; there was a window of dull beveled glass, white and blind like an eye with a cataract, but Parrish had a feeling that the apartment hardly knew the light of day, much less the sunlight. Without its mirrors, bright electric lights and chintz it would have been a very gloomy place. The chintz, which was of cream color with a running pattern of rose wreaths, dominated the place. It covered the walls and the couch; the window and the door leading to the dressing room were curtained with it; it had been used for upholstering the chairs. A label-covered wardrobe trunk standing in one corner, a small table and a writing desk of cream-color enamel, some mirrors, photographs and vases of flowers half-heartedly attempted to dispute the sway of the rose-wreath pattern. But the mirrors reflected it and the other objects were but spots against it. Even a great sheaf of American Beauty roses, standing in a vase resembling an enormous megaphone of brass, became inconspicuous against those serpentines of printed roses on the walls.

His attention was attracted by some caricatures of operatic figures, and he rose to look at them. They were drawn by a famous tenor whose talent for distorted portraiture was often mentioned in the newspapers, and among them was a wicked sketch of Rita in Mélisande's trailing tresses, with her mouth wide open.

He was looking disapprovingly at this when he heard the clink of curtain rings behind him, as the portière at the dressing-room door was thrust back, and Rita's voice calling to him to come in.

The maid stood aside in the doorway as he entered, then withdrew, closing the door after her.

Rita was seated at a long dressing table with triple mirrors strongly lighted, when, pausing in the final processes of making up, she turned her head to greet him. The silken kimono, brocaded obi, and convoluted wig of glistening coal-black hair were those of Madame Butterfly, but richly picturesque as the Japanese costume was, his glance at it was cursory. It was her face that held him. He stared at it, disconcerted. For though there was a trace of Rita in the eyes, disguised with heavy make-up—the lashes beaded with oily black, the inner corners dotted with red, the outer corners lined obliquely to give an Oriental tilt—and though it was her voice that spoke to him from behind that mask of grease paint and powder, he could not feel that this was she. Like the lad in the fairy tale whose loved one is transformed by witchcraft into another shape, he shared memories with the extraordinary being before him, yet felt that she was a stranger to him.

With an instinctive desire to overcome this sense of unreality he went back to the subject of which they had last spoken, asking, "How did the rehearsal go yesterday?"

She was leaning toward the mirror, giving a final touch of color to her lower lip.

"Lasted all day," she said, as if speaking to her own reflection.

Turning her head from side to side she inspected critically the fit of her wig; then with both hands she pressed it down more firmly.

Meanwhile Parrish, anxious to break through this sense of remoteness, sought her eyes, moving behind her and looking at her in the glass.

"Did you get very tired?"

She turned quickly.

"Oh, don't do that!" she cried. "Don't look at me in the glass when you're talking to me. It's unlucky!"

He smiled.

"I didn't know that you were superstitious."

"I suppose we all are. Things here depend so much on luck. Don't you remember—we were speaking of that the other day? For instance"—her laugh was a little bit apologetic—"we are superstitious about whistling in the dressing room. It brings bad luck to whoever is nearest the door. And I wouldn't dare have any shoes on a shelf higher than my head. That's awful—poverty, disaster, death! And yesterday we didn't sing the last few measures of the opera. We never do until the first night. And there's an old superstition about ——"

"I hope," he put in, "that there is none about receiving a gift in the dressing room. Because," he went on without waiting for her answer, "I've brought you this."

From an inside pocket he drew a flat leather-covered box, and placed it before her upon the dressing table.

She seized his hand.

"Oh, you dear! How dear of you!" Then pressing the button which released the lid of the box, and discovering in its black velvet nest a flexible linked bracelet of platinum, set with square diamonds, chic and costly, she cried out again, "Oh, it's lovely! You extravagant boy!"

Pulling back one kimono sleeve she slipped the bracelet on her arm and, holding it away from her, gazed at it admiringly. Then rising and taking both his hands she exclaimed, "I'd like to hug you! But I mustn't. This liquid powder rubs off."

"I'll take a chance," he said, looking down at her benignantly.

"I won't," she returned, laughing. "I have to go on too soon."

As if in confirmation of her words the maid knocked at the door, announcing:

"*Le prélude va commencer, mademoiselle.*"

"*Bien, Sophie.*" She summoned her, and taking off the bracelet placed it in her hand, saying, "Look at the beautiful thing monsieur has given me!" Then, as the maid admired, she added, "Now you take good care of it, Sophie!" And to Parrish, "I hate to take it off, but it might be noticed from the front—and of course it is out of character."

"Yes, of course."

He was disappointed. He wanted her to wear it. With it on she belonged to him.

"Now come," said she, "and I'll show you where to stay and watch the act."

She led the way out through the anteroom, down the steps and to the stage.

The scene, showing the Japanese house with its terrace and garden on a hilltop overlooking the town and bay of Nagasaki, was fully set, and the footlights and borders were aglare. Two singers, costumed for the parts of Pinkerton and Goro, were standing at one side, well back, prepared to be discovered when the curtain should rise.

This obvious readiness made Parrish nervous as he walked across the stage at Rita's side. "What if the curtain should suddenly ascend!" he was thinking to himself. And when, just as he was thinking that, the first violins vigorously attacked the beginning of the overture he was startled to the point of panic. To be caught out there in the middle of the stage—a nightmare! He looked anxiously at Rita, but she reassured him with a smile.

When the curtain did rise they were safely off the scene, seated in two gilt chairs behind the concealing proscenium arch and its appendant draperies. Hitherto the music had been muffled by the curtain, but now there came a burst of sound from the entire choir of strings, and simultaneously a sense of air in circulation between stage and auditorium, and of a great dark something out there beyond the footlights, very quiet but very much alive.

From their vantage point they watched the bustling

(Continued on Page 38)

Though It Was Her Voice That Spoke to Him From Behind That Mask of Grease Paint and Powder, He Could Not Feel That This Was Rita

"All Right! Now Hold Stiddy a Minute"

The Covered Wagon

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXXI

"HOW, cola!" exclaimed the leader of the band of Indians, crowding up to the gap in the corral where a part of the stock had just been driven in. He grinned maliciously and made the sign for "Sioux"—the edge of the hand across the throat.

But men, rifles crosswise, barred him back, while others were hurrying, strengthening the barricade. A half dozen rifles, thrust out through wheels or leveled across the wagon tongues, now covered the front rank of the Crows; but the savages—some forty or fifty in number—only sat their horses, laughing. This was sport to them. They had no doubt at all that they would have their will of this party of the whites as soon as they got ready, and they planned further strategy. To drive a prisoner into camp before killing him was humorous from their point of view, and practical withal, like driving a buffalo close to the village before shooting it.

But the white men were not deceived by the trading-post salutation.

"He's a liar!" called out the voice of Jackson. "They're not Sioux—they're Crows, and out for war! Don't let 'em in, boys! For God's sake, keep 'em out!"

It was a brave man's deed. The wonder was his words were not his last, for though the Crows did not understand all his speech, they knew well enough what he meant. One brave near him struck him across the mouth with the heavy wooden stock of his Indian whip, so that his lips gushed blood. A half dozen arrows turned toward him, trembling on the strings. But the voice of their partisan rose in command. He preferred a parley, hoping a chance might offer to get inside the wagon ring. The loose stock he counted safe booty any time they liked. He did not relish the look of the rifle muzzles at this close range. The riders were now piled in almost against the wheels.

"Swap!" exclaimed the Crow leader ingratiatingly, and held out his hand. "How, cola!"

"Don't believe him! Don't trust him, men!"

Again Jackson's voice rose. As the savages drew apart from him, to hold him in even better bow range, one young brave, hideously barred in vermilion and yellow, all the time with an arrow at the prisoner's back, the men in the wagon corral now saw that Jackson's hands were tied behind his back, so that he was helpless. But still he sat his own horse, and still he had a chance left to take.

"Look out!" he called high and clear. "Get away from the hole! I'm coming in!"

Before anyone fully caught his meaning he swung his horse with his legs, lifted him with his heels and made one straight, desperate plunge for the gap, jostling aside the nearest two or three of his oppressors.

It was a desperate man's one hope—no hope at all, indeed, for the odds were fifty to one against him. Swift as was his movement, and unprepared as his tormentors were for it, just as the horse rose to his leap over the wagon tongue, and as the rider flung himself low on his neck to escape what he knew would come, a bow twanged back of him. They all heard the zhut! of the arrow as it struck. Then, in a stumbling heap, horse and rider fell, rolled over, as a sleet of arrows followed through.

Jackson rolled to one side, rose to his knees. Molly Wingate chanced to be near. Her scissors, carefully guarded always, because priceless, hung at her neck. Swiftly she began to saw at the thong which held Jackson's wrists, bedded almost to the bone and twisted with a stick. She severed the cord somehow, and the man staggered up. Then they saw the arrow standing out at both sides of his shoulder, driven through the muscles with the hasty snap of the painted bowman's shot.

"Cut it—break it!" he demanded of her, for all the men now were at the edge, and there was no one else to aid. And staunch Molly Wingate, her eyes staring again in horror, took the bloody stem and tried to break it off, in her second case of like surgery that week. But the shaft was flexible, tough and would not break.

"A knife—quick! Cut it off above the feather!"

He himself caught the front of the shaft and pushed it back, close to the head. By chance she saw Jed's knife at his belt as he kneeled, and drew it. Clumsily but steadily she slashed into the shaft, weakened it, broke it, pushed the point forward. Jackson himself unhesitatingly pulled it through, a gush of blood following on either side the shoulder. There was no time to notice that. Crippled as he was, the man only looked for weapons. A pistol lay on the ground and he caught it up.

But for the packs and bales that had been thrown against the wheels, the inmates of the corral would all have fallen under the rain of arrows that now slatted and thudded in. But they kept low, and the Indians were so close against the wagons that they could not see under the bodies or through the wheels. The chocks had not yet been taken out from under the boxes, so that they stood high. Against such a barricade cavalry was helpless. There was no warrior who wanted to follow Jackson's example of getting inside.

For an instant there came no order to fire. The men were reaching into the wagons to unsling their rifles from the riding loops fastened to the bows. It all was a trample and a tumult and a whirl of dust under thudding hoofs outside and in, a phase which could last no more than an instant. Came the thin crack of a squirrel rifle from the far corner of the wagon park. The Crow partisan sat his horse just a moment, the expression on his face frozen there, his mouth slowly closing. Then he slid off his horse close to the gap, now piled high with goods and gear.

A boy's high quaver rose.

"You can't say nothing this time! You didn't shoot at all now!"

An emigrant boy was jeering at his father.

But by that time no one knew or cared who shot. The fight was on. Every rifle was emptied in the next instant, and at that range almost every shot was fatal or disabling. In sudden panic at the powder flare in their faces, the Crows broke and scattered, with no time to drag away their wounded.

The fight, or this phase of it, was over almost before it was begun. It all was one more repetition of border history. Almost never did the Indians make a successful attack on a trading post, rarely on an emigrant train in full corral. The cunning of the Crow partisan in driving in a prisoner as a fence had brought him close, yes—too close. But the line was not yet broken.

Firing with a steady aim, the emigrants added to the toll they took. The Crows bent low and flogged their horses. Only in the distant willow thickets did they pause. They even left their dead.

There were no wounded, or not for long. Jackson, the pistol in his hand, his face gray with rage and pain, stepped outside the corral. The Crow chief, shot through the chest, turned over, looked up dully.

"How, cola!" said his late prisoner, baring his teeth.

And what he did with this brave he did with all the others of the wounded able to move a hand. The debt to savage treachery was paid, savagely enough, when he turned back to the wagons, and such was the rage of all at this last assault that no voice was raised to stay his hand.

"There's nothing like tobacker," asserted Jackson coolly when he had reentered the corral and it came to the question of caring for his arrow wound. "Jest tie on a good chaw o' tobacker on each side o' that hole an' 'twon't be long afore she's all right. I'm glad it went plumb through. I've knowed a arrerhead to pull off an' stay in when the sinew wroppin's got loose from soakin'.

"Look at them wrists," he added, holding up his hands. "They twisted that rawhide clean to the bone, damn their skins! Pertendin' to be friends! They put me in front sos't you'd let 'em ride up close—that's the Crow way, to come right into camp if they can, git in close and play friends. But, believe me, this ain't but the beginnin'. They'll be back, an' plenty with 'em. Them Crows ain't west of the Pass fer only one thing, an' that's this wagon train."

They gathered around him now, plying him with questions. Sam Woodhull was among those who came, and him Jackson watched narrowly every moment, his own weapon handy, as he now described the events that had brought him hither.

"Our train come into the Sweetwater two days back o' you-all," he said. "We seen you'd had a fight but had went on. We knowed some was hurt, fer we picked up some woman fixin's—tatting, hit were—with blood on hit. And we found buryin's, the dirt different color."

They told him now of the first fight, of their losses, of the wounded; told him of the near escape of Molly Wingate, though out of courtesy to Woodhull, who stood near, they said nothing of the interrupted wedding. The old mountain man's face grew yet more stern.

"That gal!" he said. "Her shot by a sneakin' 'Rapahoe? Ain't that a shame! But she's not bad—she's comin' through?"

Molly Wingate, who stood ready now with bandages, told him how like the two arrow wounds had been.

"Take an' chaw tobacker, ma'am," said he. "Put a hunk on each side, do-ee mind, an' she'll be well."

"Go on and tell us the rest," someone demanded.

"Not much to tell that ye couldn't of knew, gentlemen," resumed the scout. "Ef ye'd sont back fer us we'd of jined ye, shore, but ye didn't send."

"How could we send, man?" demanded Woodhull savagely. "How could we know where you were, or whether you'd come—or whether you'd have been of any use if you had?"

"Well, we knew whar you-all was, 't any rate," rejoined Jackson. "We was two days back o' ye, then one day. Our captain wouldn't let us crowd in, fer he said he wasn't welcome an' we wasn't needed.

"That was ontel we struck the big Crow trail, with you-all a follerin' of hit blind, a-chasin' trouble as hard as ye could chase.

"Then he sont me on ahead to warn ye an' to ask ef we should jine on. We knowed the Crows was down atter the train.

"I laid down to sleep, I did, under a sagebrush, in the sun, like a fool. I was beat out and needed sleep, and I thought I was safe fer a leetle while. When I woke up it was a whoop that done hit. They was around me, laughin', twenty arrers p'inted, an' some shot inter the ground by my face. I taken my chance, and shook hands. They grabbed me and tied me. Then they made me guide them in, like ye seen. They maybe didn't know I come from the east and not from the west.

Jim Bridger

"Their village is on some creek above here. I think they're on a visit to the Shoshones. Eight hundred men they are, or more. Hit's more'n what it was with the Sioux on the Platte, fer ye're not so many now. An' any time now the main band may come. Git ready, men. Fer me, I must git back to my own train. They may be back twenty mile, or thirty. Would ary man want to ride with me? Would ye, Sam Woodhull?"

The eyes of his associates rested on Woodhull.

"I think one man would be safer than two," said he. "My own place is here if there's sure to be a fight."

"Mebbe so," assented Jackson. "In fack I don't know as more'n one'd git through if you an' me both started." His cold gray eye was fixed on Woodhull carelessly. "An' ef hit was the wrong man got through he'd never lead them Missouri men for'rerd to where this fight'll be.

"An' hit'll be right here. Look yan!" he added.

He nodded to the west, where a great dust cloud rose.

"More is comin'," said he. "Yan's Bannocks, like as not, or even the Shoshones, all I know, though they're usual quiet. The runners is out atween all the tribes. I must be on my way."

He hurried to find his own horse, looked to its welfare, for it, too, had an arrow wound. As he passed a certain wagon he heard a voice call to him, saw a hand at the curtained front.

"Miss Molly! Hit's you! Ye're not dead no ways, then?"

"Come," said the girl.

He drew near, fell back at sight of her thin face, her pallor; but again she commanded him.

"I know," said she. "He's—he's safe?"

"Yes, Miss Molly, a lot safer'n any of us here."

"You're going back to him?"

"Yes. When he knows ye're hurt he'll come. Nothin'll stop him, oncet I tell him."

"Wait!" she whispered. "I heard you talk. Take him this." She pushed into his hand a folded paper, unsealed, without address. "To him!" she said, and fell back on the blankets of her rude pallet.

At that moment her mother was approaching, and at her side walked Woodhull, actuated by his own suspicions about Jackson. He saw the transaction of the passed note and guessed what he could not know. He tapped Jackson on the shoulder, drew him aside, his own face pale with anger.

"I'm one of the officers of this train," said he. "I want to know what's in that note. We have no truck with Banion, and you know that. Give it to me."

Jackson calmly tucked the paper into the fire bag that hung at his belt.

"Come an' take hit, Sam, damn ye!" said he. "I don't know what's in hit, an' won't know. Who it's to ain't none o' yore business!"

"You're a cursed meddler!" broke out Woodhull. "You're a spy in our camp, that's all you are!"

"So? Well, cussed meddler er not, I'm a cussed shore shot. An' I advise ye to give over on all this an' mind yore business. Ye'll have plenty to do by midnight, an' by that time all yore women an' children, all yore old men an' all yore cowards'll be prayin' fer Banion an' his men to come. That includes you somewheres, Sam. Don't temp' me too much ner too long. I'll kill ye yit ef ye do! Git on away!"

They parted, each with eye over shoulder. Their talk had been aside and none had heard it in full. But when Woodhull again joined Mrs. Wingate that lady conveyed to him Molly's refusal to see him or to set a time for seeing him. Bitterly angered, humiliated to the core, he turned back to the men completing the defenses of the wagon park.

"I kain't start now afore dark," said Jackson to the train command. "They are goin' to jump the train. When they do come they'll surround ye an' try to keep ye back from the water till the stock goes crazy. Lay low an' don't let a Injun inside. Hit may be a hull day, er more, but when Banion's men come they'll come a-runnin'—allowin' I git through to tell 'em.

"Dig in a trench all the way aroun'," he added finally. "Put the women an' childern in hit an' pile up all yer flour on top. Don't waste no powder—let 'em come up close as they will. Hold on ontel we come."

At dusk he slipped away, the splash of his horse's feet in the ford coming fainter and fainter, even as the hearts of some felt fainter as his wise counsel left them.

They waited—the women and children, the old, the ill and the wounded huddled shivering and crying in the scooped-out sand, hardest and coldest of beds; the men in line against the barricade, a circle of guards outside the wagon park. But midnight passed, and the cold hours of dawn, and still no sign came of an attack. Men began to believe the dust cloud of yesterday no more than a false alarm, and the leaders were of two minds, whether to take Jackson's counsel and wait for the Missourians, or to hook up and push on as fast as possible to Bridger's Fort, scarce more than two hard days' journey on ahead. But before this discussion had gone far events took the decision out of their hands.

"Look!" cried a voice. "Open the gate!"

The cattle guards and outposts who had just driven the herd to water were now spurring for shelter and hurrying on the loose stock ahead of them. And now, from the willow growth above them, from the trail that led to the ford and from the more open country to the westward there came, in three great detachments, not a band or a body but an army of the savage tribesmen, converging steadily upon the wagon train.

They came slowly, not in a wild charge, not yelling, but chanting. The upper and right-hand bodies were Crows. Their faces were painted black, for war and for revenge. The band on the left were wild men, on active half-broke horses, their weapons for the most part bows and arrows. They later found these to be Bannocks, belonging anywhere but here, and in any alliance rather than with the Crows from east of the Pass.

Nor did the latter belong here to the south and west, far off their own great hunting range. Obviously what Carson, Bridger, Jackson had said was true. All the tribes were in league to stop the great invasion of the white nation, who now were bringing their women and children and this thing with which they buried the buffalo. They meant extermination now. They were taking their time and would take their revenge for the dead who lay piled before the white man's barricade.

The emigrants rolled back a pair of wagons, and the cattle were crowded through, almost over the human occupants of the oblong. The gap was closed. All the remaining cargo packages were piled against the wheels, and the noncombatants sheltered in that way. Shovels deepened the trench here or there as men sought better to protect their families.

And now in a sudden mêlée of shouts and yells, of trampling hoofs and whirling colors, the first bands of the Crows came charging up in the attempt to carry away their dead of yesterday. Men stooped to grasp a stiffened wrist, a leg, a belt; the ponies squatted under ghastly dragging burdens. *(Continued on Page 66)*

The Crows Bent Low and Flogged Their Horses

OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

Recollections of a Cabinet Minister's Wife

By Mrs. Josephus Daniels

Mrs. Daniels Going Aboard the U. S. S. Dolphin, the Former Secretary of the Navy Following

THERE are men who bitterly assail one another on the floor of the United States Senate, but whose wives are the best of friends. This situation has come about largely through the organization known as The Ladies of the Senate, which was formed by Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of Vice President Marshall.

During the days of the war Mrs. Marshall brought the group together to sew for the Red Cross. A room in the Senate Office Building was set aside for their use one morning of each week, and over their needles and their box luncheons the women began to establish friendships.

Some of the bonds which grew between Democratic and Republican women remind me of a friendship one of my boys formed soon after we went to Washington. The boy had never known much about Republicans, and one day he came to me with popping eyes. "Mother," he said, "my friend is a Republican. Will it do for me to go with him?" Democratic and Republican women have found that it would do for them to go together, and politics has been relegated to the background with such pleasant results that the organization is to be continued.

A remark which Mrs. Marshall made shortly after coming to Washington is indicative of her strength of character. "I have no respect for a woman who changes her habits here," she said. "If she has been brought up to believe that a thing is permissible under her code of manners I have no criticism of her when she does that thing here. But when she changes her standards because she has a different position in Washington, then I do condemn her."

Too Small for the Chair

UPON Mr. and Mrs. Marshall fell a considerable burden of social responsibility in Washington. Their own great popularity brought them many invitations. Added to this was the fact that while President Wilson was ill upon the Vice President devolved the official entertaining for foreigners.

It was during this time that Mr. Marshall said one night at dinner that he believed he should carry a screen around with him, retiring behind it at intervals to declaim, "The representative of the President will now come forth," or "The Vice President will now come forth," or "A Hoosier politician will now come forth."

Mr. Marshall never spared himself in the quips and jokes for which he was famous, and his frequent remarks at the expense of the senators over whom he presided have been enjoyed by many persons in the galleries.

Mrs. Daniels in Y. W. C. A. Uniform

A story is told of him when he first came to Washington. Former Senator Bacon, of Georgia, a great stickler for tradition, entered the chamber one morning to find that the great thronelike chair provided for the Vice Presidents for years had been replaced by a simple swivel chair such as is used by many an American business man at his desk.

Senator Bacon interviewed the sergeant-at-arms and was told that the secretary of the Senate had ordered the change. His indignation mounted as he went to the secretary and was told that the Vice President was responsible for the order. Thereupon Senator Bacon approached the Vice President. Mr. Marshall heard him through, as he expatiated on the glories of vice presidents of the past who had occupied the chair, and then he asked: "Senator Bacon, the people elected me Vice President without having seen me or that chair. All I can say is I am a misfit and I do not intend to continue shaking around in it like one pea in a pod."

One can imagine the Vice President mentally remarking that it was hard enough to preside over that particular Senate without sitting in an uncomfortable chair.

It is a great tribute to the spirit with which the Vice President performed his duties during those trying days when the Administration was the object of such bitter attack by the senators, that upon his retirement he received a gift from the senators, accompanied by speeches bearing testimony to the high regard with which he is held. Similarly The Ladies of the Senate made a gift to Mrs. Marshall in token of their affection and esteem for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall brought home to me a fact which I had never appreciated so keenly before I went to Washington. I had enjoyed my own children so much and had lived so greatly with my four boys that I had not realized the void in the lives of those who have no children, nor the keenness of envy with which they regard those who have them. I can recall several men in Washington who happened to be thrown with my boys and who revealed plainly their yearning for sons to carry on the name they had striven and sacrificed to establish. One very wealthy and powerful man several times rode in the same elevator with one of my boys and one day laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and said, "I would give a million dollars if you belonged to me."

From the beginning of their stay in Washington Mr. and Mrs. Marshall participated in the local civic and patriotic activities, and at a day nursery where

Residence of Secretary Daniels in Washington, Where an Amusing War Scare Occurred While President Wilson Was Dining There

Mrs. Marshall helped to weigh and measure babies she became greatly interested in a little boy who was suffering from malnutrition. The boy often came under her attention. She learned that the father and mother were honorable, hard-working people with a large family to support. Finally Mrs. Marshall, with the approval of the Vice President, asked to take the boy home for six weeks. Permission was given by the parents. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were then making their home at one of the hotels. They took a house in order to make the boy comfortable, and engaged a trained nurse for him. As they struggled to bring the child back to health they experienced the sacrifice which greatly endears, and at the end of the six weeks they found that they could not bear to give him up.

The Kindly Marshall Spirit

IT WAS a rare spirit which Mr. and Mrs. Marshall displayed in planning for the little boy. There was no adoption, for they did not want him to be bound to them by law nor the mother to be prevented from having him back whenever she might want him. There was no pretense that the child was their own, and the little fellow was taken regularly to visit his old home, for they wanted him to love and be loved by his own family. Whenever the child was ill his own mother was the first to be notified.

Morrison Marshall lived with the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall for several years, until the spring of 1920. One day Mrs. Marshall came to a Congressional Club luncheon, at which she was guest of honor, saying that the child was not well. During the luncheon she repeatedly sent to ask after him over the telephone, and immediately after the luncheon had been served she excused herself and rose from the table. From that day the child grew worse, and a few weeks later passed away. He was buried in Washington until one day, early last year,

Mrs. Marshall announced that she was withdrawing for a time from all social activities, and she took the little body to the Marshall burial plot in Indiana.

A ship's transom is not a ventilator, a magazine contains powder which is to be burned instead of stories that should be burned, a conning tower and a fighting top have peculiar purposes of their own—these things were learned for the first time by many women, and some men, when they were the guests of Mr. Daniels on board the Dolphin, the ship assigned to the Secretary of the Navy for his particular use.

The Dolphin was completed during the Administration of President Arthur and commissioned in 1884. There was a terrible scandal over her cost, a sum considerable for those days, but an amount which to-day would scarcely buy a good launch. That the work was well done is proved by the long service which the ship has given and the fact that her engines, in use now for more than thirty-five years, have never needed to be replaced. But the criticism broke the heart of the owner of the shipyard in which the Dolphin was built, and in his will he advised his family never again to take a government contract.

Trips Aboard the Dolphin

THE Dolphin is the oldest steel ship now in the Navy and has the record for traveling the greatest number of miles of any of the ships. Indeed, during one year of the war the Dolphin traveled a greater distance than any other ship in our Navy. That was after troubles to the south of us created a great need for small-draft ships, and Mr. Daniels turned over the Dolphin for fighting service.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall and Their Foster Son, Morrison Marshall

At the time the Dolphin had just been done over. There were new hangings, and a rug which I especially liked had been put into the combination dining and sitting salon. The Japanese steward, who had been on board during most of the time that Mr. Daniels had been Secretary of the Navy, carefully rolled up the new rug and put back the old one. As the ship was approaching Haiti the admiral in command summoned the steward and remarked that he didn't think much of that rug and would like the new one laid before port was reached. The steward, with an intrepidity that was marvelous under any conditions and especially so in view of the reputation of the admiral for sternness, replied, "Sir, you can't have that. That is Mrs. Daniels' rug."

But the admiral got the rug.

While she was in southern waters the Dolphin was taken into Tampico Harbor, and there the memorable incident occurred of the imprisonment of her paymaster, when Admiral Mayo notified the authorities that the prisoner must be released and the United States flag saluted or he would fire on the city.

The first official trip which we made on the Dolphin was on April 1, 1913, after three weeks crowded with entertainments for the incoming members of the Administration, house hunting and all the details of getting settled in a new city. It was the first time that most of the members of the cabinet and their wives had been able to stop long enough to realize their new status as members of the official family.

We had on board, among others, the Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison; Mrs. Garrison; Miss Nona McAdoo, who was then hostess in the house of her father, the Secretary of the Treasury; and Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, who because of her mother's illness acted as hostess all during the two Administrations for her father, the Secretary of Labor. Then there was Miss Eleanor Wilson, the youngest daughter of the President, and her cousin, Miss Bones.

The sound of the steering engine of the boat was noticeable as we proceeded toward the capes for the target practice, which was the object of our trip, and there was recalled a former Secretary of the Navy, whose sleep was disturbed one night by the engine and who called the captain and asked what was causing the noise.

"The steering engine, Mister Secretary," replied the captain.

"Have it stopped," said the secretary, rolling over and composing himself again for slumber, and leaving the captain to solve the impossibility of stopping the steering engine and yet docking the next morning at Annapolis.

That was the first of many trips on board the Dolphin, all of them delightful, although wind and wave often worked havoc with our plans. On one occasion we were taking a party up to the Massachusetts coast for the launching of the Nevada, our guests including Mrs. Newlands, wife of the senior senator, and Senator and Mrs. Pittman, of Nevada. A very rough sea was running, which rolled Mrs. Pittman's chair completely over and sent her sliding across the deck in a heap with some young guests and their chairs. We were obliged finally to put in to Newport and continue our journey to Quincy by rail.

The Rivers and Harbors Convention was meeting in Albany one year and Mr. Daniels, who was to speak at the convention, could not spare the time to make the trip by water, but it was necessary that the Dolphin should go. It accordingly became my duty to make the trip and act as hostess. The Berkshire was taking up other delegates, and the two boats exchanged hospitalities on the ride up the Hudson. We stopped one evening at a small town and on our trip around the city a resident who apparently had not understood who I was, asked me, in the presence of the party from the Berkshire, "What kind of a fellow is this man Daniels, anyway?"

Consternation was visible on the faces of those around me, and I can still remember the relieved laugh at my reply, "That question was put up to me twenty-six years ago, and I decided that he would do."

The Dolphin was stationed in the Hudson River for the Army and Navy game one year, when a most amusing incident happened. The motor boat to go between shore and the ship was beautiful in appearance but unreliable in use. On this day the young officer in charge of the motor boat had had the bos'n and the crew taking her round and round the Dolphin so that he would be sure that she was in perfect trim when the Secretary of the Navy came on board. When they left the ship for the trip shoreward to meet Mr. Daniels a sailor standing at the stern, who was too confident of his sea legs, was swept off the boat by a hawser. As the launch circled round and round in the effort to pick him up out of the water a sudden jerk stopped the engine, the motor refused to mote—and there on the dock stood the Secretary and his party.

Entertaining in New York Harbor

THE young officer told me afterward, with tears of consternation in his eyes: "Oh, Mrs. Daniels, you don't know how I felt. You haven't been taught to believe for years that the Secretary of the Navy is a little shining light in heaven—not quite God, but the next thing to God."

A dinner on board the Dolphin which stands out most clearly in my recollection was given in New York Harbor, when the Mayflower, the President's yacht, and the Dolphin had taken up a large party for a review of the fleet.

Rear Admiral Fletcher, | commander in chief of the fleet, invited the men of the party to dine with him on board the flagship, the Wyoming, and the ladies were asked to dine with me on the Dolphin.

When I returned to the ship that morning after the review I had a gift not ordinarily accorded to an individual, a box of flowers at

(Continued on Page 61)

The Wilson Cabinet Being Received on Board the U. S. S. Wyoming, Flagship of Admiral Badger. Mr. Daniels, With Hand Extended, is Followed by Messrs. McAdoo, Burleson, Lane and Houston

A Woman Named Kate

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

She Stared Now at Her Hostess, Unaware of the Mistiness That Came Before Kate's Eyes

AFTER the door closed on the lady agitator Kate Alverdy sat down again on the little sofa facing the picture of Napoleon and Josephine and looked at it steadily. Not that its details composed themselves to her eye any more clearly than during the interview just closed, nor indeed that Kate needed any clarity of composition. Actually she was not seeing the picture at all. It was there—a small patch of color arrangement on her wall—just as it had hung unobtrusively this many a year—since her marriage, eighteen years ago, in fact—like a familiar mole on a friendly face. She recalled now that she had never liked the picture. It was really a wretched choice for a wedding gift. She stared at it steadily, still without looking at it, remembering how she had unpacked it out of its tissue paper all those years ago and hung it up here in the little reception room, an unconsidered bit of detail, because Cousin Julius Page had so kindly sent it, and because its frame was really good, powdered Florentine gold leaf over bronze, and because in her great encompassing happiness this scrap of historic emotion seemed to play the part of foil. She had traded, self-congratulatory, a little smug, on the note of tragic suggestion it offered.

It was not really a picture of Napoleon and Josephine at all. It was really Napoleon Breaking the News to Josephine. At least this was the caption on the back, and you could gather from the posture of the parties concerned that the news was vital and most unpleasant. It was written all over the person of the doughty little emperor, in the puffed-out stock, on his pouter-pigeon chest, in the forensic position of his hands, one buried in the bosom of his coat, the other beneath its tail. His face was grim, his shoulder averted; but you gathered that the very grimness and angle of aversion bespoke his imperial discomfort and uncertainty of himself.

The effect of his news was even worse on the poor little beautiful, miserable lady on the sofa back of him. Her dark, curly head was buried in a morsel of handkerchief; her whole willowy figure had sunk back into the affectionate embrace of a maid of honor. All because of the news the disagreeable little person in the frog-bellied costume, with his square jaw and wispy forelock and tasseled boots, had broken to her—Kate had called him names a dozen times in looking at the picture—to wit and namely, as could be ascertained in any French history book, the news that he was going to put her away.

Kate suddenly pressed her hands tightly together and, leaning over, picked up from the corner of the rug, with delicate care, an almost invisible curlicue of white thread. As she did so she could see again the half-concealed legs of Petunia Rosyblow thrusting out from under the sofa—the legs which had precipitated the lady agitator's remarks.

Kate called them all lady agitators—these women who were affiliated with public movements, with those boards and bureaus and committees in which the name of Richard Alverdy figured, and with whom, in the capacity of Richard Alverdy's wife, she had so often been compelled to commune.

"Compelled" is the word deliberately chosen, for Kate was reactionary and insubordinate in her compliance with modern demands. She cared no whit to be a lady board or to sit on committees, though she must figure in their presence as the wife of the owner of the big Alverdy Mills and the social hub of their little mill community. She must lend an ear to community benefits, to soup kitchens and ailing orphans, to home relief and housing problems, to all necessary beneficences connected with her husband's work.

In her heart of hearts she cared for no active part here. For her a book by the fire or a tramp with her dog over russet autumn hills, or—driving her maids out of the kitchen—the mixing of a special cake or salad for Rick, as in the old days. She was insular and narrow in her interests—Rick had often told her so. It was because of this insularity that she had fought herself so often and so gallantly; had let her name become a synonym for generosity of time with those who fostered the growth of new movements in their town. It was because of this that she so often received them here—eager, earnest persons afire with zeal to better the world, to rebuild and construct. In the prefranchise days it was here the suffragist had burned her ear with scorching proof of her oppressions; it was here ladies with a string of federated clubs or societies under their wing pressed her for contributions; or patronesses of benefits for rest homes for pets or old women or outworn veterans; or godmothers for municipal schemes and leagues and drives. Kate always permitted herself to be driven. Rick had given her a wonderful bank account. Only at times her mind would grow a little vague before her besieging host. She would sometimes formulate a faint protest about people doing their day's work and saving a little and taking plenty of baths and reading books, but this was met with sweeping protest. They must have playgrounds and theaters, movies and talking machines, swimming pools ——

"Rick's given them all those things. This is Fairvale, you know—everybody gets fair play and fair pay."

There were other things, she was told. Her duty was clearly defined. There was always plenty to do.

This morning she had almost refused to come down when Miss Camilla Conway's card was brought up to her; had yawned boredly and was on the verge of flat denial.

"Field Secretary for the County and State Bureau of Eugenics and Health Extension," she had read.

"Great heavens," said Kate savagely, "what have I to do with health or eugenics, standing here tottering on the brink of the grave? What has old Mrs. Alverdy to do with this?"

You see, it was the morning of her fortieth birthday, and Kate was a bit savage about it. She didn't care particularly to be forty—never had really intended to be forty—yet here was the fact thrust violently upon her, full-grown, like Pallas Athene sprung from Zeus' brow. Why, yesterday she had been only thirty-nine—a mere chit—and now, to-day, definitely categoried!

"I'm old, Father William—old as the dickens—and yet I don't feel it a bit."

It was just here that Miss Conway's card had been thrust upon her.

"Eugenics!" said Kate again. "She'll be sixty, and have a lean and hungry look, and yellow eyes that will blaze and bore into you, and a bit of green parrot feather or a magenta velvet tomato on her bonnet. Perhaps just to look at her will cheer me up."

That was how it came about that a minute later Kate faced the visitor in her reception room, and realized her great error.

Miss Camilla Conway was in complete rapport as an exponent of her subject. She sat, a healthy-looking young woman of twenty-eight or so, in a low mahogany chair, wearing a modest suit of heather cloth with squirrel furs; yet such was the quality of the atmosphere she created, the aura she exhaled, that Kate felt almost apologetic for the closed windows of her room. She felt that only driving currents of pure icy air should envelop any creature so vivid and rose red and cream white and bursting with palpable vital energy. Not that Miss Conway was beautiful; quite the reverse; and this was curious, too, as Kate realized in coming forward. There was no feature of Miss Conway's face, no individual turn or curve of her strong, hale figure, that was not in itself charmingly created. From the intense blue of her clear eyes like Norwegian ice; from her smoothly banded Titian hair and full-to-bursting ruddy apple cheeks; from her double row of unsullied teeth like kernels of new corn—to the strong column of her throat and the rather fully exposed lines of her capable, strong legs in the thick wool stockings and stout brogues, she was the epitome of human female vigor.

Yet the hand that had assembled her seemed to have slipped. Despite numberless delightful features, there was no effect of beauty. She was the type of whom one would say, "She just misses being pretty." To tell the truth, Miss Conway's miss was well wide of the bull's-eye, as Kate, coming forward, noted.

Plain and wholesome; a suitable mother for warriors—the viking's bride. She does setting-up exercises, counting one—two—three. She looks best in a sweater and gym knickers. She can play basket ball like a fiend and do the Dutch roll backward. She washes with antiseptic soap and wears masculine lingerie.

"How d'you do, Miss Conway?" she said aloud.

"Mrs. Alverdy! How fortunate I am to find you at home! I've been wanting to see you for so long! But I've been so crazy busy ——"

"Exuberant!" thought Kate. "She gushes—she's so healthy she can't help it. Oh, well, I'm forty!"

She had drifted away from Miss Conway's thread, but caught up.

"—— for three weeks. Of course we've seen Mr. Alverdy a lot—ever since we opened up our committee rooms—and he's heart and soul with us. Mr. Alverdy is wonderful!"

"Yes," said Kate—she smiled, a little languid, though no one on earth could have told so well as herself, she thought, how wonderful Richard Alverdy really was. It was this feeling that threw up a barrier between her and others when they began to speak of him—a sort of fierce possessiveness that turned her cool and unreceptive.

"Women usually find him so," she added.

"I can quite believe it. I was never so surprised. I thought when he came into the office, 'Is it possible that so young a man, so—er—well, so attractive, so magnetic a man can carry Fairvale on his shoulders, and have made so great a name for himself throughout the state?' Wonderful, Mrs. Alverdy, really!"

"Yes," said Kate not ungraciously, "and what is it you wish of me, Miss Conway?"

Miss Conway sat very erect, her fine, strong young spine straight as a dart, but Kate rather lounged on her little sofa. Her lavender morning gown, with the plaited Val lace collar and cuffs, set off her long, slim, straight lines to advantage. Kate looked rather well when she lounged—and knew it.

"Oh, Mrs. Alverdy, I shall come to that in a minute—I was leading up to it, in fact—just telling you how wonderfully interested and kind Mr. Alverdy has been,

and how—how different he appeared from my expectations—and you, too, Mrs. Alverdy. I hope you don't mind my telling you you're different too. I had fancied someone—well, how shall I put it?—someone quite matronly looking. All the mill owners' wives I've worked with before were so—comfortable."

Kate threw back her head and laughed. Her teeth were every bit as good as Miss Conway's, and her laugh was like a sudden chiming of full-toned, sweet bells.

"And now, Mrs. Alverdy, I'll come right to the point. Mr. Alverdy has an autumn field day here in Fairvale, and has promised the eugenics and health committee a booth of its own, with a lot of appropriate stunts. We'll have a list of patronesses, and we'll want you to head it; and, oh, the stunts are lovely, Mrs. Alverdy! We'll have a better-babies' contest, of course, and a beauty contest for girls up to twenty—with a committee of returned soldiers from the A. E. F. for judges—and running races for matrons of forty-five or over—the loveliest prizes, Mrs. Alverdy! Henshan Brothers are giving the girls an order for a thirty-dollar hat, and Barrett & Reeves are offering the matrons the loveliest set of sprigged china—one hundred and five pieces—and we have a beautiful set of Famous Orators of the Past, in three-quarters Levant, for our prize old man. The last contest will be for hale old men above eighty years, Mrs. Alverdy. We will give the books to the finest, best preserved specimen, making the tests according to gymnastic standards. It will be so interesting. We have two wonderful entries already, one of eighty-seven, the other one ninety—an old Mr. Knorr, a beautiful old man who looks like a prophet out of the Bible. And of course the winner will have to tell us exactly how he has lived in order to preserve his splendid powers."

"If old Jake Knorr is the winner he will tell you he was reared on coffee and fried pork and pie and has chewed and smoked since he was a baby. Our old men around here are all like that."

"Oh, I'm sure you are wrong, Mrs. Alverdy! Good health, like everything valuable, requires thoughtful care and husbandry. It is only to be had by living according to a simple, hygienic routine. It is humanity's most priceless possession and, like everything else, is had at a price."

The apple bloom on Miss Conway's cheeks deepened, her ice-blue eyes turned accusingly on Kate.

"I am sure our committee can convince you of many fundamental truths regarding health, Mrs. Alverdy, if you will allow us. All too few mothers of families have as complete a comprehension as they should of the simple requirements of normal living. For your own sake, Mrs. Alverdy. I hope you will forgive me if I am too personal, but you suggest a certain lack of physical tone yourself, of—er—being under form, and for your own sake, and the sake of your children, you should seriously interest yourself in our great health-extension work."

"For the sake of my children!"

Kate repeated the phrase rather idiotically.

"Surely, as the mother of the children of a man like Mr. Richard Alverdy—as the principal mother in Fairvale, in fact—it is actually your duty."

"But," said Kate, "I am not the mother of anybody. Mr. Alverdy and I have no children."

A tremor of surprise, almost horror, stirred Miss Conway perceptibly.

"No children, Mrs. Alverdy! But I was sure—why, I thought ——"

And here Kate saw Miss Conway's eye following a band of sunlight disappearing at the sofa legs, in whose glory lay fully exposed the time-worn limbs of Petunia Rosyblow.

"I thought one of your children ——"

"Ah, Petunia! That's an old doll out of my childhood. My little nieces come in and play with her sometimes."

She knew perfectly the correct ritual to follow—the canonical thing to say.

"It has always been the greatest disappointment to Mr. Alverdy and me that we have no children—the source of a very deep sorrow."

She had heard women talk like that—a few women in her case. It would be the truest, the sincerest thing she herself had ever uttered, yet its very truth, its sincerity prevented utterance. To interpret the hidden wistfulness of her life into the cool ears of this positive, scrubbed and glowing exponent of the hygienic was unthinkable. The perverse in Kate that reared that peculiar barrier behind which she so often hid moved her now. She swung her foot and let her head tip at a casual, careless angle, her glance meeting Miss Conway's rapt blue stare nonchalantly. But Miss Conway was still involved.

"Oh, but that is too unfortunate—is it not, Mrs. Alverdy? I had no idea of such a thing! No child—no son to whom Mr. Alverdy can pass on his great interests! What a disappointment it must be to him!"

"In just a minute I shall put her out of my house—with my two bare hands. She's strong as a bull, but God will give me the strength," thought Kate.

Miss Conway appeared to be chanting. She was naming, one by one, Richard Alverdy's industrial achievements—the bone and sinew of the Fairvale prospect that stretched over two hills visible through the long windows. She was summing them up now, reiterating the pity of their deprivation.

"I've always been sorry for childless people. One can imagine the disappointment. After all, a home is not a home without a child, you know. Indeed, marriage"—she fixed Kate with a brisk, bright eye—"marriage without a child can hardly be called marriage."

"My dear young woman, what can you possibly know of marriage, who have never tried it?"

The words formed on Kate's lips, but died there. She was thinking what devastation a callous foot can offer to one's hidden inner garden.

"What should you call it, Miss Conway?" she asked.

Miss Conway lifted her head as at a challenge.

"It is not for me to say, Mrs. Alverdy; but I believe—I am sure that it might be made the basis of a supreme, a supernal sacrifice in the interest of life, of humanity. I have often wondered why in certain instances a childless woman does not abdicate."

"Abdicate!" Kate repeated.

Miss Conway snapped her glove with vigor.

"Just that, Mrs. Alverdy. How beautiful it would be—er—eugenically speaking, if women of that type stepped aside! Everything we do must be for the race, for the common human betterment. A woman not contributing is, of course, a parasite. You'll pardon my frankness, Mrs. Alverdy, but I am genuinely and unselfishly interested. What a pity that the triumph of Fairvale must die with Mr. Alverdy; that its association with his name will span but one generation!"

"With my two bare hands!" Kate's mind registered.

But she was no longer thinking connectedly. She saw the capable youth and strength of Miss Conway—and this was her fortieth birthday. Outside the wide reach of Rick's factories stretched, climbing brown-gold hills that melted into purple distance, and she saw Rick as he had walked out of the hall at breakfast—tall, lean, supple, active—young still, as men were counted.

And Kate almost sneered aloud. Almost she said aloud: "Why, I've thought of all these things before, my poor girl, a million times! Who are you to refresh my mind in this way? Do you suppose you have to go about putting the world to rights? Do you suppose your thought is original?"

Miss Conway was putting on a second glove. Rosy and strong and determined, ignorant as a child who has unwittingly set off a mine, she stared now at her hostess, unaware of the mistiness that came before Kate's eyes and lay like a film across the room. She only put out a square, forthright hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Alverdy, I hope I haven't been too personal—that you'll not construe my remarks in that way! I only spoke from a general angle. My work keeps me in touch so closely with people I can't help wanting to work out problems for them. It seems to me such a waste to do anything but put out a helping hand—don't you think?"

And Kate could think of no particular irony or convention with which to evade. Miss Conway wrung her hand literally, and her assent verbally to her project, and was gone all at once—calm, ruthless, conquering, "like a proud, trumpeting elephant," Kate thought, hearing her descend from the porch.

Then she had gone back to sit on the little sofa and had looked at the Napoleon and Josephine, which had bobbed suddenly into her consciousness during Miss Conway's talk, and at the limp form of Petunia Rosyblow.

After all, Miss Conway had offered her nothing new. She had been the spark, the catalytic that set off certain processes in Kate's soul. For better than two years now the tiny hidden seed of Miss Conway's idea had been germinating in Kate's mind. It had remained for a Miss Conway suddenly, crudely, to put into the symbols of accepted speech—the coarse phrases of an intrusive stranger—the hidden, evaded, half-guessed concept that Kate had allowed to play on the edge of her consciousness. Marriage, Kate had been reared to believe, was for better, for worse. Still, it was true that Rick had made a little kingdom for himself—was a little industrial Napoleon really.

There was, of course, something in Nap's idea. She admitted that. A woman must mean something—must be contributing. What exactly did she herself contribute? Well, if she contributed nothing, was not this horrible lady agitator right? Was she not a parasite—purely that? And didn't Rick himself think so? They were certainly no closer together. Something, some wall, lay between. For years Rick seemed to evade any—any searching analysis, any attempt to discuss their deprivation in life. He was satisfied, he declared, but was it not a satisfaction of resignation. And didn't hot rebellion stir in his heart at times? Did he not feel these things Miss Conway had so crudely uttered, or hadn't they been put into words, actually, for him?

Kate remembered suddenly a dozen instances where innuendo or condolence had been uttered. She had passed them over, but the scars remained. She was suddenly aware of these now. Now also she remembered afresh certain scraps of conversation overheard when Rick was making his Christmas presentation at the local newsboys' dinner, the little fellows clustering around him:

"Doesn't Mr. Alverdy love children? What a father he would have made!"

Rick was fond of children—healthily, normally so. Yet it hadn't occurred to Kate in their earlier years that they mattered more to him—if as much—than they did to her. It was apparently only that their lack mattered so much to other people.

(Continued on Page 48)

A Man of Rick's Looks and Achievements Could Marry Anybody. Women Were Always Falling in Love With Him

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1922

Getting What We Ask For

PENNSYLVANIA has a chance to leaven the public life of the country by nominating for the governorship at her approaching primaries a citizen who has behind him a long and unspotted record of unselfish public service, a record that is noteworthy not for mere passive honesty but for a thousand proofs of the old Roosevelt fighting strain that puts the fear of God into the hearts of political tricksters and predatory private interests.

Pennsylvania politics is a mass of contradictions. Governor Sproul gave the seat in the United States Senate left vacant by the death of Senator Knox to Mr. W. E. Crow, a purely political appointment that was not hailed with approbation except in organization circles. A little later, the passing of Senator Penrose, the sole survivor of the old race of great bosses, left the state organization leaderless, and the immediate political outlook was hazy until the governor surprised friends and foes alike by the appointment of Mr. George Wharton Pepper to the Penrose seat.

Apparently this was recognition of the principle that big offices should go to big men, regardless of the bleatings and yammerings of petty politics.

Shrill factional fights for the Republican gubernatorial nomination were suddenly stilled by the announcement of Mr. Gifford Pinchot that he was out for the governorship on a platform prepared by himself and scattered broadcast. To Mr. Pinchot's enemies the distressing feature of this sudden eruption was not that it was backed by a sensible and alluring platform but that they well knew he meant every word of said platform, and if elected would carry it out in letter and in spirit. Moreover, they were beset by the well-grounded fear that the voters at large are so familiar with Mr. Pinchot's reputation based upon past performances that they, too, would take his declaration of principles at its face value instead of regarding it as the conventional effervescence of political hokum.

The enthusiasm with which adherents flocked to the Pinchot banner threw the organization leaders into a panic, and after several withdrawals a new candidate was put forward at the last minute. The tactics pursued afforded a striking instance of the extent to which a few men can nullify the spirit and purpose of the direct primary system.

In recent years Mr. Pinchot's name has not often figured in national news, but everyone with a memory a yard long recalls that it is, in effect, a short way of referring to or connoting the Conservation of National Resources. The long and bitter fight that Mr. Pinchot made is now ancient history; but it is no less valid training for the sound exercise of executive functions as the chief magistrate of a vast and prosperous commonwealth.

One of the greatest living authorities on American history was recently asked what was his opinion of the House of Representatives, taking it by and large, from the days of the Continental Congress down to the present time. He was quick to reply, "Pretty poor stuff! But," he added, "the Senate, until recently, has been rather better." It ought to be a great deal better; and so ought the general standards governing the election of men to all high public offices.

The willingness of men like Mr. Pepper and Mr. Pinchot to make the very real personal and financial sacrifices involved in the acceptance of public office is a hopeful sign and a good omen.

Unceasingly we complain of the burden of taxes and extravagant public expenditure under which we labor; and at the same time, as a rule, we keep on putting into office men who, we know in our hearts, will continue to operate along the same old wasteful lines.

With our voices we moan for relief, but with our votes we echo the cry of the mad orator in Lewis Carroll's book: "Less Bread! More Taxes!" And we get what our votes ask for.

Bonds for African Land

ACCORDING to traditional economics the payment of the debts of Europe to the United States can be accomplished only in terms of goods and gold. We could draw the new gold of the world as fast as it is mined, and some governmental gold in addition. We could invite and receive a flood of goods. Mr. Vanderlip has proposed a scheme of liquidation whereby the payments would remain in Europe for upbuilding, constituting American investments there.

Many economists who rebel at the thought of a flood of gold and goods, declare outright for cancellation. New proposals are always welcome in a dilemma. A new proposal comes from Senator France, and is stated in the Congressional Record.

The proposition of the senator from Maryland—whose position on the recognition of the Soviet Government of Russia is well known—runs to the simple effect that the ex-Allies should turn over to us the former German colonies and cables as liquidation of their debts to us. President Wilson stated in Paris that this country would accept no part of former German possessions. That is not in contradiction to the present proposal, because we would now be accepting present Allies' possessions! Let a line be drawn from about Ashland, Wisconsin, to El Paso, Texas. The country to the east of this line corresponds in area to the combined areas of the former German colonies, as illustrated in a map printed in the Record. The speech of the senator bristles with pertinent homilies. "Civilization is goods." "It is ethically right for us to extend the boundaries of civilization to Africa, and it is commercially wise to do so." The bonus question is several times referred to in the address, and the reader makes the inference that homesteads might be carved out of these African lands. Finally, appeal is made to the missionary spirit of the country.

The link between evangelization and trade has seldom been more sympathetically described. "Christianity is service, and service must be expressed in goods; so that it is particularly sound ethically and it is very wise commercially to do what I have suggested."

What Germany might think of the matter is not stated. Nor is any intimation of the attitude of the ex-Allies adduced.

We did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles, so that we have never confirmed the legality of the transfer of these former German possessions.

Insular Americans who have only a hazy idea of the size and location of the former German possessions in Africa will proceed to study Africa when they take in Senator France's appraisal of the trade of these areas. And the attention of the Shipping Board and of the Department of Commerce is respectfully drawn to the matter.

According to the figures printed in the Congressional Record, in 1913 the imports into Togoland were valued at £531,000,000, the exports at £456,000,000. Converted into dollars, that would make a nifty addition to our declining foreign commerce. Surely, there is little reason to search for bagatelles in Europe when a prize package in trade awaits us in Togoland.

What the group of irreconcilables who protest against getting entangled in foreign affairs must have thought when they read this proposal in the Record! For once Senator Johnson was silent.

Four Thorny Problems

THE four thorniest problems of international finance and the four weightiest are:

How to reduce German reparations equitably to a sum that Germany can pay without a ruinous collapse;

How to stabilize the depreciating currencies of Europe and to restore a régime of honest money;

How to adjust equitably interallied debts and so to restore a normal balance of trade between the Continent and Great Britain on the one hand, and between Europe and the United States on the other;

How to bring about a drastic and proportionate reduction of the armies and military budgets of Europe—a task that involves also a removal of the jealousies, fears and territorial ambitions of many old and new states.

The particular point to which we wish to call attention is that these four problems and their solutions are interdependent and almost inextricably interwoven with one another. Thus, the reason why the French Government has been struggling so desperately against any reduction of Germany's treaty debt to France is that the present public expenditure of France is nearly double the public revenue from taxes; but a large part of this deficit is due to the cost of an enormous standing army, which army is required to overawe Germany and compel her, by hook or by crook, to pay the installments as they become due. Again, the reason why all the ingenious plans for stabilizing the depreciating currencies and fluctuating exchanges of Europe have come to nothing is that practically all the old and the new states in the war area—and not a few of their neighbors who were neutral—are suffering from deficits, financial chasms that cannot be bridged over by taxes or loans.

Many of the taxes—and this applies especially to customs duties—are so high that their revenue yield would increase if they were lowered; and the liquid capital of the world available for investment in such markets as London, Amsterdam, Paris and New York is so small in comparison with what it was before the war that embarrassed states with disordered finances, which have already adopted measures of open or concealed repudiation, have no chance of obtaining loans, even on the most usurious terms. And why should any sensible American, Englishman, Dutchman or Scandinavian who has saved a little money lend it to Latvia, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia or Greece when he knows that it will be used to pay the preposterously inflated armies and bureaucracies of those countries, and that in a year or so after the money has been spent there will very likely be no alternative between another loan and default?

Thus, the solution of the first and second problems depends upon the solution of the fourth.

At first sight, the connection of the third is less immediate and less obvious; and certainly it does involve other considerations; but it is pretty clear from the terms of the United States Government's refusal to participate in the Genoa conference, as well as from the tone of debates in Congress and of responsible organs of the American press, that neither the American Government nor the American people is at all inclined to be indulgent towards its embarrassed European debtors, or even to discuss the commercial difficulties that such huge repayments will involve, until Europe is ready to set its house in order.

PEPPER — By Kenneth L. Roberts

A STRAIGHT line—unless you have been dazed by the Einstein theory—is the shortest distance between two points. Honesty is the best policy. Simplicity is elegance. The way to get a thing done is to do it. Never put off until to-morrow a thing that can be finished before midnight. These words of wisdom have always been poured into childish ears with great fluency, the understanding being that when the child grows up he will model his life on these wise precepts.

Some persons remember the teachings of their early days and apply them to their own conduct in after life. Other persons suffer from fearful lapses of memory. The persons who suffer from such lapses are not limited to any particular class of society. Not only are they found on the baseball diamond and in the bucket shop but even in such a cloistered hall as that of the United States Senate. Many a distinguished senator rises to his feet day after day and emits a stream of hot air that flows unceasingly for two, three and four hours, and leaves the distinguished senator no nearer to anything when he finishes than he was when he started. Everybody who hears him is painfully aware that the senator is apparently proceeding on the theory that a curved line is the shortest distance between two points, that circumlocution and evasion are the best policy, that tawdriness is elegance, that the way to get a thing done is to dodge doing it, and that no action should be taken to-day if it can possibly be delayed for two weeks. Everything that he learned in his early youth seems to have slipped his mind.

But even in the United States Senate there are men who remember and profit by the wise advice that was conveyed to them during their tender years—through copy books, parental teaching and McGuffey's Fourth Reader. Their memories are so good that they never forget, even when harassed by the hide-piercing stilettos of the opposition.

Of these nonforgetters there is one that stands out—one rememberer who can remember more in five minutes than the average absent-minded person can forget in a month.

The reference is to George Wharton Pepper, who, among countless other things, is senator from Pennsylvania, author of several hundred pounds of law books, athlete, mountaineer, college professor, baseball expert, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, color sergeant of the First Provisional Plattsburg Regiment, and champion heavyweight rememberer of North America.

Governor Sproul (Left) and Senator George Wharton Pepper on Their Way to the Capitol, Where the New Senator From Pennsylvania Took His Oath of Office

A Memory Like Macaulay's

THE reason for the peculiar Pepper memory is not due to the fact that his family was training him for the Senate but to the fact that he was expected to be blind. His eyesight was so bad when he was a child that he was never sent to school, but was tutored at home by his mother—who learned Greek in order that she might teach it to her son. A year before he entered college a tutor was secured for him—a blind tutor, so that he might be instructed in the ways of blindness in addition to his studies. The tutor taught him tricks of memory that made it possible for him to read a thing once and remember it or to have it read to him once and remember it. Such an accomplishment is a very handy asset for a blind man.

The tutor was eminently successful. It was no more difficult for young Pepper to remember offhand such difficult and annoying matters as the date of the Battle of Salamis and the names of the kings of Egypt than it was for him to remember how to tie his necktie. After he had read over two or three times a piece of prose or poetry sufficiently abstruse to make the average person clutch wildly at his brow and wonder what it all meant, he had it by heart. One of the most difficult pieces of poetry to memorize is Francis Thompson's The Hound of Heaven. Pepper learned it in an hour. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, was remarkable for his skill at developing a complicated argument. Pepper once heard him deliver a lecture on a deep, mystifying, brain-twisting philosophical subject; and after the lecture was over Pepper, who had taken no notes, went away and dictated the entire lecture to a stenographer from memory. He can say the Book of Psalms from memory—if he has time. When he was an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania he took the leading part in The Acharnians of Aristophanes, the first occasion that a Greek comedy had ever been given in America. The play has a large cast, and the dialogue is composed of single lines and half lines, so that there are a great many speeches in it. Pepper learned not only his own part but all the other parts as well. When the rehearsals came to an end Pepper could recite the entire play, which took over two hours and a half to present. This would have been somewhat of a stunt if the play had been in English. Instead of that it was in Greek; and each vowel sound in each word had to receive the personal attention of the deliverer. When President Wilson declared before Congress that American participation in the war was essential Pepper and a party of friends were eagerly waiting in Philadelphia to hear what the President would say. When the speech was released it was read over the telephone to Pepper, who digested it carefully and then hung up the receiver and redelivered the speech to his friends.

Pepper's eyes grew stronger after he entered college, and he at once embarked with the deepest enthusiasm on his life program of taking a violent interest in everything in sight. If there weren't enough things in sight to keep him busy for sixteen or eighteen hours a day he invented a few things and took an interest in them with equal enthusiasm.

Keeping Busy

THUS it appears on the records of the University of Pennsylvania that George Wharton Pepper, of the class of 1887—he took his degree, by the way, when he was twenty years old ran the half mile and threw the hammer for the varsity track team, played fullback and guard on the varsity football team, rowed on his class crew, played on the varsity cricket team and caught on his class baseball team. Nor will it do for the technicians who read this article to write letters to the editor pointing out amid hoarse and jeering guffaws that since track meets, crew races, cricket and baseball are spring pastimes, it would be impossible for any one man to participate in all of them outside of the pages of a piece of rah-rah fiction. Pepper participated in them, and anyone who doesn't like it should lodge his protests with the University of Pennsylvania.

In addition to occupying himself with every athletic diversion in sight Pepper toyed with his studies so effectively that he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa—an honor accorded only to students who maintain a dizzy standard of excellence in their studies for a matter of three years. And then, instead of being universally hated by all his classmates for his general superiority, he was made Spoonman of his class—the position of Spoonman being a peculiar University of Pennsylvania institution accorded by vote to the most popular man in the class, and carrying with it, as a badge of office, a large wooden spoon.

When he got out of college his memory easily retained the idea that the little busy bee, or the busy little bee, was worth emulating because it attains its enviable position at the pinnacle of the insect world by improving each shining hour. So he kept on exercising both his brain and his body and otherwise arranging matters so that he had no idle hours whatever; and for that reason he is still what might be termed a bruiser. He has the strength and endurance of one of those large, puffy horses with whiskers on its feet, but none of a horse's clumsiness. He is tall and brown-faced and soft-spoken, with a tremendous chest that frequently splits the cloth just to the rear of his upper vest

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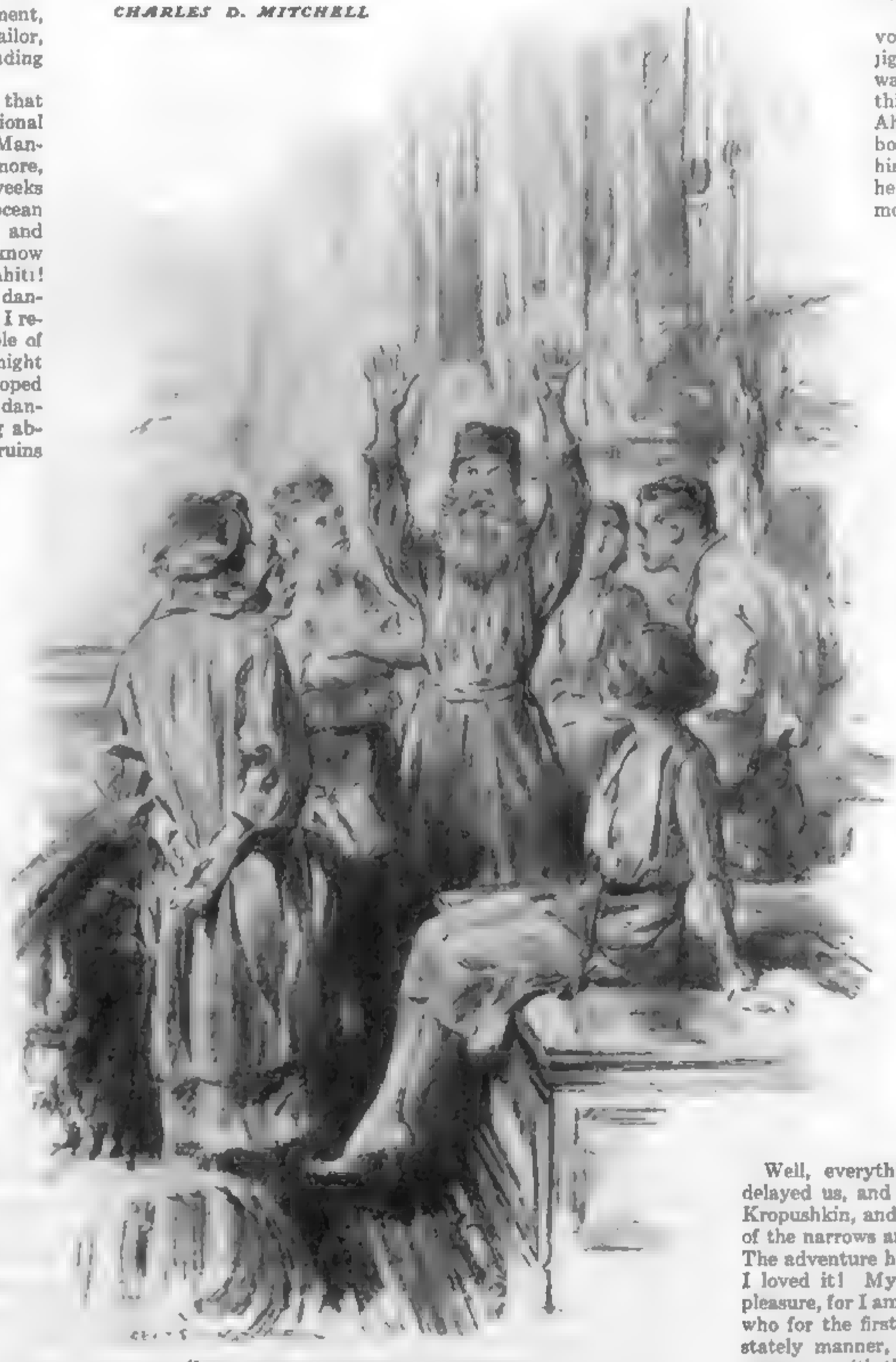
THE GALLOPING TIGER

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



"There Ain't No Justice!" He Shouted

II

THERE wasn't any wind as yet, but Ted didn't mind that, and curiously enough Shack did not seem to mind it, either, although he had talked so much of starting out under full sail, and had poetized about it constantly. He and Shamus turned over the flywheel of the kicker without comment, while Harry Binz, the professional sailor, took the wheel and Ted flew about attending to last details.

It gave me a mighty queer feeling, that start did, a very deep, profound emotional upset, I admit. To think that soon Manhattan's tall towers would be seen no more, and that we had simply weeks and weeks ahead of us of nothing but ocean—an ocean which would gradually grow warmer and more beautiful the while I came to know my poet better, and then—and then Tahiti! Nothing but sunshine and flowers and dancing. And, as I am ashamed to confess, I recalled with a little sigh of relief a couple of good moving-picture houses. There might even be a native yacht club. I rather hoped so, because after all there was a certain danger in a lot of New Yorkers remaining absolutely idle for too long, and nothing ruins friendship as quickly as boredom does.

But in the meanwhile the deck was a scene of gorgeous activity. I felt wonderfully safe and happy with our splendid crew. The only person who caused me the slightest feeling of uneasiness was the stranger, Andrey Kropushkin, Ted's Russian friend, who stood about morose and idle in a curious posture—his smock tucked up in the rear and his hands thrust deeply into his back trousers pockets, his jaws working constantly, although he did not speak a word. His silence was eloquent, however, for he eyed Shamus and Shack in a way which made me rather nervous when they performed any of their duties about the boat, and when Edouard spread a Spanish shawl upon the deck, and sitting down upon it began to play his ukulele, Mr. Kropushkin let out a peculiar sound that was half a roar and half a groan; a sort of native cry, I suppose. At any rate it brought mother to my side, from which vantage point she looked the unexpected guest over carefully through her lorgnette.

"Pet!" said she. "Do you know that man looks very familiar to me? I am positive I have seen him somewhere!"

"But where, mother?" I demanded. "You certainly haven't been to Russia."

"No, of course not!" replied mother in the tone with which she is accustomed to dismiss any suggestion she considers improper. "But wait a moment, dear! He reminds me of someone—that curious drop of his shoulders! Now I remember! He suggests old Captain Billy Hicks, who used to be around Rosemere Bay. He is dead now, I think, poor fellow. But he had that same morose look!"

"Mother!" I exclaimed, inexpressibly horrified. "The very idea of comparing a distinguished foreign poet to some old water-front character! I, for one, am glad to know that Ted would make friends with a Russian poet of his own free will, and I think it's simply too exciting for words to have him along!"

"Well, I expect I ought to see that the man is put at his ease!" mother replied, the hostess instinct in her coming to the fore, as usual.

And with that she sailed over to him, intent on a little formal conversation. But Zelda had beaten her to it and was already firing Yiddish at him when we drew up chairs and motioned him to sit down—which he did, somewhat reluctantly.

"Oh, Comrade Kropushkin!" Zelda exclaimed. "*Es git uns gros chre cicle zu haben mit unz heite abend!*"

But Mr. Kropushkin only shook his head and stirred about uneasily, uttering a single Russian word which sounded sort of like "Goshallfishooks!" Having been obliged to take his hands out of his rear pockets in order to sit down, he did not seem to know quite what to do with them until he found his knees, when he at once started rubbing them rhythmically.

"I am afraid the great one speaks no Yiddish," said Zelda with a sigh. "Oy, what a pity! When there is so much I want to ask! The truth about Russia, you know, and everything!"

"Are you a good sailor, Mr. Kropushkin?" asked my mother in her best manner. "This may be quite a rough trip, you know. I hope you won't be seasick!"

Mr. Kropushkin only groaned at this, and I signaled shyly and appealingly to Ted, who promptly hurried over and joined the group.

"I think maybe Andrey would like to go below and lie down a while," said Ted nervously, "until we are clear of the port, you know! Ishov no iski sov!" he added to the Russian.

Kropushkin got to his feet with eagerness. Edouard had joined the group by now, and we all stood around watching interestedly.

"I really think he had better go below!" Ted insisted. "He probably is not used to small boats like this, anyway."

"Oh, I am so disappointed!" cried Zelda, holding out a volume which she had been carrying clasped to her breast. "I have a volume of his poems. They are in Russian and I can't read a word of them, but I did hope he would read them to us!"

"What the devil!" exclaimed Ted. "A volume of his poems! Why, I—well, I'll be jiggered! Why, I—I didn't suppose there was a volume of his poems anywhere—in this country, that is, I should say, of course. Ahem! Some other time, Zelda. The police boat might come along any moment. I'll get him to read some other day! Slov nov osk!" he added to Mr. Kropushkin, who did a most unexpected thing. Thrusting both his bony red hands toward the heavens in a despairing gesture he threw back his head, and strange words broke from his lips.

"There ain't no justice!" he shouted.

In an instant Ted's hand descended upon the man's shoulder, and he quieted and went below, Ted closing the cabin door behind him, and wiping the perspiration from his brow as he came back. He was evidently very deeply moved. So were we.

"You heard?" said Ted shakily. "That's his socialism—it's the only English sentence he knows, and he does get so worked up over it, the poor dear chap! He has these spells, but if we just leave him alone a while he will recover."

"Do try to get him to read to us tonight," Zelda begged.

And of course we all echoed her desire. Ted promised. He had to before we would let him go, and then we scattered to take up our various appointed tasks.

These did not fall very heavily on any of us as yet, however, although we had drawn lots under our plan of perfect equality and no command. Ed and Shamus had the mainsail, Shack and Ted the foresail, and as these were all tied up because there was no wind they were not very busy and had nothing to do except sit around and talk. We were still going out with the kicker, which more or less ran itself, with only a little attention from Ted. Harry Binz was steering, and while I was cook for the day the things I'd ordered from the Ritz had been sent down in vacuum heaters, which left me perfectly free for the afternoon.

Well, everything went beautifully. No formalities delayed us, and no hateful police came looking for Mr. Kropushkin, and really, first thing we knew, we were out of the narrows and in deep water, headed for the Azores. The adventure had really and truly begun. And oh, how I loved it! My heart fairly sang with excitement and pleasure, for I am a fine sailor and so, of course, was Shack, who for the first hour or two paced the deck alone in a stately manner, leaning over every once in a while to commune with the waves, I guess, and to think profound thoughts about the deep.

Ted, on the other hand, was as busy as a beetle, finally taking a trick at the wheel, and while he was there Shamus joined us, for mother was doing her check book and didn't want to be talked to, so I had stationed myself by Ted.

"Say, Stonewall," Shamus began. "That man Binz."

"What about him?" said Ted. "Isn't he a first-class standard-size sailorman?"

"Well, he seems a fine sprig of a boy," said Shamus; "and a good, competent fellow. But why doesn't he sing?"

"Why should he?" demanded Ted. "Grand opera isn't written into his contract."

"Sure, man alive, I wasn't thinking anything of the kind!" Shamus declared. "Chanteys is what I mean! Why don't he sing some chanteys?"

"Maybe he doesn't know any," Ted suggested.

"Well then, faith, and he's a funny kind of a sailor!" Shamus declared. "Why man, all common sailors sing chanteys. Anyone knows that! Maybe he's a bit shy. You tell him we'd like him to go roaring about the decks,

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(Continued from Page 28)

for that is the true nature of his kind, and very likely a habit with him. Maybe we'd pick up a little copy from what he sings—eh?"

A curious sort of spasm convulsed Ted's face for a moment, but when it passed he replied seriously enough.

"I'll speak to him about it, Shamus," he said. "I think your point is well taken. Any regular sailor in real sailor clothes ought certainly to sing deep-sea chanteys whether he has specifically contracted to do so or not. It's only right. Of course if he was one of the ordinary commercialized sailors in suspenders and an old derby hat, such as we all too often see on sailing vessels to-day, we could hardly expect chanteys from him. But he is so unspoiled—a good old-fashioned type—that it's more than likely he knows some."

"Call him and suggest it!" said Shamus. "Don't let him think we are making fun of him; just be natural about it!"

"All right!" assented Ted. Then he raised his voice. "You, Binz!" he shouted roughly. "Shiver your timbers and come along aft or I'll belay your bones!"

Harry Binz, who had been doing some mysterious thing with the ropes, gave a hitch to his trousers, called out, "Aye, aye, sir!" and came aft, which was where we were.

"Binz, my lad," said Ted in a kindly tone, "the ladies and gentlemen have requested me to state that if you feel moved to sing they will be glad to have you do so. If during your hours of toil, or in your idle moments, a deep-sea chantey or so leaps spontaneously to your throat, go to it and let her rip! We won't mind. In fact, we sort of expect it of you!"

Harry Binz blushed a deep crimson. I suppose it was a blush, or maybe he just got red in the face.

"What the dev—that is to say, aye, aye, sir!" he gasped. "Just as you like, of course."

Then he gave another little hitch to his trousers and went back to the rope.

"I hope we didn't embarrass the poor chap too much," said Shackelton Salta, who had quietly joined our little group, "so that he'll keep quiet for fear we're making game of him."

"Oh, no," said Ted easily. "I don't think so. He was probably just surprised, that's all."

And Ted was right, for a little while later, just before sunset, when I was in the galley hard at work putting parsley around a pair of cold roast ducks, I heard him singing, and peeking out I saw Shack with a notebook, crouched in hiding and putting the words down, I suspect, although I for one didn't think the chantey very beautiful and certainly not nearly as salty as many of Shackelton's own composing. Still, ringing out in the free ocean air, it did sort of add to the romance of things and lent a good deal of atmosphere to the ship. The chantey was something about:

The captain was a saphead,
And the stew was made of horse;
The mate was full of licker
And couldn't steer the course;
The crew was in the cabin
Eating bread and honey;
Oh, I don't love the sea, boys,
I just do this for money!

But Shack kept nodding his head as he wrote and seemed intensely interested. He had on his psychoanalytic expression and appeared to be finding some deep meaning in the chantey which was entirely hidden from ignorant little me. I gave up listening pretty soon and had just turned my attention to frosted charlotte—also from the Ritz—when Edouard stuck his head into the cookhouse and sniffed at the beautiful supper I was preparing.

"Huh!" said he scornfully. "You don't suppose Prince Kropushkin will eat that stuff, do you?"

"Why not?" I demanded. "And why prince?"

"Well, see here, Pet," he said seriously. "Zelda says he's a prince. She says all Russian refugees are princes or grand dukes. At any rate, she's got him out on deck, trying to teach him English, and she calls him prince. He hasn't denied it yet, anyhow. Look here—he's a really great man in Russia. Zelda says she knows all about him. And if we don't look out she's going to cop all his interest—she's bringing him cushions and what not, and I think it's up to some of the rest of us to show him a little distinguished attention and make him feel at home."

"That's a good idea, Ed," I replied. "What do you suggest?"

"I tell you what!" he said eagerly. "Of course I know this is your day to cook, and all that, and that you've a splendid supper for the rest of us—but I know how to cook the Russian national dish; I read about it in a novel by Gogoyl. And I think it would make a tremendous hit with the old boy if I fixed it for him."

"Go to it!" I said. "But where will you get the ingredients?"

Edouard gave me a look of scorn.

"My dear girl," he said a trifle impatiently, "how many times must I tell you that the actual materials are unessential in making anything? I will simply use as a foundation the ingredients we have, which most closely symbolize the real ingredients, and compose a mess of pottage!"

"Mess will probably be right!" I retorted, flouncing out with the ducks, and leaving Edouard already feverishly sorting cans of spaghetti and sardines. For the first time I doubted the soundness of his theory of adaptivity. He could talk all night about its all-embracingness, but I, for one, would not eat a mouthful of adaptive goulash! Furthermore, I doubted if Edouard would eat it himself, and I began to wonder whether he was perfectly sincere.

I had scarcely put the ducks on the center table of the main cabin, which was deserted, when a strange sound arrested my attention. It was a deep sobbing moan, and came from one of the tiny staterooms. Of course I went over and knocked, and when a faint voice said "Come in" I entered to find Malvina spread all over the lower berth, her face as green as her crinkled smock, her feet dangling limply over the edge.

"Oh, Pet, make them stop the boat!" she moaned when she recognized me. "This is awful—awful! Oh! I never felt anything like this in Kansas!"

"I dare say!" I snapped. "But this is a calm night! What on earth will you do when it blows? I thought you said you had done lots of boating?"

"On Duck Lake," Malvina replied faintly. "Oh, I wish I was home! Do you think I am going to die, Pet? I would hate to die without ever having truly lived!"

"But you have lived," I said cheerfully, "and you'll feel better if you'll only come up on deck!"

"I couldn't—I couldn't," she protested, resisting all my efforts to make her get up. "Oh, Pet, I know I'm going to die, and I've made such a failure of life! I wouldn't mind dying so much if only I had been married and had a nice home and children and—and some decent tailored suits and a French ball dress, first. And, oh, Pet, a nice little house in the suburbs and a permanent wave; and, oh, Pet, you are my best friend, when I am dead just remember my horrible mistakes and go back home to your own people before it is too late!"

"There, there!" I said soothingly. "I'll get you a dose of something that will fix you up. Things are not so bad as you think!"

"Well, Poe is lost anyway!" Malvina retorted mournfully. "He escaped when Zelda took her things, and he doesn't come when I call!"

"Never mind that old black cat!" said I. "Why did Zelda take her things away, and where did she take them to?"

"She's moved to that little cubby-hole up—up for'd, so that she can study Russian in quiet," groaned Malvina. "Oh, Pet, why did I waste my life?"

Well, I am not the sort who will do anything for a friend some other time, so I did it then, and waited on Malvina Jones as well as I could. But I must confess it was a dreadful shock to have her talk in that amazingly conventional way, reneging on everything she had stood for before the world merely because she thought she was dying; especially as she was doing nothing of the sort, but only needed a little fresh air and courage. It was a bitter disillusionment to me to discover her true nature. But I got her up finally, and half an hour later, the water being very calm by then, she even managed to come to the table, which was a step in the right direction, because Malvina had been appointed waitress. However, the best she could do for the table was sit at it.

My own appetite was excellent, and my faith in humanity sort of returned as I looked at the bunch which was gathered about the, by this time, fairly festive board. Prince Kropushkin had the seat of honor, of course, with mother on one side of him and Ted next on the other to interpret, although as yet the Russian had said absolutely nothing at all. Then beside Ted came dark little Zelda, and next to her, actually, Malvina, very limp indeed but pretending she was merely too thoughtful to eat, her sharp chin resting in her thin hand. Edouard was at table, too, and Shack, with, I was delighted to see, a couple of new poems which he had dashed off on his little typewriter that very afternoon and which I had a feeling he would read to us if we urged him a little. Harry Binz was at the wheel, and Shamus, with the leg of a duck and two pieces of cake, was on watch above. It was a beautiful windless evening and just that soft sunset hour that I love so well, the roseate glow filling the little cabin and lending a sort of extra enchantment to everything.

My first supper was a great success and everybody enjoyed it except Malvina and Prince Kropushkin, who was obliged to eat some of Edouard's special dish from politeness, but who did not seem to care for it very much, even after Ted had translated Edouard's theory of adaptivity to him. The Russian sat lost in thought, and conversation rather languished.

"See how he has the typical romantic melancholy of the true Russian!" Zelda exclaimed. "I wish he would talk. I'd love to know what the great man is thinking. About the revolution, I suppose!"

"He looks to me as if he didn't have much sense!" replied Edouard, who was sulky because his efforts had not been properly appreciated. "Maybe he's getting senile!"

"Well, for my part, I think he has an inferiority complex," said Shack. "He is certainly very modest, at any rate."

"He's got an inhibition all right!" Edouard agreed.

The sound of Edouard's voice must have attracted the prince's attention, for he turned toward the sculptor as if he were going to speak—but he didn't; he merely looked, and I got a distinct impression that Edouard was repulsive to him. Ted saw the look and interfered tactfully.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Oh, Pet, Make Them Stop the Boat!" She Moaned. "This Is Awful! I Never Felt Anything Like This in Kansas!"

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(Continued from Page 30)

"I'll try to get him to tell you about Lenine!" he suggested hastily. "Lenine is one of his intimate friends!"

The prince made one of his queer sounds at this, which I couldn't quite catch correctly because of Zelda's shouting.

"Oh, do!" she cried. "Make him explain the Third Internationale!"

"I'd rather hear some of his poems," objected Shackelton. "If he would read them Ted could translate. I'm sure his poetry must have a savage virility and unusual lyricism combined."

"I'll tell him that you want to hear his poetry, then," said Ted. "Some of the love sonnets are very delicate. You'd be surprised." He turned to his neighbor. "Solier ad nauseum solgob," said he.

The older man looked at him with a sort of piteous expression; there were almost tears in his eyes and in his voice as well.

"There ain't no justice!" he muttered helplessly.

"There!" exclaimed Ted brightly. "Always thinking of the revolution! And trying to talk to us in our own language!"

At that instant mother gave a violent start and a little scream.

"Someone kicked me!" she said indignantly. "I wish you'd tell your Russian friend to keep his feet where they belong."

The prince muttered something unintelligible at that, and Ted reproved him severely.

"Rashpitkin!" said he. Then he turned to Zelda. "Here—give us that volume of his poems and I will translate them!" he commanded. "The prince is very shy about reading his own stuff. You know how it is yourselves! Feels embarrassed at putting his own work forward, and all that!"

Zelda produced the book from her lap, and we sat about in expectant silence while Ted turned the pages, hesitating where to begin.

"Lovely stuff, lovely stuff!" he muttered, half to himself. "So different from his political works. You know his military book, of course—How I Took Russia Steppe by Steppe? Very cold piece of work, that! Ah! Here is a beauty!" And as we settled into silence he read aloud with, I must say, a great deal of expression:

"Rashir nor solsk:
Yah nar ravanah,
O posh, O, trolticar!
Hav no per permik!
Holnor! Lush lunisky,
Or droshky
Or droskivar,
Vodka, vodka!"

There was a tense moment when he finished. Kropushkin himself seemed uneasy and began rubbing his knees in that characteristic nervous way of his. The stillness was broken at length by Shackelton Salts.

"Beautiful!" he said in a low voice. "Very beautiful indeed—but what does it mean?"

"I'll have to make a very rough translation," said Ted apologetically. "I'm no poet myself, you know. But it's something like this:

"The little sister moon is in the sky:
Oh, come, my tender love, my father's little cabbage flower,
Let us catch a droshky, a low, swift-moving droshky,
And drive into the face of the mad moon,
Drinking vodka!"

"How striking! How strong!" cried Shack. "See—it even moves the poet himself!"

And indeed it seemed to. For a moment I thought the Russian was going to grasp Ted's throat in his extreme excitement. But before anything actually happened between them a terrible cry rang out from up on deck and sent us all simply flying above. It was Harry Binz who called, and the words sent a chill to my heart.

"Man overboard!" he shouted. "Man overboard!" And in a panic we all rushed up to see. Binz had the deck to himself.

"That fool of an Irishman walked out on the bowsprit!" he howled at Ted. "I guess he's hanging on by the stays, but we'd better get him quick!"

It was Ted who did the job, however. I never saw such snappy action in my life. It seemed only an instant before Shamus' dripping figure was on deck again, and Shackelton was giving him a bawling-out.

"You're a fine lookout!" said Shack scornfully. "What the devil did you think you could see out there from the bowsprit anyway? You can't see any distance from down here!"

"Look out your own self then!" retorted the shivering Shamus. "For by your leave I'll do no more to-night! Since you're so smart, why don't you do better?"

"I will!" replied Shackelton. "I will climb into the topmast and from there cry out what I see!"

And this he proceeded to do with great enthusiasm, although not much agility, while Shamus went shivering and cursing below, and the prince, becoming suddenly and violently agitated, drew Ted away for an emphatic whispered argument.

The rest of us watched Shackelton as he climbed up and up to perfectly dreadful heights. My heart was fairly in my mouth while I kept my eyes glued to his figure as it moved against the sunset, and I was most awfully relieved when he stopped at a sort of crosspiece, threw one leg over it, and clung there, one arm about the mast, the other hand shading his eyes in the most appropriate and charming gesture.

Meanwhile the prince had broken away from Ted, tucked up the back of his smock, and with his hands in his rear pockets again, paced violently up and down the deck several times before whatever was overcoming him overcame him completely and he made a dash for the forecastle and disappeared into it. After which Ted, with an exhausted air, joined us in watching Shack, and a mighty good thing he did, too, for just then we found Malvina's black cat, Poe.

You see, Shackelton had climbed into the foremast and Poe, who had been missing for several hours, had, it seems, climbed up into the hindmast and was afraid to come down. He—I mean Poe—had been up there mewing faintly, but nobody had heard him and come out to give him that moral encouragement about descending which all cats seem to need when they have gone up higher than they had originally intended. And now he caught sight of Shackelton up in the other crosstrees and gave every evidence of being about to try to jump across to him. Shack saw this and he didn't care for the idea at all. Not that he was afraid the cat wouldn't be able to make the wide leap, but that it would succeed in doing it, for Shack had the cat fear, and he simply could not endure one to come anywhere near him. So pretty soon he was mewing even louder than Poe.

"Hey! Call that creature off!" he shouted in a regular panic, holding to the mast first with one arm and then with the other. "Call that beast off, I say!"

"Here, kitty, kitty!" cried Malvina, suddenly galvanized into life. "Oh, Poe, come here! Oh, my lovely cat! Oh, do rescue him, Shack!"

"Rescue my eye!" shouted Shackelton. "Call him off before he jumps on me or I won't answer for the consequences!"

"Kitty, kitty!" shouted Malvina, now almost as frantic as Shack. "Oh! He won't come down! He's going to leap!"

"Don't let him!" yelled Shack, clinging hysterically to the mast with both arms now. "Don't let him or I shall fall!"

"Good heavens, man! Why don't you come down?" Ted called.

"I can't!" shrieked Shackelton. "I'm dizzy. I daren't move!"

"Oh, rescue him!" Malvina screamed.

But whether she meant Shackelton or her pet I am uncertain. Although the words left her lips and not mine, it was most certainly Shack for whom I was concerned. Of course I knew the cat could not possibly make the jump from mast to mast, and I expect the cat knew it, too, although he kept on going through preliminary crouches, the way cats do. But I certainly was afraid that if Shackelton got any more scared than he already was he'd fall to the deck before our very eyes. It was truly dreadful to see him, the far-famed sailor poet, crouched up there like a frightened monkey or something, on a mast which ought to have been perfectly familiar to him! The sight made me fairly ill.

"Grab hold of the halyards," Ted called up at Shack, "and swing yourself down!"

"How can I grab the halyards when the sail isn't up?" howled Shack.

"The halyards, you poor nut—not the hoops! The ropes—right at your hand!" Ted replied, convulsed with laughter. "Say, you are some sailor boy! Hey, wait, I'll come up and show you!"

With which he made a dash for the mast, shinnying up much better than Shackelton had done, and pretty soon he had the author of Sea Songs of a Sailorman safe on deck; safe but hardly sound, for Shackelton was a nervous wreck and had to be helped below. At this sight I turned away, overwhelmed with shame for him, something inside me simply crawling with disgust. If there is one thing I despise it is a fake of any kind. And Shackelton Salts had claimed to have been around the Horn goodness knows how many times! Well, perhaps he had—as a passenger on a steamer! Ugh! Tears of sheer bitterness and disillusionment welled up into my eyes, so that I could hardly see, and I stumbled over something in the growing darkness on my way aft to a secluded corner where I might weep in peace. The object over which I had tripped was Poe, the black cat, who had magically descended from the mast unaided and unobserved, and was now purring around my feet as unconcernedly as though nothing at all had happened, and the world was the same good old world of romance which it had been half an hour earlier.

The even tenor of our ways now suddenly turned to a deep barytone—and a little off key, at that. For next morning when we came on deck, behold we were in a dense fog. I'd been in London when it was showing off for the benefit of visitors, but I had never seen a fog like this one before. There was a terrible vagueness about it, a sense of being surrounded by an awful unknown nothingness which depressed us all. There was, of course, not a breath of wind, and the water was sort of oily and most unpleasant looking. It wasn't a bit like the sunny trip to the warm South Seas which we had planned. Moreover, we hadn't the remotest idea where we were, and just drifted about, because none of the men could agree on what was best to do.

"What do you think?" Shackelton, who was captain for the day, asked of Ted. Shack was rather cross after a very poor breakfast, prepared by Zelda, whose turn it was to cook, and who did not know how. "What do you suggest, Stonewall?"

Ted took his little pipe out of his mouth and emitted a large cloud of smoke very slowly before he replied.

"Why ask me?" he said calmly. "I thought we had agreed to run this ship in turn. It's your turn and I wouldn't dream of interfering."

Well, Shack walked off, very much annoyed at that, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind about what to do—even after Harry Binz, the handy sailor, volunteered the suggestion that we anchor.

"No, no!" exclaimed Shack impatiently. "We must keep moving! The Azores can't be very far away now—and I'd like to touch them as soon as possible!"

No sooner had he said this than Andrey Kropushkin, who was standing near, suddenly doubled up in the most alarming manner, and had to be led away by Ted. Of course we all crowded around to inquire for the poor old man when Ted reappeared alone, for it was apparently quite a dreadful attack. But Ted said the Russian was all right and resting quietly.

"I'm keeping him safe below for a while," he said, "but there is nothing to worry about. He has these attacks occasionally. It comes from the bread he ate in Siberia, as a rule, but it sometimes occurs when a poem is developing!"

And so began the most completely nightmarish day I have ever spent. The fog stayed down tight, and by noon we were scarcely speaking to one another. The only excitement was furnished by Zelda, who discovered a rat in the galley and absolutely refused to go back in and finish cooking lunch. Zelda, the fearless radical! And when we pointed out that it was her day to cook she simply retorted that nothing had been agreed about rats, and that she was out on strike. And as we couldn't split her union of one, mother took Poe with her into the galley and they scabbed on the rats and on Zelda, and we had a delicious lunch anyhow; but preparing it didn't make mother very good company, as you can imagine, and she said several pretty sharp things about nasty common young females which made Zelda sore, so she punished us by refusing to come to the table, and went off sulkily with a volume of Freud in one hand and a can of sardines in the other.

And still the fog kept up. During the afternoon Prince Kropushkin reappeared on deck and began his restless pacing up and down, turning nervous glances at the sky, peering into the fog and occasionally bursting into an exclamation. Sometimes it was "Yah!" and then again something like "Godfreylishia!" And when pro-tem Captain Shackelton Salts asked him to stop and tell him how to say "boat" and "sail" in Russian the old man looked as if he would like to bite the poet's head off and was so rude that Ted had to interfere.

"He's composing. Let him alone!" he advised us all. And believe me, we took the hint!

Shamus, Shack and myself were seated on the forward hatch and as I was between them I got the brunt of their first fight.

"These poems I'm going to read you," Shack began, "are all descriptive of the Marquesan Islands."

"I'm going to write a book about them islands myself," Shamus broke in. "I'm going to take an entirely different angle from Murphy, at that. The men that's been out there haven't properly understood ——"

"As I was saying," Shack insisted, "these poems I'm going to read ——"

"How can you describe Tahiti when you haven't been there yet?" demanded Shamus.

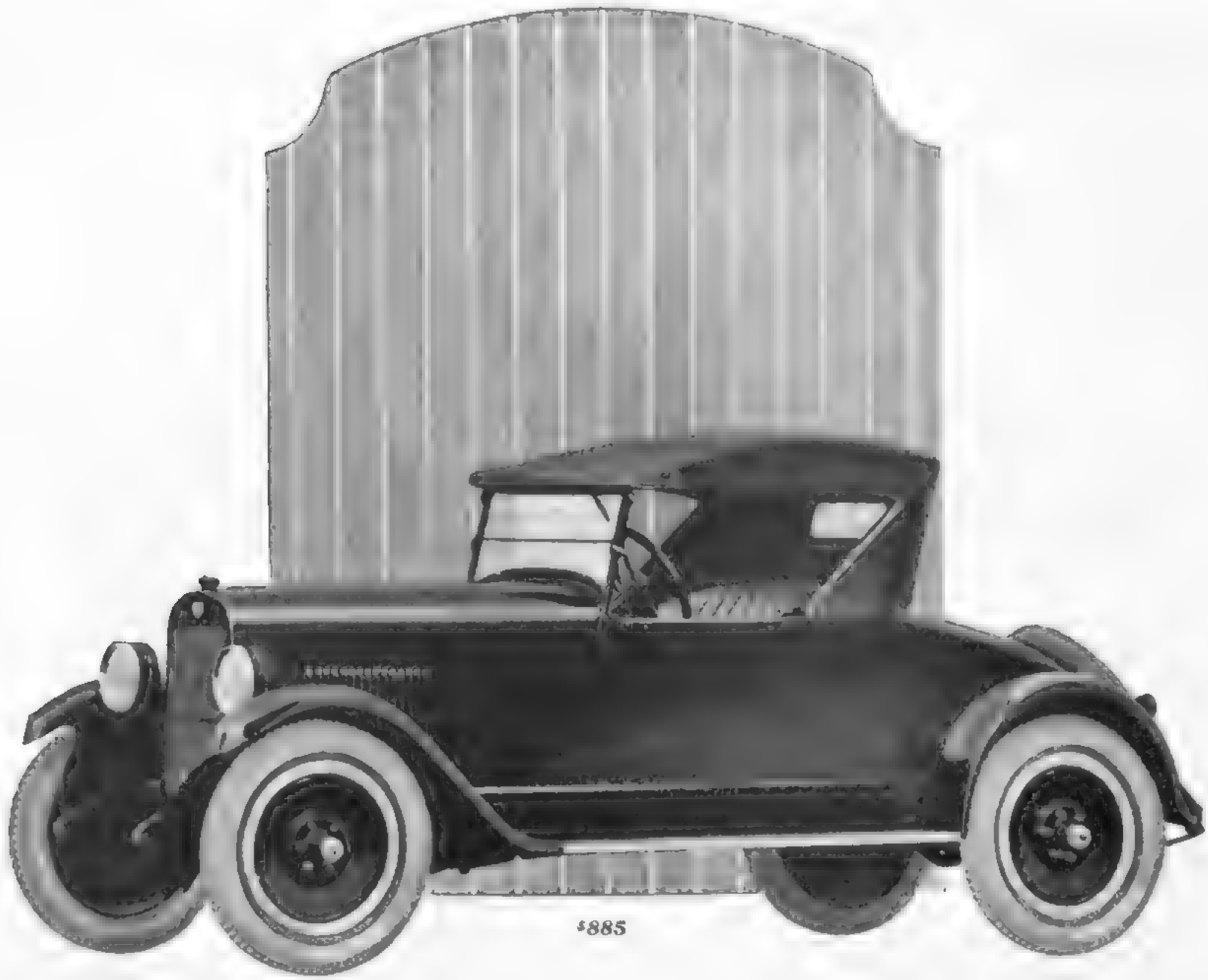
"Well, you've never been in Ireland, but you wrote a book about it!" Shackelton snapped back.

"Faith, I don't want to listen to any nonsense stolen out of The Shadowy South Seas!" exclaimed Shamus, jumping to his feet. "I suppose ye have pol rimed with joy and pareu with happy crew! Bah! I know your tricks! I'm off to write some titles for the chapters of me own book!"

"Saphead!" muttered Shack, looking after Shamus' retreating figure. "He writes like an after-dinner speaker and speaks like an after-dinner writer!"

From which you can see that things were really going very badly. And when Edouard, who was set to swab the decks that evening, used all the fresh water out of the

(Continued on Page 85)



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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Common-Sense Vacations

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

VACATIONS now constitute an important part in the curriculum of modern business. People who are wise know that a respite from one's daily work and a change of environment are necessary to give a person a renewed grip on life. Civilization often wearies of itself, and at such times ordinary individuals feel the backward tug toward the freedom of savagery. Just as serpents discard their skins, so must humans shuffle out of their old selves.

Corporations that give their employes vacations with pay have found that they get a high rate of interest on the investment they have made. Recreation is a great balancer as well as a harmonizer. Healthful exercise in pleasant surroundings brings into play certain faculties that are not utilized during the hours of routine work. Employes grown stale in the grind of business nearly always prove a quarrelsome lot. A vacation period properly employed restores mental snap. It transforms irritable, peevish men and women into happy, efficient workers. The biggest men in business to-day are those who either have the vacation habit or who have a hobby on the side which takes their minds off tiresome tasks.

Business conditions will doubtless cause many people to modify their elaborate ideas for a vacation this year and carry through some scheme for providing recreation at a much lower cost than they would contemplate in flusher times. Though expensive hotels and fashionable resorts may suffer from this enforced economy, it does not necessarily follow that the pleasures of the individual must be curtailed. People who are forced to follow the campers' trails this year because of their attenuated purses may find new joys never before experienced.

The success of a vacation depends largely on one's observance of simple common-sense rules. First is the necessity of a safe water supply. In order to have this, preference should be given to modern plumbing rather than mountain scenery. Tennis courts and golf links are less important than a sufficiency of pasteurized milk. If there is the least doubt as to the purity of drinking water it is advisable to boil it.

A common mistake of the average vacationist is to try to take on a full coat of tan in one or two days. Nature's way of protecting the body from the sun's heat is to tan the skin, but this process must take its course slowly. Otherwise the individual will acquire a painful if not serious case of sunburn. It is not the light rays but the invisible chemical rays from the sun that burn and blister the skin, sometimes setting up abscesses deep in the tissues. Sunburn may be treated satisfactorily by heating one-half pint of water and then stirring into it a level teaspoonful of boric-acid powder; then add twenty drops of carbolic acid and shake well. Use a small piece of cotton or a spray to apply the solution to the skin. If cotton is used dab it on—don't rub it in. Wet the skin twice each hour. If blisters form, do not open them. Less pain is experienced if one permits the blisters to break of themselves. When a person is burned and no medicine is available cold compresses will afford relief.

Vacations usually take people into new environments, where the body is subjected to changed conditions which should be beneficial. However, because of carelessness and lack of preparation many vacations bring disaster rather than build health. Everyone going to the mountains or seashore should be prepared to deal intelligently with accidents or cases of sudden illness. In many places doctors are not at hand, so a simple first-aid kit may prove to be a life-saver. One authority suggests the following contents for a simple, inexpensive kit: Two gauze bandages, two or three inches wide; two cotton bandages, three inches wide; one roll of adhesive plaster, one inch wide; two dozen safety pins, two ounces of absorbent cotton, one yard of plain sterile gauze, one or two ounces of tincture of iodine, two dozen compound cathartic pills, four ounces of castor oil, two ounces bicarbonate of soda, one dram permanganate of potash, one hot-water bag and one clinical thermometer.

Headaches and fevers may be relieved by ice-cold applications. Most other pains respond to hot applications. A pain in the abdomen is often the result of constipation and will be relieved by a laxative. Colicky pains, however, frequently accompany diarrhea, and in such a case all food should be stopped at once and the patient should be given plenty of water to drink. A twenty-four-hour fast will usually cure diarrhea. Isolate a feverish patient and feed him nothing except a little milk, and that only in case he is very hungry. Hundreds of cases of typhoid fever are contracted during summer vacations. Many people are guarding against infection with this disease by subjecting themselves to antityphoid vaccination. This vaccination affords protection for from one to four years. For those who lean to the use of vaccines it is worth looking into.

In the case of small cuts bleeding is beneficial, as it serves to wash out bacteria. Later paint the wound and the surrounding skin with a light coat of iodine. Then apply a dressing of sterile gauze and hold in place with a bandage. Even a large cut will stop bleeding of itself unless a large artery or vein has been opened, in which case send for a doctor. If the blood comes in spurts apply a tourniquet.

Fishhooks are a common cause of wounds among vacationists. Do not attempt to remove the hook by pulling it directly out. This lacerates and tears the tissues. The proper procedure is to push the point of the hook forward and onward in an upward direction, bringing it out on the surface at another point. The barbed end is then cut off with a wire cutter or file, after which it is an easy matter to extract the remaining part of the hook without damaging the tissues.

Even splinters which get under the skin are painful and require proper attention. Before using a needle or the blade of a knife to remove a splinter be sure to pass the needle or knife blade through a flame several times, each time cooling the metal before holding it in the flame again.

Insect bites and stings are a common source of annoyance to vacationists. Probably nothing is superior to the application of a few drops of household ammonia water or some bicarbonate of soda for treating the bites and stings of mosquitoes and other insects. The sting of the insect should be removed before applying the ammonia. Pain may be relieved by applying a solution of boric acid. The insects known as jiggers bore under the skin and must be dug out with a needle which has been sterilized in a flame.

Snake bites usually consist of two punctures, and these should be freely incised with a knife and then sucked. There is no danger in sucking the wound caused by a snake if there are no cracks or sores in the mouth or on the tongue. Later such wounds should be cauterized by applying carbolic acid or nitric acid on a toothpick or bare end of a match. If no acid is available cauterize the wound by touching it with a knife blade, nail or other piece of metal which has been heated in a fire. Permanganate of potash, a level teaspoonful to a pint of boiled water, is also useful. Giving the victim whisky is usually harmful, for in such treatment another depressant is added to the snake poison which is already in the system. Instead of whisky, give aromatic spirits of ammonia, one-half teaspoonful in water every hour, and half a cupful of strong coffee every two hours. Serums have been produced which are effective in certain kinds of snake bites, but they are rarely obtainable when needed.

Inflammation of the skin caused by contact with poison ivy is best treated by bathing with salt water, sea water being the best. Another treatment is made by dissolving one teaspoonful of boric acid in a glass of hot water. The large blisters which form on the skin should be punctured. Every two or three days the affected parts should be bathed with warm water, carefully dried without rubbing, and the treatment resumed.

One common summer ailment is sunstroke. The first thing to do for a person who has been sunstruck is to lower the body temperature and raise the heart action. Remove the clothing and sprinkle or sponge the body with cold water. Apply cold cloths to the head and heat to the feet. Let the person inhale ammonia or camphor or swallow a little water containing one of these stimulants. A vigorous rubbing of the body and extremities is also helpful. No person will ever suffer from sunstroke who keeps his head cool and his feet warm, especially if he perspires freely.

More vacationists will probably camp out this year than ever before. Locate the camp on high ground, if possible near trees, but away from underbrush. A gravel soil provides good drainage. Get away from standing water, which breeds mosquitoes. Garbage and waste should be placed in covered receptacles and promptly disposed of. One way to treat such waste is to dig a hole, partly fill it with field stones, and on top of the stones build a fire. The garbage should not be dumped into the hole until after the fire has made considerable headway. If the waste is buried it should be placed in trenches that are at least twelve inches deep. Fresh earth should be placed in the trenches each day.

Even the simple precaution of digging a drainage ditch all the way around a tent is often overlooked. Wooden flooring adds to comfort.

Many people do not know that there are more than ten thousand summer camping sites to let in the one hundred and fifty-three national forests in this country. These forests are located in the White Mountains, the Appalachians and other Eastern ranges as far south as Florida. Sites may also be rented in the lake states, out in the Rockies and in the Cascades on the Pacific Coast. A site covering from one to five acres may be rented for from ten to twenty-five dollars a year. Many sites are close to fishing, hunting and wonderful scenery. The scheme is so arranged that when a lease expires the original renter has the first chance to renew it again as often as he likes. The United States Forest Service will sell timber at cost price on the stump to the lessee, who can cut the timber himself or hire someone to do it for him. The only proviso is that a decent-looking cabin must be built. Application for such a site must be sent to the nearest forest-service official, who is authorized to issue a permit to any responsible applicant. Hundreds of people who are familiar with this plan have taken advantage of the Government's generosity and provided themselves with summer homes that are cheap and practically permanent.

The majority of people prefer to spend their vacations near some body of water, and as a result boating and swimming are popular national pastimes. Thousands of smart-Alecks still rock boats and insist on changing seats at most inopportune times. The only remedy for this brand of folly that has so far been found effective is the liberal use of chloroform. But in swimming, even people who are cautious often get into trouble or must help others; so it is well to keep in mind some of the facts and rules one must observe in helping those who come to grief in the water. An experienced swimmer should always make a careful survey of unknown waters before others go in. Submerged roots, rocks and other obstructions cause many accidents. Rescue a drowning person by throwing something to him rather than by going to him, if possible. Even a small floating object is quite sufficient to sustain a person's weight in the water. If the person in trouble is struggling try to keep away from him for a few seconds until he gets quiet. In effecting a rescue take fast hold of the hair of the drowning person and turn him as quickly as possible on his back. Throw yourself on your back, and with his back to your stomach swim for shore.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Rawhide Railroad

SPEAKING of forgotten trails, did you perhaps ever hear of the Rawhide Railroad out in Oregon? Dates appear indefinite, yet it seems quite certain that this was the first railroad ever known in Oregon. It does not lack a competent historian, for Mr. George Estes, an attorney of Portland, Oregon, has written a whole book about it—a book which I am willing to say holds about as much of the Homeric humor of the American West as anything I have seen between covers since the days of Mark Twain's Roughing It.

It appears that in the days of old there was one Doc Baker, who moved and had his being at Walla Walla, and who, being of the sort to which coin naturally clings, became possessed of all sorts, kinds and descriptions of money. He made money in mines, made it in cows, made it in wheat—made it every way he looked and in everything he did. Old Doc Baker, believe us, would have made a splendid hero for some New York story about Wall Street. Indeed, I shudder to think what old Doc Baker would have done to Wall Street had he lived long enough.

Old Doc Baker was just naturally a captain of industry, and of the sort who sometimes live years before their time. It is not stated where he got his vision, for so far as told he never lived outside of Oregon; but somehow or other he had heard of railroads even in those early days, and he honed and pined for a railroad all of his own. The Columbia River was all right, but it was thirty miles away from the capital which he made his seat of operations. He wanted to ride from Walla Walla to Wallula on the steam cars, and nothing else would do him—and there were no steam cars.

At that time Portland, Oregon, was quite a village. A great many of the stumps had been pulled out of the main street and there was a bank owned by one Mr. Ladd, to which bank aforesaid old Doc Baker would come once in a while and deposit a wheat sack full of gold. He brought this down by boat via the Columbia River and the rest of the water route to the present emporium of the Oregon country. One day he came in with an especially large sack of specie, gold dust and other proofs of his industry and economy, and casually informed his bankers that he wished them to send East and order two modern and up-to-date locomotives for him. His bankers mildly asked him what he wanted with locomotives, and in effect he profanely informed them that if they would furnish the locomotives he would do the rest.

Incidentally, old Doc Baker told his bankers that he wanted them to purchase for him and have shipped out with the two locomotives a little order of one thousand silk hats. Of course they thought he wanted to show his opulence by wearing a new silk hat every day, but as to that also Doc Baker remained entirely noncommittal. He had a single-track mind. He suggested to his bankers that so long as he had plenty of money in their bank and they had immediate access to it, all they had to do was to get locomotives and silk hats when he ordered them. Whereupon Mr. Ladd agreed to do as bid.

It was explained to Old Doc Baker that to bring the locomotives around by ship from New York to Portland would take about two years, not to mention the time it might take to get together a thousand silk hats. The new railroad king of Oregon casually remarked that he would have everything ready by the time the shipment showed up. He then departed for his own empire farther east.

Doc Baker knew that in order to construct a railroad you must have an engineer to lay it out. Mr. Ladd thought it would require about six months to make the preliminary survey for this railroad, but that seemed a long time to a real hustler. Whereupon Doc Baker bethought him of a friend by the name of Bill Green, an old-time stagecoach and ox-team driver. True, Bill Green had never seen a railroad any more than Doc Baker, but he was the sort of man that gets things done one way or another; so he was hired for chief engineer on the new railroad.

Mr. Green was slightly handicapped by the fact that he did not know exactly what a railroad looked like, but he had heard of one Pat Prunty, a placer miner who was reputed once to have worked on a railroad far back in the East. He found Pat, and Pat agreed to go in as assistant engineer and chief of construction. The two of them started in to lay out the railroad.

They had no surveying instruments, and would not have known how to use them if they had owned them. Their methods were very simple. Bill Green took a whisky bottle half full of water and found that he could attain perfectly good levels by squinting along the top of the water in the half-filled bottle. This seems a little crude, but as a matter of fact it worked. More than that, it worked on horseback. In that country at that time no one ever walked. The engineers rode while laying out their levels, and so saved themselves much fatigue. So successful were their new railroad methods that instead of requiring six months to lay out the line they did the whole thing in just six days.

You might think that they did this work in a crude and incompetent fashion. Such is far from the case. When the advancing tide of civilization had brought real railroads out into that country the new engineers did not need to lay out a new line from Walla Walla to Wallula. The Bill Green survey and the Pat Prunty grading were found entirely satisfactory, and all that remained necessary was to put down new rails. Our historian informs us that in grading the new lines the engineers used twenty yoke of oxen hitched to a grader made on the spot according to specifications never used elsewhere. They kept this grader in line by hitching teams of mules to it on each side. With this equipment, original and empirical as it was, the grading on the new railroad from Walla Walla to Wallula went on a great deal more rapidly than Mr. Ladd had predicted. They put in culverts to let the water through, built bridges where absolutely necessary, and laid down ties just as is done on a regular railroad.

Of course they had no railroad iron, but that was a mere detail. The rails were made of heavy wooden stringers. Witness the level-headed quality of these masters of transportation. They spiked down the rail on only one side of the track. Why? Because they had no idea how far apart the wheels of a locomotive were, and there was no way of finding out inside of two years. So they nailed down one rail, and let the other lie loose until they could fit the road to the new engines when they came. There was almost no lost motion in any of the operations of building the first railroad Oregon ever had.

The reader will now suppose two years to have elapsed. At the end of that time Banker Ladd sent word by canoe express to Doc Baker that his cargo from the East had arrived. He also sent by personal messenger a straight stick of a certain length. Doc Baker understood. That measured the gauge of the locomotives. Bill Green at once started his men at spiking down the loose rail of the railroad. Doc Baker himself started down the Columbia River to bring up his freight.

It came by barge—two locomotives, one hundred pairs of car wheels and one thousand plug hats. That is to say, it came simply and steadily as far upstream as certain bold rapids, known as Wish-ram, whereabouts dwelt a certain tribe whose hearts were known to be bad in regard to the white man, and who were accustomed to exact toll of travelers much in ancient bandit fashion. At this point the real genius of the reticent Doc Baker shone forth.

He not only needed a passport but he needed a transport as well. How to get the heavily loaded barges over or around the Wish-ram Rapids was a question. Of course, since he had paid spot cash for everything, it was his privilege to do what he liked with the locomotives, the car wheels and the plug hats.

He never had told anyone why he had ordered one thousand plug hats. Everyone supposed that he intended to wear them all on the first train from Walla Walla to Wallula; but such was not the case. He now opened his boxes, crates and packages of silk hats and, taking one of the aforesaid hats in hand, entered the tribal council which had been called for this occasion. He placed the hat upon the head of the chief and, standing back in admiration, declared himself of the personal belief that Solomon had nothing on the chief of the Wish-ram, and that any Wish-ram warrior, thus attired, even if he could claim but little else by way of raiment, would put all personal competition out of the question as against any other tribal member whatsoever. Doc Baker explained that the Wish-ram thus arrayed would be irresistible with the fair sex.

Not to be partial, he explained that he had one thousand of these hats, one for each able-bodied member of the tribe. He indicated also, delicately, that he needed about a thousand able-bodied men to pull his locomotives around the rapids. He wondered if a thousand silk hats would not furnish him a Wish-ram passport in every sense of the word.

It would; it did. As one man, one thousand seminaked Wish-rams, each with a silk hat on his head, laid hold of the lines and walked the locomotives upstream around the rapids.

Bill Green and Pat Prunty had done their work well. It was found that the locomotives fitted the rails absolutely. The engineer and fireman imported from Portland got up steam and found that the new railroad worked. Mayhap certain things occurred by way of celebration—history saith not. But history saith that after a while, under the many cargoes of wheat, Indians and leading citizens who began to use the railroad from Walla Walla to Wallula, the flanges of the wheels began to cut into the edges of the timber stringers. It was apparent that before long the new railroad would disintegrate.

This would never do. But how could the catastrophe be averted? Why, plenty easy! Doc Baker knew that rawhide was the most durable substance in the world for one who rightly understood its uses. He ordered his new railroad to be faced with rawhide all the way from Walla Walla to Wallula! It was done. It was found that over the rails thus reënforced the traffic could be handled with perfect safety. Of course the railroad was a good deal longer when it rained, but in the hot weather she shrunk up hard as iron and worked perfectly.

According to historian Estes, Doc Baker and his engineers did not understand about the cowcatcher on the engine. There were a great many cows in that country, but they did not want to catch them—rather to the contrary. Hence they rigged a little platform at the front of each engine and on each mounted a competent dog. When any animal obstructed the track the dog warned it off, or chased it off when harsher measures were required. All in all, it is a grave question whether the engineers of any age or locality have shown themselves more practical than those who built and operated the first railroad in Oregon. It was only thirty miles long, to be sure, but it was some railroad in its day.

What became of it? Mr. Estes in his history makes that quite plain. There came a very hard winter in that part of Oregon, with deep snows. Maddened by hunger, the wolves came down out of the mountains and infested all the settlements. The hardy men of Oregon prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible, for each habitation was surrounded by a circle of these beasts, with red, slavering jaws.

How often does some little event turn the whole course of history! The Rawhide Railroad might be operating yet between Walla Walla and Wallula had it not been for the fact that some hungry wolf, while digging in the snow for food, chanced to strike, in a shallow place of the snow, a portion of the roadbed and rails. At that time, owing to the moisture of the snow, the rails were in what might be called a relatively succulent and comparatively edible condition. Word was passed among the wolves. With red, slavering jaws they fell upon the Rawhide Railroad, and soon the Rawhide Railroad had passed through the red and slavering jaws aforesaid.

Naturally that ended it. You can't run a railroad after the wolves have eaten up the rails, can you?

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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19)

Goro exhibiting the little house to the American naval officer, the scene with Suzuki, the servant, the arrival of the American consul, Sharpless. Then came Pinkerton's aria, whimsically introducing a snatch of The Star-Spangled Banner, and the amusing passage with its convivial invitation—the English words "milk punch or whisky?" leaping out so startlingly from the mellifluous Italian text.

Presently, motioning to him to remain seated, Rita rose.

"My cue soon," she whispered, and left him.

Soon after, he heard the little hubbub of women's voices that precedes the entrance of Butterfly; then softly, in Rita's thrilling soprano, the recitative, *Ancora un passo or sia*, with music mounting like the hillside steps she was supposed to have climbed; and following immediately on this—still from a little distance—her happy song of love.

The wistful story of this opera and the passionate yearning of its melodies had always moved Parrish, but now he felt a new emotion. This was not Coventry in Madame Butterfly; it was the woman he loved. Breathlessly he awaited the first vision of her on the brow of the hill, his heart thumping thickly; but when, after repeating the plaintive "I have come at the call of love," she appeared he could see her but dimly through tears standing in his eyes. Startled and chagrined at his emotion he hastily brushed them away with the back of his hand.

Thenceforward he sat spellbound, listening for Rita's voice, watching her every gesture. How perfectly she simulated the mannerisms of a gentle little Japanese! How expressive her hands! And how small she looked—or was it only that the tenor was so big and fat? "Young lieutenant"—with those dimensions! There was something unmanly about tenors. Come to think of it, he had never known any man with a high voice to make good in business.

The wedding guests arrived upon the scene, the ceremony was performed and the company departed, leaving Butterfly and Pinkerton alone. Their wedding night. The footlights had been growing dimmer. Stars began to show through the back drop. The music! Nobody could equal Puccini as a composer of these throbbing, passionate love songs.

"*Ti serro palpitante*," sang the tenor and, suiting the action to the word, seized her in his arms.

That was the beastly thing about a woman's being on the stage; she must submit to being handled by such louts.

But in spite of his aversion for the tenor he was again deeply moved by the fiery surge of the big duet with which the act ended, as Pinkerton led Butterfly to the nuptial chamber.

Slowly, like a great cloud drifting across a mountain top, the curtain floated down, while from the space beyond swept applause which made Parrish think of the roar of rain on a tin roof.

As the magnificent footman drew back a corner of the heavy tableau curtain to pass the singers out for the first encore, Parrish stood up and peered through the aperture. In the dim auditorium he could see the people in the boxes nearest the proscenium arch—the men a background for the women—proud-looking women with white shoulders and vivid plumed fans. Because of the blinding glare of the footlights in his eyes they looked unreal to him, like paper figures cut from fashion magazines.

As the singers moved out before the curtain the applause rolled louder. He watched them taking hands, smiling, bowing to each other and to the audience, their faces sharply lighted from beneath, like ballet girls in Degas' paintings.

Finally, after many encores, Rita alone, with the brilliance beating on the youthful contour of her chin and throat; then suddenly through the air, flowers falling, seeming to come from nowhere, and men's voices in the distance calling "*Brava!*"

He Was Walking Rapidly; the Collar of His Overcoat Was Turned Up, and He Wore a Checked Cloth Cap

Her arms were full of flowers when she came to him.

"I must hurry!" she said. "I have to be on at the beginning of the next act, you know. I don't believe it's worth your staying while I change."

"Your engagement," he began interrogatively, as they moved toward her dressing room—"that business you spoke of—it hasn't by any chance been ——"

"No, I'm sorry," she broke in.

"I'll run along then," he said.

"I'm afraid you'll have to," she agreed as they reached the anteroom. She was speaking rapidly, like a busy executive to whom time is everything. "Why don't you go out front and hear the rest from there? Here." She snatched an envelope from the desk, scribbled a few words on it in pencil, and thrust it into his hand. "Take that to the box office. Ask for Mr. Spiegel. He'll give you a seat if there's one to be had. Now I really must ——" She turned toward the door of the inner room.

"Thanks," he said. "Shall I come back for you afterwards?"

"Oh, no. I'll be very late." The words came over her shoulder. But from the doorway she looked back, exclaiming, "Oh—I almost forgot! Come to dinner Sunday."

With that she disappeared.

"Thanks, I will," he said to the chintz curtain and, taking up hat, coat and stick, left the room.

Of course she was in an awful hurry—no doubt about that. She just didn't have time to think. And she was pleased with the bracelet—he could see that when she thanked him. No particular reason why she should speak of it again.

He passed through the stage door and walked up the side street toward the front of the building.

She couldn't mean that he wasn't to see her until Sunday. Impossible! She just wanted to be sure he wouldn't make another engagement for Sunday night. Yes, that was it.

The lobby was full of men in evening dress, smoking.

Parrish pushed the envelope through the box-office window.

"There's not a single orchestra chair left," said Mr. Spiegel. "Will you take the management's box?"

Parrish thanked him and took the coupons.

The box, which an usher unlocked for him, was near the center of the horseshoe. A brass plate on the door bore the name of the impresario, and a like place on the next door informed Parrish that the adjoining box was that of Herman Krauss. If he were to go in now and sit down at the front, and Krauss should be in his own box, he would have to talk with him; and he was not in humor to talk. He took a chair at the rear, where the high partition sheltered him from view.

Just what was her business about, he wondered—not that it was any particular affair of his, but what sort of business arrangements did opera singers make? Of course they had contracts. No doubt Rita's lawyer looked them over for her. He hoped he was a good lawyer. But did they sign contracts at night—in dressing rooms? That didn't seem very businesslike. You'd think they'd go to the manager's office—or to the lawyer's office—or that the lawyer would come to the singer's house. Artistic people were notoriously careless about business. And she made so much money—probably with her it was easy come, easy go. What she needed was the advice of a good sound business man. She might do a lot worse than to consult him about some of these things.

The house was darkened, the curtain rose. The sad story, the affecting melodies and his own emotions as he saw Rita—a tiny figure now in that great gold-framed picture—and heard her voice carrying through those vast spaces, combined to produce in him a state of mournful intoxication, in which he remained until, as the opera was about to end, people in the parterre boxes began to steal away to get to their limousines before the rush of the general exodus should begin. He decided to go too. If he waited to the very end and went out with the crowd he was almost certain to meet people he knew.

Having told his chauffeur to keep out of the jam by parking in a side street over toward Sixth Avenue, he went out through the main entrance, and headed up Broadway, intending to cross at the next corner, but the street was crowded and he had to wait on the curb.

He glanced back several times in the direction of the stage entrance. He supposed she would take off her make-up before seeing to that business.

A street car stopped; a man jumped off, came dodging through the traffic, and brushed by him as he hurried down the street.

Struck by something familiar in the man's appearance, Parrish turned and looked after him. He was walking rapidly; the collar of his overcoat was turned up, and he wore a checked cloth cap. Something familiar. Suddenly he got it. If it wasn't that piano tuner from Atlantic City it was someone mighty like him.

He stood looking after him, but as he looked the young man was lost to view in

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

the crowd that was beginning to emerge from the carriage entrance near the stage door.

XXIV

EVIDENTLY Rita had not meant to put him off until Sunday, for next morning she called him up at his office. She wanted to thank him again for the bracelet, she said. She hadn't had a chance to thank him properly last night, she was so rushed. She had the bracelet on now. She loved it. She was going to wear it this evening to dinner. It would be perfect with a black velvet evening gown she had.

So she was going out to dinner!

"What are you going to do to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Some people are coming up to talk about a tour to the Pacific Coast. But I tell you—I'm going to the dressmaker's in the afternoon. Wouldn't it amuse you to come around there? And we could go out to tea after."

That day at lunch Parrish told his partner, Stuart Bement, that the period of depression which had so long been afflicting the country was, in his opinion, about over. This was a good market to buy in. By June conditions would be normal.

Yes, he was feeling optimistic. He carried his optimism up town with him that evening, down in the morning, and up again when in the late afternoon he went to meet Rita.

The name of her dressmaker had long been familiar to him; it was mentioned with respect by the best-dressed women he knew, and he himself had often found his eyes drawn to the double tier of windows, wide and sumptuous, in which its latest costumes were exhibited to the passing Avenue; but he had never entered it before, and now, as he did so, he found himself a little ill at ease. Vaguely he was aware of counters, showcases and wardrobes of polished wood and shining plate glass, holding all manner of feminine equipment; and although it was so obviously put there to be looked at, he had an instinct not to look; to have looked would have made him feel rather like a peeping Tom. Yet why? These things, which suggested to the corner of his eyes that they were dainty, sheer and ribbony, belonged to an incorporated company. Why did woman's dress seem so much more personal than man's—not only her under dress, not only a dress belonging to some specific woman, but even a frock in a shop window?

A being with honey-colored hair approached him, shapely in a tight black dress, very plain but somehow expensive looking. She had the air of mounting toward him like a sunlit breaker gracefully rising to a crest. With her head a little to one side she raised her lined eyebrows in polite interrogation.

He answered with "I'm looking for Miss Coventry."

"Oh, yes." Immediately she was smiling and gracious. She undulated to the elevators, pressed the button for him and, when the boy opened the door, enunciated with careful elegance, "Let this gentleman off at the fourth floor, please."

The fourth floor differed from the first in that the latter was a place of finished things, the former a place of things not quite finished. Except for chairs the room was unfurnished; there were long threads on the gray-green carpet, and opposite the elevators a battery of fitting rooms, gray paneled, with lights shining from within through ground glass.

As he emerged from the elevator two black-clad women stepped toward him.

"Miss Coventry?" he asked.

Ah, yes! Like destroyers picking up a merchantman they swerved and convoyed him.

"The gentleman's here, Miss Coventry," called one, rapping at a fitting-room door.

"Just a minute," came Rita's voice; whereat the convoy, having brought him to his anchorage, sailed away.

Presently the door was opened by a middle-aged woman wearing steel-rimmed spectacles.

Rita was facing him, posed like a manikin, with arms slightly extended. From her shoulders hung a trailing scarf of silvery fabric, very thin, which, attached to bracelets on either wrist, made a background resembling a pair of soft, half-folded wings. The gown itself was of brocade, sapphire blue and silver, cut to a deep V in front and held in place by the slightest of straps.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, looking at her white arms.

The fitter, moving behind her, gave a final touch to the scarf. Simultaneously a saleswoman entered.

"Here's that little frock, dearie," she said, exhibiting a handful of shell-pink chiffon over lace. "It's just come in. You're the very first to see it. It's lucky you're here! Mr. S. says right away 'Now there's a creation for Miss Coventry. Put it aside for her.' Aren't those little rosebuds sweet though? I've never sold you a frock like this, dearie, and I certainly do want you to have it. It's so sympathetic."

"This is Miss McCaffery," said Rita.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," said the young woman.

"She's a burglar," Rita went on, "but she does know how to dress me."

Miss McCaffery rolled her bright-blue Irish eyes in humorous protest.

"Why, *dearie!* How can you say such a thing? Now, just to show you, I'm going to let you have this little dress at a real sacrifice."

"It's too young for me," said Rita, after looking at it appraisingly.

Miss McCaffery turned to Parrish with mock hopelessness.

"C'n you beat it?" she demanded. "With *her* looks!" And to Rita, "Dearie, you know perfickly well you can wear *anything!*"

"I haven't time to try it on to-day," said Rita.

But Miss McCaffery was prepared to work fast.

"I'll have a model slip it on for you," said she. Thrusting her head out of the door she shrilled "Claire!" and passed the gown out to unseen hands. Then as Rita was about to change, Parrish followed the fitter from the room and waited outside the door.

He had waited but a moment when there appeared a youthful model, looking like a baby cloud at sunset, in the shell-pink gown. She entered the fitting room—where from over the partition he could hear their voices—and did not emerge until Rita came out dressed for the street.

"You make no mistake in taking that little frock," assured Miss McCaffery as they stood by the elevator. "It'll make you look like an anngenoo. It's so sympathetic! Well, good-by, dearie. Come in soon again." And with a little bow to Parrish: "Glad to of met you, I'm sure."

For tea they went to a neighboring hotel, where there was a dark wainscoted dining room with tables not too close together, each with a softly glowing lamp, red shaded, suggestive of confidences. Most of the tables were occupied by couples intent upon their own low-voiced conversation.

"This place always amuses me," said Rita as they sat. "It's known far and wide as a place where people go when they don't want to be seen. So they all come here and see each other, and pretend they don't."

Over the tea he found an opportunity to speak of something that was on his mind.

"By the way, I thought I caught sight of that young piano tuner the other night?" The statement was a question.

"Yes; he came around to see me."

"At the opera, the night I was there?"

"For a minute, yes."

"Are you going to sing his song?"

She nodded. "I told him I would, you know."

"Well," he declared emphatically, "all I've got to say is—that young man ought to be mighty grateful to you."

"He ought to be," she agreed, "but he doesn't show any signs of it yet. I've been wondering about it. Anyway, we are working out some plans to push his songs."

"In spite of his ingratitude, eh?"

"But he's a genius."

"Huh!" said Parrish. "Genius is an overworked word. Nowadays anyone who manufactures a dinky little automobile or paints a picture that looks as if a defective child had done it or raises the biggest squash in the county gets himself called a genius."

Since seeing Delaney so near the opera house he had given the case of that young man some thought, and he was prepared now to state his conclusions; but Rita dismissed the topic, saying lightly, "Perhaps you're right; he may not be a genius. But I assure you he is a new type to me. And odd types have always interested me."

"Certainly you've seen enough of them," he said, diverted. "Lord, what a lot of people you know! And they seem to know you so well, too—or think they do. I think *I* do. When I'm with you I think so,

(Continued on Page 42)

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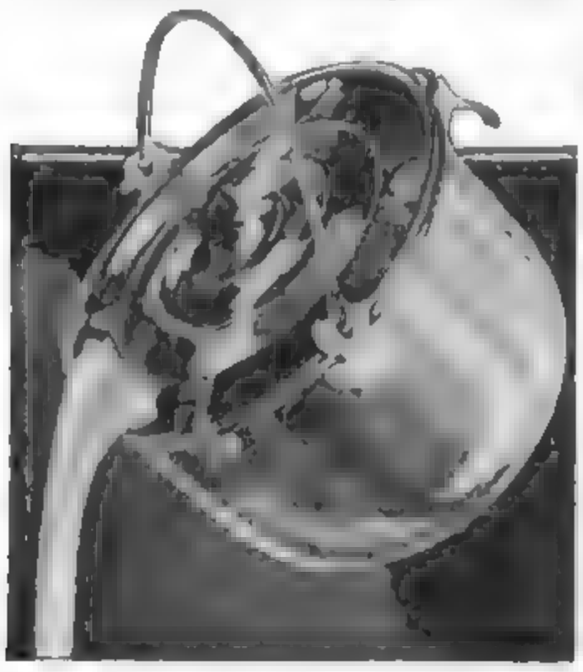

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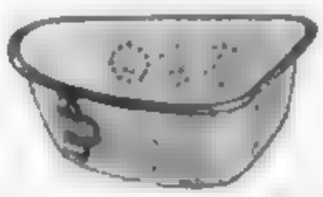

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(Continued from Page 40)

but away from you I sometimes get the feeling that I don't know you so very well after all—that I've lost you to whatever people you happen to be with at the time. And who are they all? I try to imagine where you are, but most of the time I don't know where you are. I don't know enough of your life to make a mental picture of it. Why don't I? That's what I want to know. You don't seem to me to be secretive."

"No," she answered. "I'm naturally frank, I think." Then, smiling faintly: "But supposing I were secretive—would you expect me to tell you so, or be secretive about it?"

He laughed, but this time was not to be diverted.

"I've never felt this way before," he ran on. "I can't figure it out. It makes me restless. I want you to know all about me, and I should think you'd want me to know all about you. Haven't you felt that way about people you've cared for? There was a girl I cared for a great deal and I could come pretty near reading every thought in her head."

"And are you still interested in her?" Rita asked.

"She was awfully sweet," said he. "I shall always have a mighty tender feeling for her."

Rita looked at her jeweled wrist watch.

"It's getting late," she said. "I must be going."

As they were waiting for the check he pursued his earlier thought.

"I want you to see my apartment," he told her. "I have some old things that will interest you. Will you come down and dine with me some night soon?"

"I'd love to, sometime when I'm not so rushed."

"Well, anyway," he said, knowing better than to press the point, "I'll see you Sunday night."

xxv

HOWEVER, he was not to see her on Sunday night.

Next morning he had a protracted talk over the telephone with the manager of Parrish & Bement's Chicago office.

"All right," he said rather irritably at the close of the conversation; "either Mr. Bement or I will be out there on Monday. Probably Mr. Bement this time."

But when he went into his partner's room and suggested to him that it was his turn to make the Chicago journey he found him obdurate. The idea of opening a Chicago office had originated with Parrish, and that office had always been regarded in the firm as Parrish's particular concern. But that was not all. The journey that Bement was momentarily expecting to embark upon was not to Chicago, but to his home on Long Island, Mrs. Bement's doctor having informed him that morning that it was probably only a matter of hours before his presence should be urgently required.

Parrish endeavored to express a proper sympathetic interest in the approaching ordeal of parenthood. Well, there was nothing else for it—he would have to go to Chicago himself. It was unavoidable. He must call up Rita and let her know he couldn't come. What vile luck! Who would be there Sunday night? He supposed she'd get some man to take his place. Who would it be? Who would be in his place, at her right?

He always felt uneasy about ringing Rita up. Telephoning to her was somehow connected in his mind with disappointments. But this morning, rather to his surprise, Pierre admitted that she was at home, and a moment later he heard her voice.

"Oh, that's too bad," she said when he had broken the news to her.

"Yes, and I may have to be out there a week," he answered gloomily.

"Well—be sure to let me hear from you when you get back."

"When I get back?" he repeated. "Isn't there some way of my seeing you before I go?"

"When do you leave?"

"To-morrow afternoon—2:45."

"Wait till I look up my engagement list." She began to ruminate aloud: "Um—let's see—Sunday. No, I don't think—unless you —— I tell you: I have to be downtown at three to-morrow afternoon. How would you like me to drive you to the station?"

"That will be great!" he cried. Then his voice became tender. "And there's something else I want, Rita: your photograph. I want to have it with me."

"I'll bring you one."

"Thanks, dear—and write on it, will you?"

"Yes. About quarter after two, then?"

He was waiting, with his baggage, in the lower hall next afternoon when her trim little French landaulet stopped at the door. He was becoming nervous; but she wasn't so very late; and Fifth Avenue wasn't crowded on Sunday—they could drive down quickly.

"You brought the photograph?" he demanded eagerly as they drove off.

She handed it to him. He slipped it out of the glazed-paper envelope.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "as the Festival Queen in Louise! Lovely!"

But secretly he was a little disappointed—not with the photograph but with the inscription: "Faithfully yours, Rita Coventry." He often signed his letters to men friends "Faithfully yours." He couldn't help wishing she had at least written "To Dick"—or better than that, since the picture showed her as Louise, she might have written those lines from the opera which would always have for him a significance so tender:

Pourquoi serais-je belle
Si ce n'est pour être aimée?

Still, when you really thought about it, that word "faithfully" could mean a great deal. He opened the suitcase on the floor in front of him and gently placed the photograph within.

"Do you know I've never had a letter from you?" he said. "Not even a little note." He slipped off his glove and took her white-gloved hand, which was lying in her lap. "Send me a line out to Chicago, will you, Rita?"

"I'll try," she answered; but the little chuckle that followed the remark disconcerted him. "I got a letter from a cowboy yesterday," she explained. "He said he saw my picture in a magazine, and *he* wants me to write to him."

He smiled dimly.

Ah, what a short glimpse of her this little ride gave him. Already they were halfway to the station.

"To-night, when you are going in to dinner," he said, "you can think of me sitting alone in the dining car."

"It's a shame you have to go," she answered, pressing his hand.

"I made a desperate effort to get out of it," he told her; and with feeling added: "I simply loathe to leave you. I hope you're going to miss me?"

"It's this getting away that's the hard part," she sympathized. "The break of leaving. But it won't be so bad when you get there. You'll be busy. You'll be back before you know it."

"But your dinner ——" he began.

"Oh, I'll be giving other dinners."

"And don't forget that you're coming to dine with me. I tell you: I'll wire you from Chicago as soon as I know when I'll be home again. Then you can save the first free evening."

She nodded.

"You won't mind coming alone? I thought I wouldn't ask anybody else—unless you think appearances might ——"

"Appearances?" she broke in with a little laugh. "You're right—you *don't* know me. I can't be bothered with such things. I go where I please." She laughed again. "I'm not quite so emancipated, though, as some people in the opera. Apparently some of them regard gossip as an asset—good advertising."

"As soon as I get back then!" he said almost gayly as the car passed under the overhanging cliffs of Grand Central Station.

He let go her hand.

"I love you, dear!" he said in a low voice as a porter advanced to open the door.

The man took his bags and he alighted.

"Where shall I tell him to go?" he asked, pausing, hat in hand, and thinking how luxurious she looked against the soft upholstery.

"The Discaphone studios; he knows."

"Making records—on Sunday?"

"Yes, they do it for me because I'm so busy through the week."

"What are you singing?"

"Bonnie Doon," she replied.

Some taxicabs had driven up behind them, and now, unable to proceed, set up a hooting of horns which reverberated raucously in that cavernous space.

Quickly he closed the door. The car flashed away. He turned and followed the porter into the busy concourse of the station.

Sometime during the night he was awakened by a silence. The train was creeping to a standstill. Wondering where he might be he raised the curtain, looked out, and recognized the Cleveland station. The train stopped; the airbrakes sighed wistfully.

Alice! Alice very near! The train wasn't scheduled to stop at Cleveland, and even if it had been she could not have come down at such an hour. It was really kinder, then, not to have let her know that he was passing through. He should have written to her, though. He ought to have done that. He really should have finished that letter to her when he came across it in his pocket a day or two ago. But he would write her from Chicago.

Come to think of it, he hadn't heard from her in some time. Almost a week. And she had said that she was going to write every day. What did her silence mean? He hoped her sister wasn't worse.

Vaguely, as a background to his thoughts, he was aware of the metallic rapping of a wheel tester's hammer as he worked his way along beside the train; first far off, then nearer, then on the front wheels of the car he was in. Now he could see the faint flicker of the man's torch.

Poor Alice! Not in the whole world was there a sweeter, gentler spirit!

The wheel tester passed beneath the window, his torch making a revealing flare around him. The light penetrated the dusty double panes, and there was a moment when, for Parrish, the inner darkness was dispelled.

He had treated Alice badly. He had been selfish, cruel. Now for the first time he acknowledged the truth. And the truth stabbed him.

The sound of the hammer on the wheels grew faint in the distance. The train began to move; it slipped out into the night. But Parrish felt it now an unrelenting force, like Fate, which had him in its clutches and was drawing him away. For a long time he lay there in the darkness thinking of Alice, his heart filled with loneliness.

His first day in Chicago was crowded with business; in the evening there was a dinner to attend and it was late when he got back to his hotel. Instead of writing to Alice he sent a long explanatory telegram, carefully phrased, pleading business pressure and promising if possible to see her at Cleveland on the return journey.

"Am worried at not hearing from you," his message to her ended. "How is your sister and how are you? Please wire answer."

It was a little awkward to let her know he was in Chicago; in one sense he would have much preferred not to communicate with her until he got back; but he felt better for having sent the telegram.

Her reply, which arrived early the next afternoon, surprised him somewhat. Considering the length of his dispatch to her, she might, he thought, have been a little more communicative. Her message ran:

Margaret doing nicely. Am well. Don't trouble to stop here.

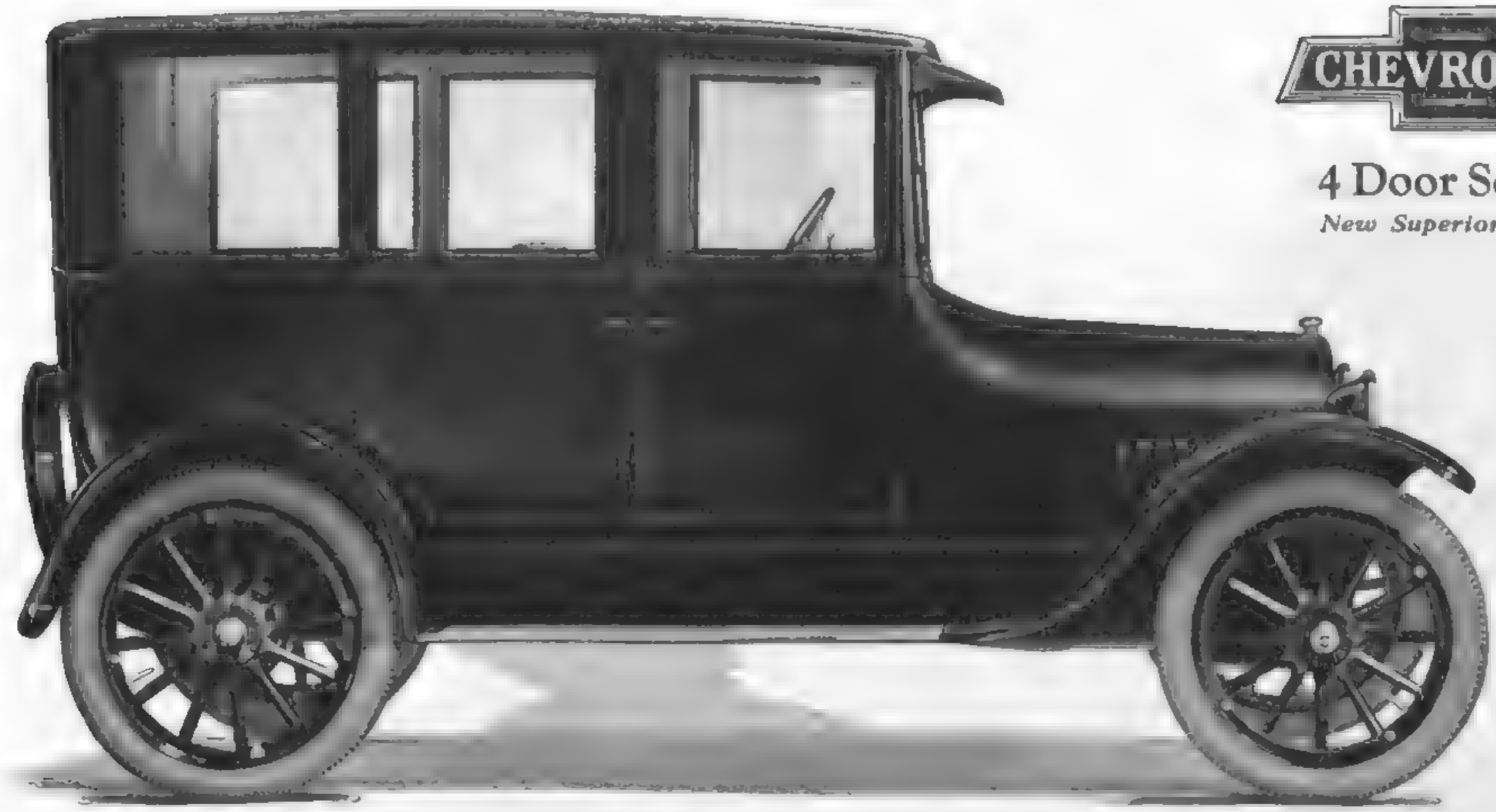
Ten words exactly. How like a woman! A woman thought nothing of spending forty dollars on a hat, but to save a few cents would boil a telegram to its bare bones. Though it contained the information he desired he found the message unsatisfactory. Her telegrams usually ended with the word "love." That, though, would have made eleven words. But how like her, that last self-sacrificing phrase, telling him not to trouble to stop at Cleveland on the way back, although he well knew her eagerness to see him.

The effect upon Parrish of his wire to Alice was so agreeable that, two days later, he telegraphed again. This time there was no answer. Two days more passed, however, before he noticed that; and by then the foreground of his mind was occupied by something else: Why didn't that letter come from Rita?

Toward the middle of the week he had begun to look for it, having his mail sent to his room with the papers early in the morning, and making excuses to get back to the hotel during the day. But here it was Saturday; he was going home this afternoon, having heard nothing of Rita beyond what he had gleaned from New York newspapers, stale with the peculiar staleness of newspapers twenty-four hours old.

The concert had occurred on Wednesday. She had sung not only a charming

(Continued on Page 44)



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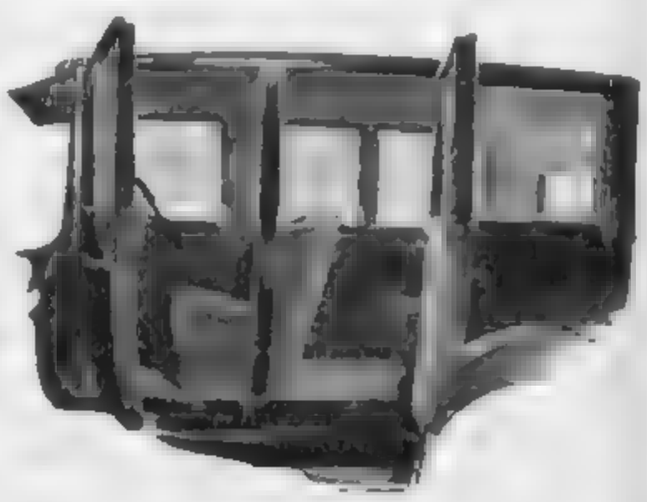

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(Continued from Page 42)

new arrangement of Bonnie Doon, but as encores two other songs by Patrick Delaney, the promising young American composer, who provided a sympathetic accompaniment. Both the papers he saw mentioned that Rita had been in unusually fine voice.

On the line that passed through Cleveland he was offered an upper berth. He took another road. Alice would understand. In New York, of course, letters from her would be awaiting him. When he answered them he would explain. But when on Sunday afternoon he reached his apartment, he had only one thought: To see Rita. The early twilight was shadowing the city as he arrived at her house.

"Mademoiselle is not well," said Pierre. "I will see."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" Parrish asked, alarmed.

"Only a little cold, monsieur, but she did not get up to-day. Mademoiselle has to be so very careful. She sings to-morrow night."

Pierre was not such a bad sort after all!

While he was gone Parrish traced patterns on the rug with his cane.

"This way, monsieur," invited the butler as he returned.

Up those two well-remembered flights he led the way, and at Rita's bedroom door stood aside and motioned Parrish to enter. The sounds coming from within were not indicative of illness. Several people were talking animatedly, and Parrish entered to the accompaniment of a rumbling chuckle, uttered by a bearded gentleman reclining upon the foot of Rita's bed, whom he at once recognized as the big basso, Frémecourt.

"And what do you think she do then?" he thundered. "You think she thank me? Hah! No!" He roared derisively. "No! She call me names. 'You grea-at, beeg, clumsy bool!' she say. And all for what? Because I try to do her leetle service! I say to her: 'Madame, your skirt is beautiful, but it leetle beet open in the back.'" He threw up his hands in comic resignation.

Rita, while joining in the laughter, waved to Parrish. He crossed the room, took her outstretched hand, and somewhat to his surprise found himself being drawn down by it.

"On the cheek," she said. "I have a cold. You know Mrs. Fernis, I think, and Mr. and Mrs. Schoen? And this beeg bool, sitting where I should like to put my feet, is Monsieur Frémecourt—Mr. Parrish."

Laughing again they greeted him. Frémecourt rose, made Parrish a brief little bow, and cried out to Rita in booming protest:

"Hah! So you, too, call me bool? It is too much! I go!" He took her hand, bent over, and for a moment extinguished her in his astrakhan beard. Then standing erect he smacked his lips and with a grand gesture proclaimed, "You see, my darling, I do not fear to kees your sweet lips. Your leetle germs have for me no terrors. On the contrary, they shall have a nice nesting place in my beard."

With a flourish of farewells he departed, and had hardly gone when Mrs. Fernis rose.

"Remember, dear," she warned, "the doctor said you were not to talk. You've been talking altogether too much. I blame myself for having stayed so long."

The Schoens made this their cue for departing also.

"I suppose I ought to go too," said Parrish, left alone with her. As he spoke he drew his chair close to the bed.

"Oh, not right away," she said. "Tell me about your trip."

"There's nothing to tell," said he, "except that I accomplished what I went for. I thought you said you'd write to me?"

"I did start a letter, but some people came in and interrupted me and I didn't have time to finish it."

"Let me have it anyway. I've never had a letter from you, you know."

"Oh," she answered, "I found it kicking around my desk yesterday and tore it up. I had your telegram by then, you see."

There was a knock at the door.

"The doctor, mademoiselle," announced Pierre.

Parrish rose as the middle-aged physician entered, carrying his bag.

"What would you do with a girl like this?" he began as soon as she had introduced them. "I can't do anything with her. I tell her not to use her voice, and I come and find a mob of people leaving the house."

"Mr. Parrish just came," defended Rita.

"And I'm just going," he supplemented.

"Anyway," Rita went on, "all you doctors are bullies." She turned to Parrish: "Of course you know about their latest fad? Colds aren't colds any more—they're autointoxication, if you please. So what does this brute do? He puts me on a diet: Nothing fit to eat. And I love my little tummy so!"

"A lot of difference it makes what I tell you to do!" retorted the doctor good-humoredly. "I can't see why you have me at all. Yes, I can, too—to patch you up in time to sing. You're too strong for your own good, young lady; that's what's the matter with you!"

He laid his case on a table near the bed and opened it. As he did so Pierre entered, carrying a tray. The doctor looked at it.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "What's that bacon doing on top of that milk toast?"

"I can't eat that soggy stuff without something to flavor it," protested Rita.

"But I told you," the doctor insisted, "nothing smoked and nothing fried."

"Pierre," said Rita, "you must learn to time your entrances. Take the tray back and bring it after the doctor has gone."

"Without that bacon!" added the latter severely as he screwed the top on an atomizer.

Parrish took Rita's hand. What a lovely invalid she was!

"Tuesday night, then?"

"Yes, unless I'm dead of starvation."

"A little before eight?"

She nodded.

The rosy glow of lamps fell caressingly upon her face and throat. He held her hand for an instant, gazing at her. Frémecourt had kissed her on the lips before them all. Why couldn't he before the doctor? But he knew why. It was because he wanted to so much.

XXVI

ON MONDAY he had men up to tune and polish his miniature grand piano, and he left word with Ito to be sure to have the polisher remove that mark on the music rack where a cigarette had burned it, long ago. On his way downtown he bought a piano lamp with a carved Florentine base and a shade of Burgundy-color silk, and that evening he and Ito did some rearranging in the living room, turning the piano so that a person seated at the instrument would face the room, with the lamplight falling from behind. When the room was settled to his liking Parrish tried Rita's photograph, in its new silver frame, in various places. It looked best, he thought, upon the mantelpiece, where Alice's picture, also silver framed, had so long stood alone.

But where to put Alice? He carried the portrait to his room and tried it on his dresser and his chiffonier; then, dissatisfied, he went into the library and stood it on his desk, where for some curious reason it again seemed out of place. Strange how hard it was to find a corner for it. The effort made him sad.

He had not greatly relished the thought of facing a pile of letters from Alice on that desk when he returned from Chicago, but having found none he discovered he was disappointed. Never before had she gone so long without communicating with him. It was very peculiar. With a sigh he took up his pen to write to her.

His letter did not altogether satisfy him. Under the circumstances, however, it was the best he could do; he hoped she would not notice the gaps. He sealed it, affixed a special-delivery stamp, dropped it in the mail chute in the hall, and returned to the living room.

How different it looked now, with the new lamp, the piano turned around and Rita's picture on the mantelpiece! That, of course—the placing of her picture there—was the great change. A grim little allegory of the love life of a man!

Next morning he gave Ito explicit directions about that evening's dinner. They would have cocktails, and for hors d'œuvre, fresh caviare; the soup would be Russian borsch; then *filets mignon* with mushrooms under glass, and crisp little potatoes gaufrette, followed by salad, cheese and coffee. He would bring some of that special coffee home with him this afternoon.

From his well-stocked wine closet he took the two bottles he most prized: A Chartreuse which had been extremely choice even in pre-Volstead days, and his last quart of Krug 1908.

He wore a fur-lined coat that day. Winter had come back. A fine snow driven by a gale from the northwest stung his face as he walked to the Elevated, leaning into the wind.

Anyway, her cold was better; she had sung last night.

The roadbed of the Elevated was covered with a thin layer of snow, like frosting on a cake. The man at the ticket-chopping box had the collar of his blue cloth coat turned up; his face was purple with the cold, and frozen breath clung to his mustache. Now and then he would put his woolen mittens to his ears as he jigged in his felt boots, his back to the storm. A fashionably costumed woman standing near him, waiting for the train, wore a turban and cape of caracul, under which her arms were folded and her shoulders hunched, elevating the cape and making it and the skirt beneath seem even shorter than the fashion of the day demanded. Of her face one could see only a pair of bright eyes, a bit of upper lip and a saucy nose. On her feet were light patent-leather slippers with French heels, and these, and the trim length of taupe-colored silk stocking she exhibited—stockings the shade of sunburned legs—seemed the more inadequate in contrast to the warm bulk of the cape. Parrish shivered as he looked at her.

All day the storm continued, the high wind sweeping the hard little pellets of snow out of the streets and into corners, like a hasty housekeeper cleaning up for company; and when as he opened the door of his apartment that evening he was greeted by the pleasant odor and cheerful crackle of burning logs, he had an inspiration.

"Ito," he said as he gave his servant the package of special coffee, "set a little table for dinner in the living room beside the fire."

When, after dressing, he returned, he critically surveyed the arrangement.

"Excellent," he said to the Japanese, "except, instead of placing the lady opposite me, seat her here facing the fire."

To-night Rita surprised him by arriving ahead of time. He was aware of the fragrance of fresh air about her as he took her sable cape, and as Ito carried the garment to the other room he did not waste the opportunity. Her cheek felt like a rose fresh from the refrigerator of a florist.

Perceiving the table set by the fire, she exclaimed with pleasure, and, crossing, rested a slippered foot upon the fender, holding her hands toward the burning logs.

On her wrist his bracelet sparkled splendidly, sending out needles of brilliance, red, green and white. The wavering flames cast changing lights and shadows on her arms and face, and touched the folds of her black velvet gown with a mysterious rosy bloom.

A woman and a grate fire—Rita beside his hearth! He tingled with a sense of domesticity.

Ito came in with the cocktails. Standing beside the table they touched glasses and drank. Setting down her glass Rita found the orchids at her place and held them against her gown.

"But I won't put them on now," she said, laying them beside her plate. "I want them here where I can see them."

The dinner pleased her. With the enthusiasm of one playing truant from a diet she praised it, course by course.

"And this wine—delicious!" she said.

"The last quart of my 1908 Krug," he told her, gratified. "I've been saving it for a great occasion."

"It is nice of you to have made it this occasion, but you shouldn't have opened it for me. I don't need stimulation."

"If you mean you don't need it this evening," he returned playfully, "I could distill a compliment out of that."

"Help yourself."

As Ito was in the kitchen he mischievously chose to place his own construction on the invitation; whereupon she feigned a great demureness, singing:

Je ne savais que dire, et j'ai rougi d'abord.

"Yes," he said, greatly pleased with himself because he recognized the fragment as from Faust, "but Marguerite was Early Victorian. I prefer Louise's idea of love. Marguerite is a wax doll in a blond wig. She's so good and so pathetic. Instead of being victimized she should have married some worthy burgher and become the mother of a happy family."

"Let's send her out boat riding in the park with Lohengrin," said Rita.

"All right, but Louise—she's the one I'm interested in. She stands out from

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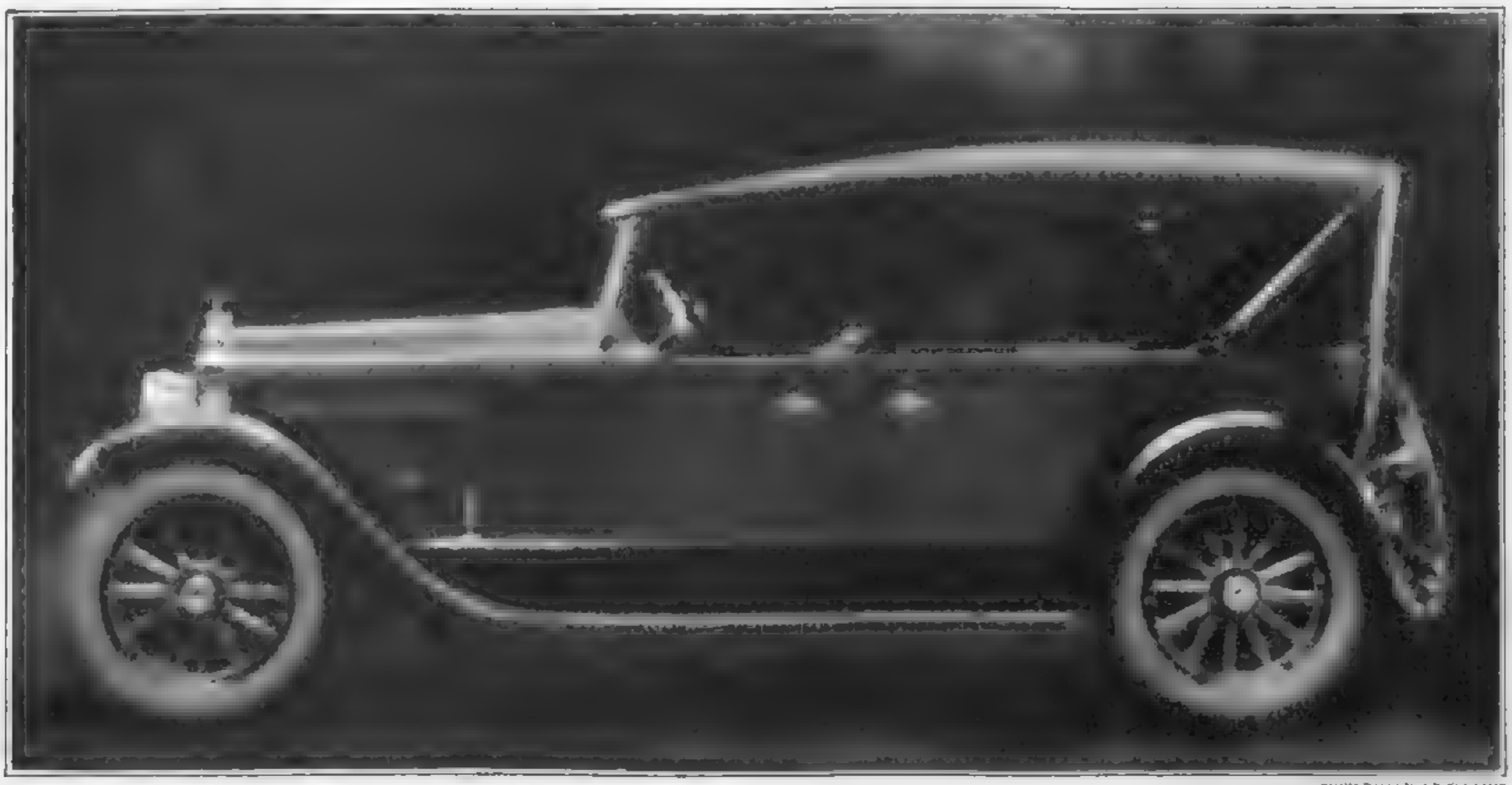
PACKARD



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(Continued from Page 44)

other operatic heroines as you do from other women. Her poet may quarrel with her later on, but she'll never bore him. If they quarrel it'll be because he's jealous of her."

"Yes," she agreed, "Louise isn't an easy lady to hold. Undoubtedly she'll tire of him. And when she does, let's give her a career. Let's have her take up with Lieutenant Pinkerton and pay him off for jilting Madame Butterfly by eloping with Parsifal."

"By all means," he agreed. "An affair with Louise would be a good thing for Parsifal. It would teach him something about life."

Over their coffee and liqueur they laughed together. As they rose he lighted a cigarette. Rita picked up her orchids and moving to the piano tried it with an arpeggio.

"A good tone," she remarked, as if she had not expected it.

"You're surprised?"

"A little," she said, seating herself and laying the orchids on the music rack.

"May I ask why?"

"Oh—bachelors' pianos." She spoke airily.

"What do you know about bachelors' pianos?"

Rita laughed.

"They're apt to be like their owners—a little battered," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

"Excuse me. I thought you smoked only to tease Busini." He hastened to offer his case.

"This time," she answered as he gave her a light, "it's because your dinner was too good."

After a few puffs at the cigarette she laid it down and began to modulate softly from key to key.

"Some friends brought a Southern girl to my house the other day," she told him as she played. "They wanted me to hear her. She had some negro songs—the real thing. Have you ever heard that plantation song, All God's Children Got Shoes? And she did some modern ones—blues—very funny. Of course I can't sing so soon after dinner, but ——" She played an accompaniment and began, half reciting:

"I got de blues and I'm too dahn mean to cry . . ."

ending with:

"Some people say dose weary blues ain't bad. It's jus' de wuss ole feelin' dat I ever had!"

Now and then she would glance up at Parrish as he leaned on the piano, and there was an amused expression in her eyes which told him she was taking a childish delight in doing something so remote from her usual repertoire.

"I've been teaching it to Frémecourt," she said as she ended. "You ought to hear him try to get the negro accent." Then with sudden enthusiasm: "There's an idea! I'll give a party and have him sing some of these songs. We'll call it a week from to-night—unless you hear from me to the contrary." She rose from the piano. "Now what about those treasures you were going to show me?"

He led her about, keeping close to her as he exhibited the portraits and the more important pieces of furniture from Blenkinswood: the Gilbert Stuarts, the Sully, the St. Memins; the Duncan Phyfe dining table, sideboard and chairs; the old silver punchbowl; the Lowestoft china; the card table at which Washington had played when visiting Blenkinswood; the armchair of his host, a signer of the Declaration; and the Chinese Chippendale clock ordered out from England by Parrish's three-times-great-grandfather Blenkin. There were letters about that clock—written in the old gentleman's distinguished hand, in ink now brown with age, on sheets of handmade paper. Parrish had found them in a chest in the attic of the plantation house and had sent the most interesting specimens to an expert who had reënforced them with silk at their worn folds, and mounted them in portfolios, along with steel engravings of the venerable house and of several of his ancestors.

The table having been removed from beside the fire, and the couch pushed back to its usual position, Parrish brought the old papers from the library and, seating himself beside Rita, placed the first portfolio in her lap, turning the sheets for her and explaining as he went along.

They had looked at a number of letters and had come to an engraving showing the house with its new wing—added in 1791—when the old clock slowly boomed the hour. It was ten.

"What day is this?" suddenly demanded Rita, turning to him sharply.

"Tuesday."

"But—the date?"

"March first. What's the matter?"

"The first!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. The open portfolio slipped from her lap to the floor, the papers scattering on the rug, but she seemed not to notice them.

"Heavens! I've had a feeling all evening—— Now I *have* done it! A dinner in my honor to-night—at the Krausses'!"

"Oh, that's too bad," said Parrish, relieved.

From her agitation he had feared it might be something worse. "Yes, it's too bad. But"—he shrugged—"well, you simply weren't there, that's all."

"But you don't understand! It's terribly important! If it wasn't for Hermann Krauss there wouldn't be any opera! For heaven's sake get me my wrap! I must rush right up there!"

"Nonsense! It would be half past ten when you arrived—they'd be going home. And your car—where's your car?"

She was near the door. Now she walked swiftly back, stepping on one of the papers.

"Don't argue!" she cried, clenching her two fists. "Quickly! Get my cape! And a taxi! I must get there if I have to walk in the snow!"

In spite of his reluctance he was stirred to action by her vehemence. Slowly, resentfully he moved toward his room, where the sable cape lay on his bed. But his pace did not suit her.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried, following on his heels.

A fine ending, this, for their evening! Before picking up the cape he turned to make a last appeal.

"Rita," he began, "have a little sense! How can you ——"

"Will—you—hurry?" she cried shrilly.

He took up the cape and half flung it around her. Then in a paroxysm of angry longing he seized her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"There's no time for this!" Her voice was smothered. She pushed away from him, beating with one fist upon his chest.

He let her go.

She rushed from the room.

"Wait!" he called after her. "Give me a chance to get my hat and coat, anyway!"

"You don't need to come! I don't need you!" The words streamed back to him as she raced toward the outer door.

He ran to the hall, seized his coat and, struggling into it as he went, joined her in the corridor, where she was waiting for the elevator. She did not look at him. They did not speak.

The door man hailed a passing taxi. As it stopped it skidded in a pocket of snow beside the curb. Parrish, endeavoring to help her in, had only a sense of the sweep of fur upon his finger tips.

"I don't need you!" she reiterated from the darkness within.

"Get over!" he said roughly, and after giving the driver the address he shoved his way through the narrow door and slammed it shut.

At the end of their short, silent drive he alighted, ceremoniously assisted her across the walk and rang the doorbell. Then, as a footman opened the inner door, he lifted his hat and gave her a stiff good night.

"Good night," she replied pleasantly. And as she passed in she added over her shoulder, "Good night, Bruin."

He got back into the taxi and drove home. His feet were cold and wet; snow had leaked in over the edges of his pumps. It would serve her right if he got pneumonia and died.

His apartment was still redolent of her. When with her he had never noticed that she used perfumery, but now that she was gone the place was haunted by her ghostlike fragrance. The cheerful fire was now a mockery. He went to his bedroom to change his pumps, and crossing the floor kicked something with his foot. It proved to be a gold-mesh bag with a diamond-studded frame. Undoubtedly it had valuable contents. She would worry about it. Let her, then! He put it in his safe. If she wanted to find out about it she could telephone!

(Continued on Page 48)

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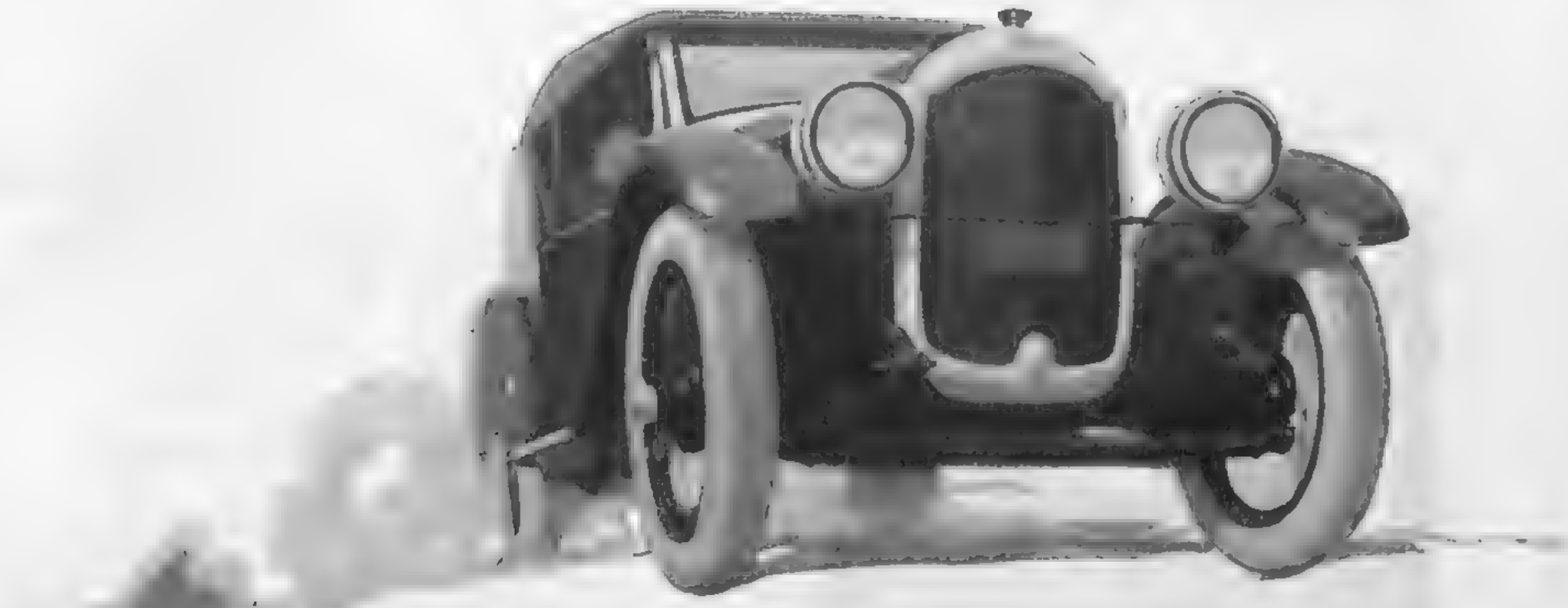

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(Continued from Page 46)

In his slippers he returned to the living room. The Blenkinswood portfolio and its contents still lay upon the rug where she had dropped them; his indignation flamed anew as he got down to pick them up. Such frail old papers! She could so easily have laid them aside! One of the Signer's letters had been torn in falling; and in the center of the engraving showing Blenkinswood with its new wing—added in 1791—was the ruinous imprint of a sharp little French heel.

Having gathered the papers he sat down on the sofa to arrange them in their proper order.

The fact of the matter was that Rita hadn't been interested in them. He saw that clearly now. She had been bored. Her attention had wandered. That was how she came to remember her engagement at the Krausses'. Bored with these things! Priceless old Americana! Bored with Blenkinswood—his house! Alice wouldn't have been bored! She was always asking him to show her those portfolios.

With a tenderness he had never before felt for them he carried the portfolios to the library and laid them in their place. Rita had only looked into the library; there he seemed for a moment to elude her, but upon his return to the living room that subtle scent again assailed his nostrils. Maddening! He must get it out of here. Cold though it was, he would open a window. Passing the piano on his way to the window he stopped short. The orchids! He picked them up. Already they were drooping

The window was frozen shut; he had to hammer with both hands at the sash to open it. When it did open it flew up because of the momentum from his final blow, and a great gust of freezing air burst in, snapping the window-shade and setting the draperies awhirl. With his left hand he seized the agitated curtains, holding them aside. Then, drawing back, he poised himself and hurled the orchids out into the icy blackness.

Women! They talked of love! What did they know about love? Devotion? Oh, yes, they'd accept plenty of that! And plenty of everything else too! But when it came to reciprocating—showing some consideration for a man—they simply weren't there! The least little thing—an engagement, or anything—would set them flying off at a tangent. They were a lot of unreliable, luxury-loving, selfish pussycats! Give them a cozy cushion by the fire and they'd purr for a while, but just when you began to trust them they'd sink their claws in you. Women!

Sullenly he closed the window, put out the lights and went into his bedroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A WOMAN NAMED KATE

(Continued from Page 25.

There were other things—other memories—one sharply outstanding—of the Etheridges and Rick, only last summer at the Hallowell house. After all, hedge or evade, the nucleus of her meditation was the Etheridges—Lily Etheridge, in her widowhood, soft and appealing in her half mourning, with little four-year-old Paul, a baby cherub with red-gold hair.

Paul had fallen and hurt himself down at the end of the wide green lawn, and Rick had gone to pick him up. They came back together, Rick carrying the little chap, his shoulder cradling Paul's bright head, and Lily at his side, her face turned up to him.

Kate had heard an out-of-town visitor exclaim: "So that's the father of that lovely baby! What a stunning couple!"

"Oh, no, that's our Mr. Alverdy—Richard Alverdy, of our mills. He has no children. But they do make a charming picture—quite *en famille*. Lily's so sweet and pretty, and such a perfect little mother too."

A queer little lightninglike flicker of pain had tightened Kate's body for an instant as Rick and Lily had come up to the porch. Then she had gone to meet them—this and a dozen, a hundred, similar scraps of remark floated up into her consciousness now.

She had always accepted the implications of condolence in them for herself. Wasn't it her denial, the stultification of all her latent instinct, that the warm little clinging bodies she took up and embraced—the little Paul, her little nieces, all the others—should be the children of other women? And she herself cheated! This thought always brought her to the edge of a dark abyss of disillusionment, a sort of spiritual tarn in which she had drowned certain bright hopes and expectations, cultivating on its brink substitute flowers of more material character. You had to take what life served to you—be satisfied.

But now she realized she had been concerned chiefly with her own denial—she hadn't thought of Rick. Though he was four years her senior, he was a still-young man. Why, men of his age every day founded new dynasties! If she—what was Miss Conway's hideous forthright word?—if she abdicated there was still time for—her lip curled, even while it trembled—for a Queen Louisa of Prussia—Lily Etheridge! Rick could have Lily like a shot. A man of Rick's looks and achievements could marry anybody, Kate thought confidently. Women were always falling in love with him, and Lily drooped like a ripe pear on a bough—courting protection. They were together so often—why, it was obvious ——

Kate pressed her hands together again, with something like a mingled sob and snort of contempt. She threw up her head with a quick, imperious movement, shrugged like one throwing off a burden and ran upstairs. She uttered at her bedroom door "The woman's wooden oath"; but, once inside, her valor drooped again.

She heard the hum of Rick's car coming up the drive. They were going out to lunch together, and she must not be unpunctual. But when she had got out the chosen luncheon frock, a georgette of the delicate pink that was her favorite color, had slipped from her morning dress and drawn the shell pins out of her thick hair, her pace grew slow and torpid. She heard Rick's brisk step on the stair, heard him come into his room and presently set up a splashing in his bathroom. But she only sat still before her dressing table and stared into her glass.

She could see behind her head all the contour and coloring of the pretty room she called her own, the lilac rose of the walls, the warm ivory of her Empire furniture, the big sunny bay where her personal desk stood with certain special books, manifestations of her secret wish—a Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verse, a Field, a Riley, a Walter de la Mare, Pater's Child in the House. Above it a little cast of a Della Robbia *bambino*, some photographs—perhaps a dozen—of little friends, her nieces. But for these and Petunia Rosyblow her house would have worn no trace of child presence.

To the right she could glimpse the interior of her bathroom, a symphony in nickel and enamel, and to its left Rick's door. His bedroom was the replica of hers except in furnishing: mahogany for Rick, with dull maroon rugs and hangings, with tortoise-shell fixings to dress with, a bright blanket on his day bed, and on the walls an odd motley of pistols, Old World weapons, the head of the big moose he had killed in the Alberta country, and in the drawers and cupboards the rows of Rick's shoes and ties and shirts and socks, those intimate, plain, mannish things whose order and replenishment she supervised, that formed her particular *milieu* in Rick's masculine world. All these things, actually and unconsciously, made the background for the head and face that looked out of Kate's mirror.

Men called Kate Alverdy handsome. They had been frank about it to herself, and she was conscious of it, quite dispassionately and free of all vanity. She had had no particular beauty in her youth—only a sort of gawky, ardent grace. She was of that type that comes into its own tardily; that in the September or October of life shames swiftlier blossoming sisters with a persistent accent of youth deferred, of girlishness. There was a virginal look, a freshness about Kate's bare throat that was the despair of the masseuse ridden. Her chin and throat might have been a young girl's; her arms were round but slender; as Miss Conway had said, nothing matronly—motherly. Above the finely drawn sweet line of her neck her face gleamed back at her, a good ten years younger than her actuality. Her oval cheeks were smooth

(Continued on Page 50)

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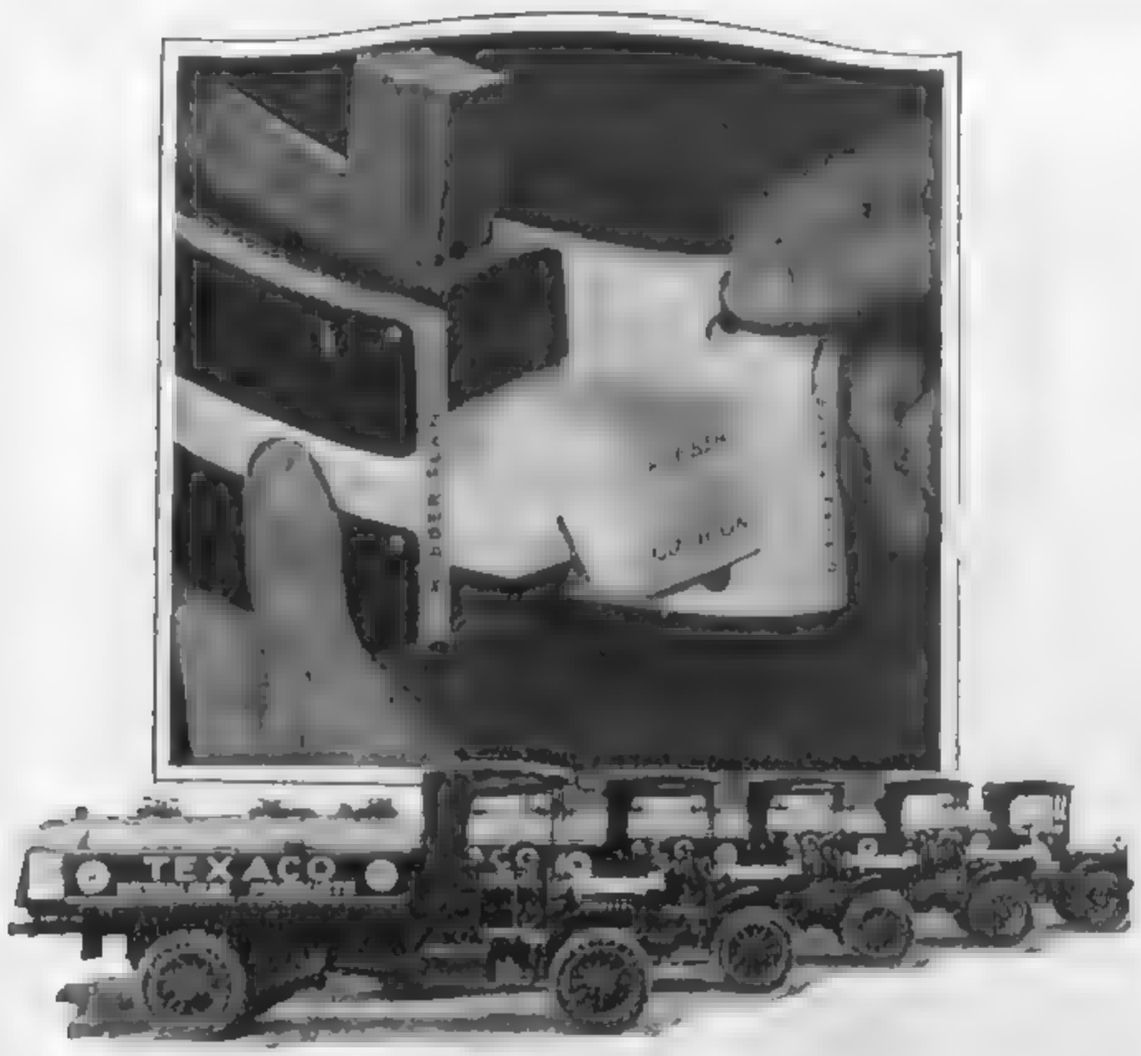

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(Continued from Page 48)

and firm, her eyes clear, candid, scarcely marked by line or wrinkle. Only her hair—Kate's hair had always been her pride; a dusky, silky, too heavy mass that rippled below her waist. Now, of late years, a little fan of silver had crept up on her temple, like a white elflock thrusting in. It was curious, fantastic, even a little quaint. Rick called it a granny lock.

Rick had always been proud of her hair. He had liked to touch it, and once, even, he had brought her a poem—a little sheepishly—with a line in it referring to another woman whose hair "smelt of apples and lavender"

"Just like yours, Kate," he had said. But that had been many years before.

She could hear Rick moving briskly about, and she wished suddenly he would come in and speak to her. She was too experienced in matrimony to expect him to remember her birthday. Sometime before night it would probably occur to him, or at least in the next few days, and he would be contrition itself and write her a sumptuous check.

It was not for this she wanted him. And presently she called to him.

He came into the open doorway. He was in his shirt sleeves, tying a cravat, his chin elevated to a supercilious angle, his hair tousled from his scrubbing. Even thus, under circumstances detrimental to ordinary masculine beauty, Rick was, Kate reflected, the handsomest man of her acquaintance—tall and shapely, with his finely poised head.

"I had a caller this morning, Ricky—she's just gone—a Miss Camilla Conway."

"Oh, yes, the little health fiend! Regular little dynamo, and fresh as a daisy. Lily Etheridge is helping her with her stunts here. They've been at me hammer and tongs to give them a booth at the fair. Oughtn't you hurry a little, Kate? I'm late myself, but Lily was in the office this morning going over her plans, and I nearly forgot this spree."

Into the reflected image of Kate's face there stole a change. She was aware of it herself—watched it like a curiously detached spectator. Something dimmed it, as though it had been breathed upon, pinched it with a delicate frost, struck from it all its prettiness. Even Rick —

"You look tired, old dear. What's the matter?"

But Kate, watching the sudden blight, was only thinking how disunited body and spirit might be—what a lie the flesh was at times. Under the newly white, fatigued face her spirit was caught into a vortex of seething emotion. Her face looked cold—old, even—but her heart was half suffocated under an engulfing warmth, a wave of desperate emotion, of human love for Rick, for this man opposite her engaged in his homely personal task of dressing. It was like an echo of some old, fragrant, half-forgotten memory caught up with strands of despair and a strangely spiritual and sacrificial passion. But marriage develops reticences; she gave no sign of it. She put out a hand to gather some little appurtenances from her dresser and said in a bright, level voice: "Oh, I'm all right, Rick! Be ready in a minute!"

II

IT HAD been a genuine love match. Kate had grown up in a shabby little house in Baxter Street, where her experience in married or family life—in the outer, or manifest, phenomena of what is called love—had not been especially happy. She was one of a family of five—two sisters, her mother, her father. Her father had been an ineffectual, poorly provident sort of person, with certain inartistic—his wife called them coarse—predilections.

Early in their life together her mother had become quite unconsciously a matrimonial apple borer; a small, inconspicuous, gentle little woman, but, like the borer, capable of deadly and effective havoc. She produced it by references to "your father's disposition," "your father's sort of investments," "your father's unfortunate appetite," with an effect of disclaiming any participation. She had a decided taste for gentility. She read the society items and noted deaths and alliances of the city's leading families—of even larger places. She was very punctilious in her table etiquette, curling her little finger carefully over her teacup handle. She wore little jabots of lace, and belonged to a small, shabby-genteel club which discussed and studied Browning. She was a lady by instinct, in short, and Kate's father was—well, otherwise. Kate used the word "earthy."

He wasn't very neat about his shoes or the brushing of his clothes, and when he grew earnest in his conversation he made certain gestures with his thumbs, and he had a taste for rather vulgar, unladylike food—onion soup. He seemed discouraged, rather silent most of the time, though at rare intervals, when he laughed among them, Kate discerned in a flash the presence of a quite different person in him—someone securely hidden from the casual eye.

By reason of these contrasts and an eternal deprecation, a constant surface bitterness, home was rather unpleasant. Her father offered a mutely resigned but impassive front; her mother continued to bore. Kate sometimes thought it very sad, because they had—presumably—married for love. Indeed, her mother declared it was immoral to marry for any other reason. Neither parent was a bad sort. They supported their obligation to society; they accepted their rôle, the yoke the world imposed on them. It was merely, the girl sometimes thought, a matter of the world, anyhow. They couldn't live together here—that was all. People could be like that. She had an idea that presently, when they shuffled off their mortal coil and went to some other place, where such matters as Browning and onion soup didn't matter, they might come to love again.

Anyhow, when Kate was eighteen she was firmly resolved to evade married life. She had observed in her own and others' experience that it wasn't a successful affair, so why bother? She had to say this rather firmly to still a little hidden inner voice that kept urging her to certain golden-hued vagaries of thought that cropped up in idle moments, urging upon her the age-old fallacy of special exemption, of her capacity to make something special and roseate out of what had proved a common failure.

Kate would have none of it—outwardly. She was going to be practical, and to this end she enrolled in a day normal school, coming home across the city every evening to help her mother get tea. Kate was at this time a tall, slim, rather awkward girl, with a fresh color, handsome eyes, good teeth and tons of fine hair. Her clothes were atrocious—worn discards of her older sisters, a shabby made-over fur tippet of her mother's, shoes that were delicate creations of cobbling art. But she was quite happy, serene even in shabbiness, because she was healthy and young; perhaps, also, because she never succeeded in choking that inner seductive voice which in some queer, reassuring way defied her to disprove that something lovely was presently to happen—as it did.

One raw, blustery February evening Kate, staying for extra work, was given a message by her principal to deliver on the way home. It was for her principal's sister, the matron of the woman's wing of Chalkeley Municipal Hospital, the low, yellow, ugly bulk of which covered a whole block of Kate's homeward way.

In the dim February glow she entered the single door that interrupted this bleak façade, and quickly found the senior Miss Block in her scrubbed and disinfected little office. It was a cheerless place, empty in its long, lean, brown corridors as Kate had entered, but when she emerged from the office the lower corridor had bloomed into human activity.

She saw a group of well-dressed men and women coming through double doors near by, and heard Miss Block's reference to a just-completed trustees' meeting. Almost at the same time a narrow door opposite opened, and Kate caught a glimpse of some derelict women—old or middle-aged chiefly, some of them in bandages—who sat on rows of chairs, their heads bent over songbooks. They were singing—it sounded like whining—to a nasal-voiced melodeon operated by a woman with a frightfully scarred face, a crutch against her knee; and another woman—little, old, wizened, in the shapeless calico of the free hospital, with one withered, useless arm—came into the hall, a songbook in her good hand. Her homely, pock-marked face was frankly vacant, silly, as she stepped forward, half hesitating, half inviting in her gesture to the approaching trustees.

"It's our evening service. Won't ye come in?"

The men passed her with perfunctory but polite negative. The women approached more slowly, and Kate saw that

(Continued on Page 52)

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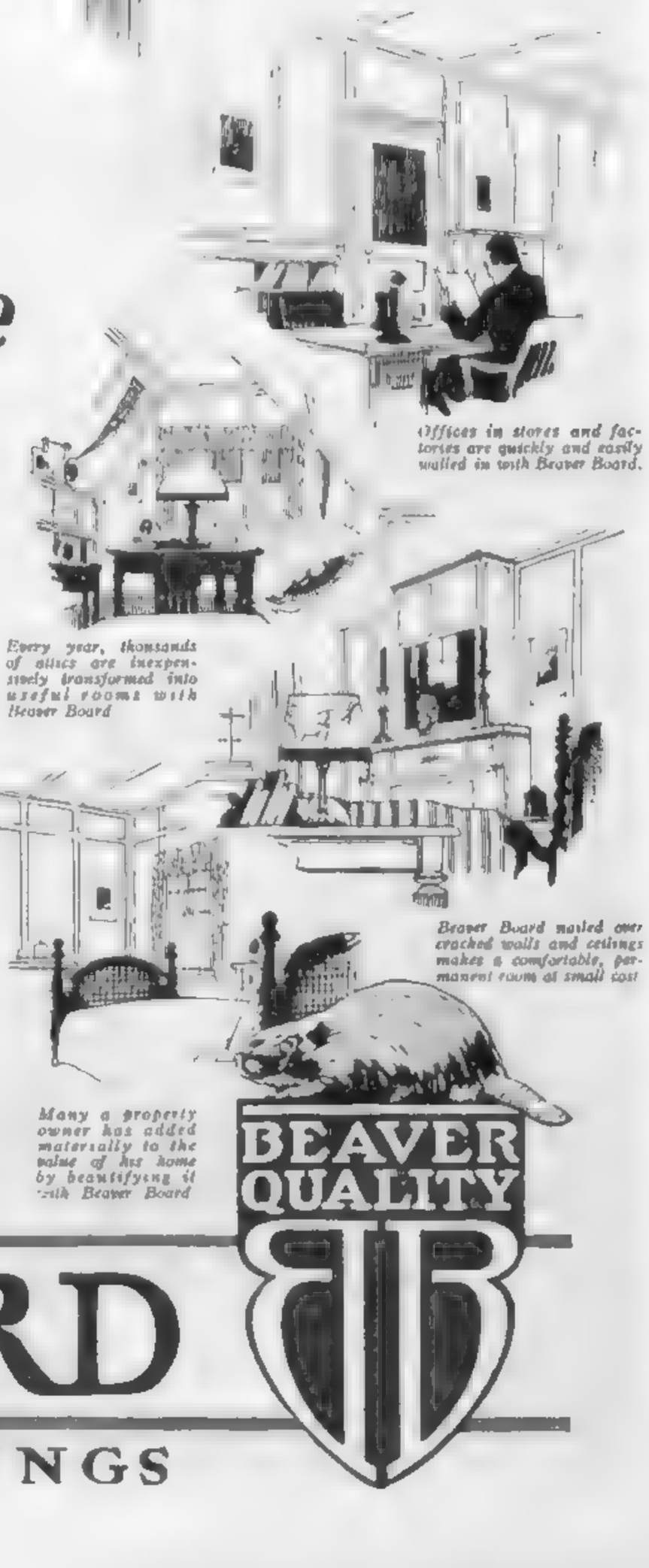
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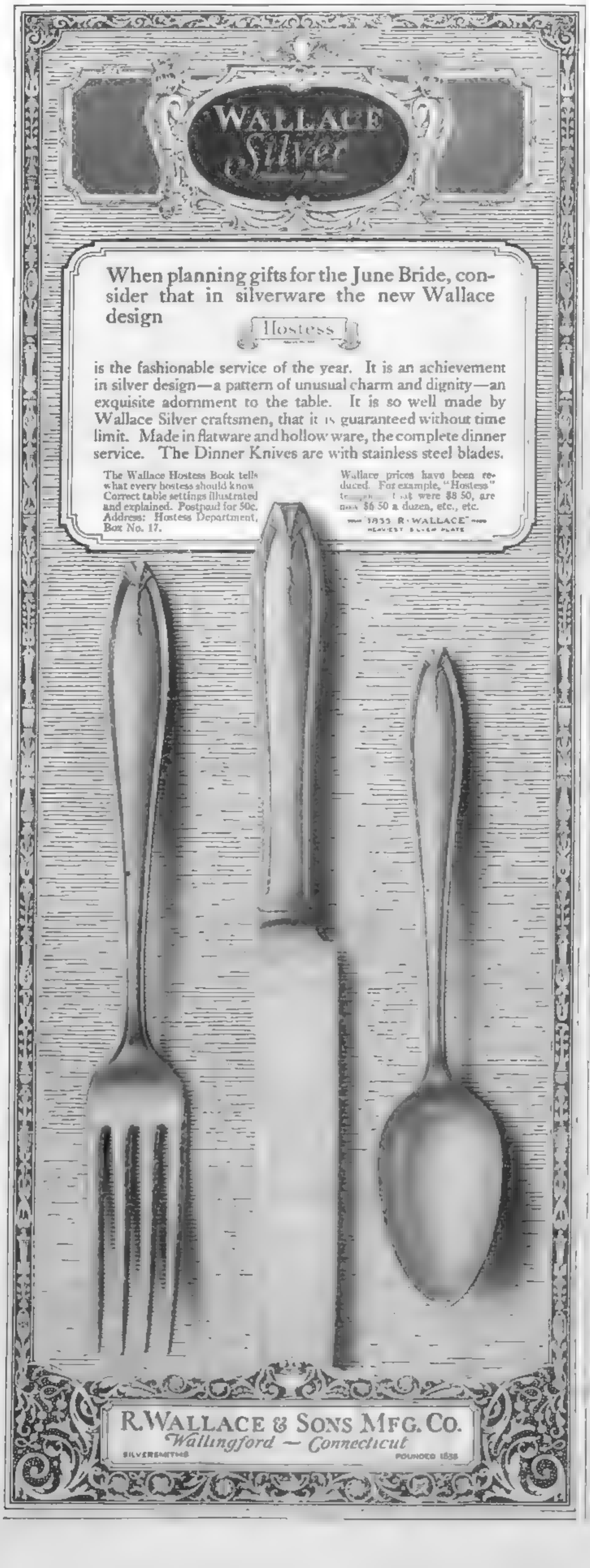
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(Continued from Page 50)

the little wizened woman had recognized one at least. She ran up to her and touched her on the arm.

"Won't ye come in to service a bit and sing a piece for us, lady?"

Kate had recognized the trustee too. She was Mrs. Helen Thornby, whose wealth and musical culture were legends; a beautiful, spoiled, still-young woman, whose rich voice had been trained in Europe, and who in certain hours of caprice favored specially advertised gatherings in the name of altruism. She saw Mrs. Thornby now in her costly apparel push the old woman aside as one brushes aside a stray, annoying dog. It was not an inhuman gesture—rather it denied the implication of humanity at all. It was so abstracted, so unaware, that a thrill of hot, quixotic rage sped through Kate—stirred her to one of her strange, swift impulses.

She stepped out in all her shabbiness, in the flare of the dingy gaslights, her books dangling on their leather strap. She laid her hand on the forlorn old woman's shoulder.

"Ask me," she said clearly, a little defiantly. "I'll come in and sing for you."

What followed was never quite clear. She found herself seated at the melodeon with a queer trembling on her. She realized the blur of unlovely, elderly but interested faces around, a darker bulk at the doorway that meant some curious individual out of the hallway group, and an actual horror settled on her. She was not a singer. She couldn't sing a note. Nobody had ever accused her of such a thing. Sometimes she sang in church or in school, her voice lost in the common vocal sea; but here—alone—a solo! She was completely crazy. It wasn't as if she felt any special compassion. These old women were well enough off, cared for respectably. Kate had all of youth's healthy distaste for poverty, disease. Her spark of anger had carried her here, and now it was gone. But she must do her part. She pressed down the melodeon keys and opened her mouth. It was really the worst voice she had ever listened to—wabbly, reedy, hideous.

"I am far frae ma hame,
An' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame bringin'
An' the feyther's welcome smiles ——."

It was really unthinkable! There was a roaring in her ears, a deep shame at her heart. Perhaps it was Mrs. Thornby who listened. How she would laugh! Kate finished the song and turned. There was no one there, only her charity audience, who thanked her and smiled upon her. One or two of them were in tears, and several were actually oppressive—demonstrative. Kate wanted to get into the air.

She escaped quickly to the hall, completely empty now. But with her hand on the door latch, he came out of the matron's office and faced her. Kate saw a tall, lean, cleanly built young fellow, with a finely molded head, a brown face under a crest of dark hair and eyes of a clear, penetrating light blue—strange, with his dusky coloring—that looked at her appraisingly, almost sternly, between close, thick, short lashes.

"I'm Richard Alverdy," he said. "I took my father's place at the meeting here, and I heard you sing. I think"—he blurted the words almost rudely—"I think you're a sweet woman."

The word "woman" startled Kate, at the very top of her girlhood years. She clutched her books tightly against her breast and stared at him.

"Oh," she cried, "I shouldn't have done it! I sing just like a frog."

He didn't deny this—couldn't.

"It wasn't the singing—you know that," he said, still sternly. Indeed, he was so stern, so dominating, so utterly virile and so beautiful that Kate found herself slipping away into a strange confusion of values. She could have died to think he had heard her sing; yet if he had bade her sing again she would have felt compelled—masterful, that was it! And quite—blinding to the eye. To hers ——

He stood looking at her, and Kate looked back. She would have sworn afterward, though, that they spoke together—even through their silence—of many things. For all his sternness, his virility, his eyes on her called up in her a strange emotion, a doglike desire to prove herself; yet a subtle recognition of some splendid, queer mutuality ——

He spoke quite abruptly.

"Well, good night," he said, and Kate then did a rude, an inept thing. She turned her shoulder, without a word, and ran out into the darkness. She cried a little to herself as she walked on under the yellow wall. At least tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Darn, darn, darn!" she sobbed, this being the profane expletive of Kate's generation. "Why didn't the earth open and swallow me?"

As if it really mattered! He was Richard Alverdy, whose father owned a fairly prosperous woolen mill at Fairvale, and she was just Kate Hallock, studying to teach. Her emotion was really unnecessary and absurd. It didn't matter a picayune to Richard Alverdy what she did—or sounded like—or looked like. Their ways would never cross. She would never see him again, anyhow.

Never is a long time. In Kate's case it lasted just three years. She had taught two years, an assistant in Miss Dell's School for Small Girls, and on a blowy, windy evening as she came out of the building and tried to put up her umbrella he spoke to her. She didn't recognize the approaching figure at all—stood tussling against the pressing wind, tugging vainly.

"Please allow me," a voice said, and added almost immediately, "Why, it's you!"

Kate made no effort to conceal her identity—only the slight sense of happy shock she knew. She responded conventionally to his next phrase, and as far as the nearest corner they were simply two people thrown together afresh after a common, unconventional experience of years before. Their conversation was, indeed, meteorological. They spoke of the weather—its quality for this time of year. They compared it with other weathers of other years, and Kate stated a preference for moderate weather of any kind—that she actually hated hot weather. And Richard said he liked winter—real winter weather—because of the sports, and the weather lately had been worse than last year's.

But at the corner he said suddenly: "Where've you kept yourself all this time? My father died right after I saw you back there at the hospital, and I've been busy as the deuce, but I've thought about you a hundred—yes, a thousand—times. You were beautiful. Where have you been? Tell me."

The words were so proprietary that Kate thrilled. She began to speak rapidly, passionately, but Richard didn't listen. His speech crossed hers; they were speaking together, their words mingling rudely, impetuously breaking down a barrier of time, revealing a hidden inner niche where each had kept the other.

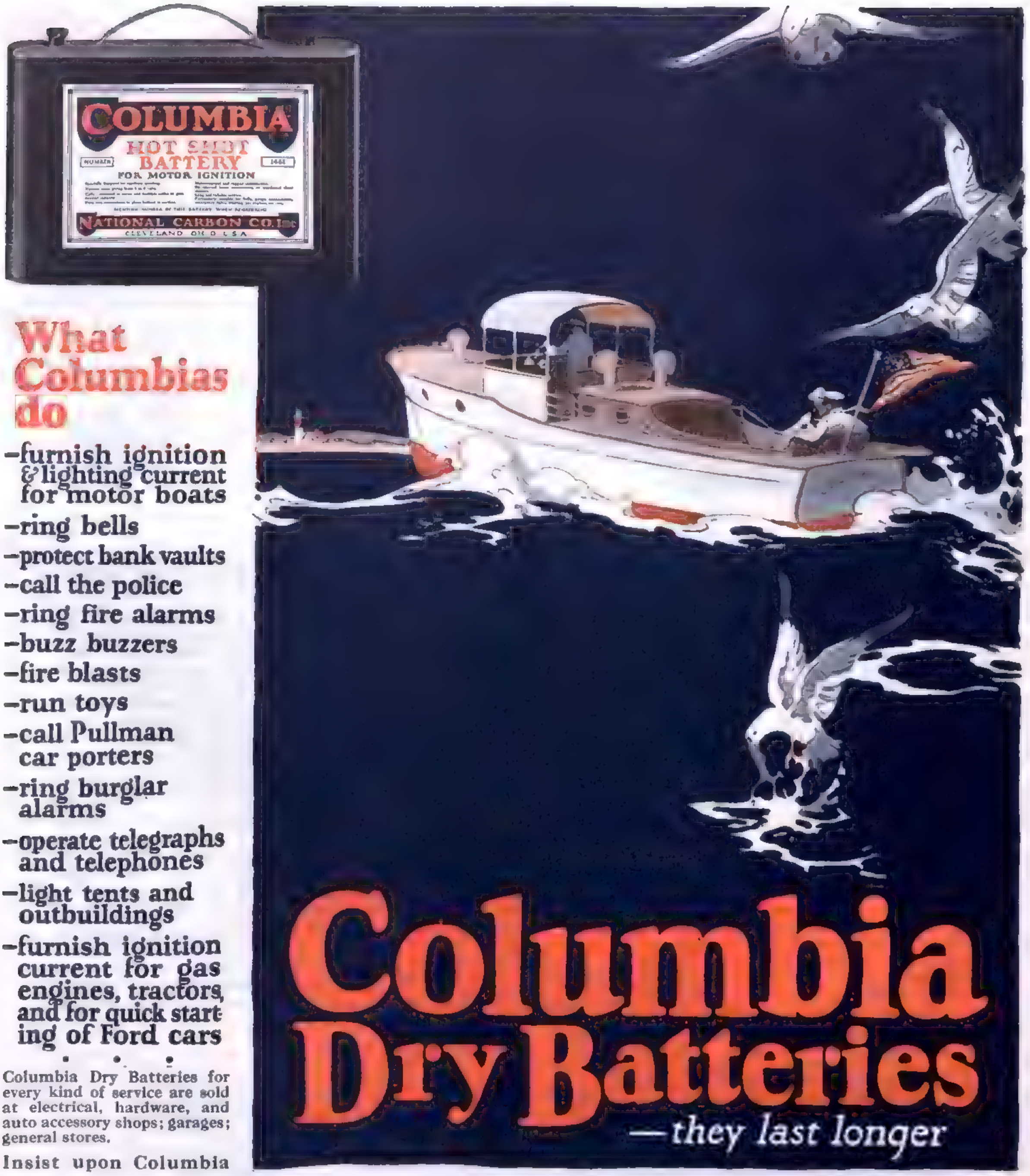
At the corner Kate realized that Richard's hand had clasped hers—that she was clinging to him. Being young, they drew apart, a little ashamed at their lack of convention. It took five weeks to bring them together again. In these five weeks they played a game of make-believe. They were outwardly compliant to every conventional demand, but in each other's eyes they read the truth, and Richard one evening voiced it.

"Look here, Kate," he said, "why do we beat around the bush so? Why do we, Kate, darling? I love you—you know it, and I know you love me. We're not the kind that need words—we knew it that night! Why, I wouldn't let you have anybody else! If your name's Kate, mine's Petruchio. I'm your bully and you're my love—my Katy. Speak up and say something, Katy!"

Kate spoke up. By these processes had she and Richard been married in the spring and come to live together in the Alverdy family house, in whose reception room she had presently hung Cousin Julius Page's gift of Napoleon Breaking the News to Josephine.

Nor had Kate ever regretted for one least fleet moment. Rick was her one and only love—her romance. For in spite of the prose and platitudes of daily life he still offered her mystery in certain phases—the very essence of romance. The change and interplay of his moods—Rick's lowerings—his moments of recurrent difficulties wrought upon by his responsibilities, his apparent utter helpless need of her at times, the sympathy and bond between them, their walks and talks and books and plans in common, their oneness, enhanced apparently by the very lack of family obligation—all these factors were knit deeply, strongly together into the inner fabric of Kate's consciousness. They made her life.

(Continued on Page 55)



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(Continued from Page 52)

She could have no life actually without them. They were part of a selfish, precious happiness—selfish in that it considered only herself. Always she had believed this fabric of happiness was Rick's also—none other desired. But now under a troubling doubt she saw, indeed, that there might be something else for him. How could she—loving him utterly—deny him any gift in her power to bestow?

Her complexity of emotion made her a little pale and languid as she emerged from the house to join him presently. She was very pretty in her blush-colored frock, with a big hat of black lace and a stole of chinchilla, but Rick did not notice. He had his brows knotted above his watch.

"Come on, Kate," he said. "Don't poke so. I've got to see a party from the Crothers people at two o'clock. Lord, I haven't got time for any jaunting this week! But people plague so—women. Lily Etheridge," he added—"she didn't get through this morning, so I suppose I'll have to have another session before the committee meets on Friday."

"Oh," said Kate, "that shouldn't be a hardship, Rick!"

"Oh, a hardship! I don't say that, but the place for Lily and girls like her's in a home. She's a pretty thing—lots of charm and all that. But mixing into business hours—you haven't the heart to throw out the pretty ones, Kate, and that's a fact."

"Of course Lily knows that."

Kate didn't speak the words, but she suddenly laid her hand lightly over Rick's—her good-looking, bossy Rick, with his nice, virile perfume of soap and tweed and tobacco.

"Lily has a dear little boy."

"She just has! Cunningest little codger! She was telling me something he said about me last Wednesday ——"

Kate lost the thread of Rick's anecdote for the sudden thought: "Rick and I have never been able to laugh together over things like that."

It occurred to her as their car rolled on under yellowing foliage how sad, how really austere September was, beneath its misleading ripeness, in its implication of nascent death and utter fulfillment—how sinister in its analogy to life's cycle.

"Lily's a nice little girl," Rick was finishing. "She's been a dandy little mother to her boy."

A scrap of a quotation flashed to Kate's mind—"And so, having given all things, there being no other left, he gave himself."

An engulfing wave of generosity flooded her. She felt suddenly remote from life, sharply aged. She was not Rick's wife—she was his mother—the mother of all men.

They were rolling up the Cosmans' drive now. On the veranda she could see brightly clad guests. Lily Etheridge would be there.

"I will be guided by what he does," she told herself with a sharply drawn breath. "If he goes to her directly, I will do it. But I will wait for that. I will wait and see. That shall decide it."

A moment and they were mounting the Cosmans' steps in a flutter of voluble hospitality. Alice Cosman had taken Kate's hands.

"So glad you and Richard came, Kate. I've so much to say to you—about the things we want to do next week for little Phœbe Wilton."

Kate was looking at her with an air of perfect attention, but she was conscious of only one fact—Richard had left her side and with deliberate precision had singled out a golden-haired woman in mauve smiling at him from one end of the veranda. Only two swift-mounting spots of crimson in Kate's cheek indicated her recognition of her self-imposed death warrant. She answered with perfect composure:

"I think it will be lovely to plan for Phœbe, Alice; but I'm afraid I'll have to be counted out. I'm going away next week. Oh, yes—I haven't decided exactly—but for quite a long time. I think—I ought to say—indefinitely."

III

IT SEEMED to Kate as the train swung her along over the rails with a swift humming rhythm that she was like one dead—entering into a region where there was no longer need or possibility of thought or action. She felt disembodied—numbed, rather—as she lay back in her chair watching the gray smoke ribbon flatten against the pale sky. It seemed to her the train itself—the rails chanted to this disembodied self of hers with a monotonous iteration.

"Going—going—going—going—going—gone! Going—going—going—going—going—gone! And a-going—and a-going—and a-going—going—gone!"

There was something chuckling, hideous, even derisive, about its murmur. Kate tried to fix her mind on other things—on the hours that lay directly ahead—but the future, being too veiled and opaque, offered nothing. She remembered instead the tension of the past week; her silently, swiftly crystallized decision; last of all the letter she had written to Rick and left on her desk—the letter in which she had tried to tell him that she was going away, like that absurd piece of femininity, Nora, in A Doll's House, who wanted a life of her own. Only here, of course, it was because she wanted to give Rick his more completely. This was the part that had been so difficult to let him see. It seemed like bathos—an absurd quixotism set on paper. She had done what she could to transmit her frame of mind. Writing it had been the only possible way. She felt she could never have spoken to Rick about it. He would have made all conventional protest, and here was something to be evolved from her soul, worked out for him, only set crudely on paper—black and white.

It had been a poor letter. It said merely that she had decided to go away; that she believed it was better for them both; that it would make for their eventual happiness for her to leave him; that she had been selfish not to have done so earlier; that she particularly wished to give him his freedom; that she believed life would offer him better things without her—would be better for them both. She had written this last with trembling fingers. It must appear a dual benefit in Rick's mind.

If the letter had been vague, it was at least irrevocable. She had left no address, and Rick would not suspect her—he would not suspect a haven with Willa Herbert in a city only seventy miles away.

Kate sat now, her hands inert on the book she could not see, watching the smoke flatten, break like an ill-defined flock of birds, melt away. Willa had written she would meet her at the Moxbury Station. She had not seen Willa in some years; remembered her chiefly as a rather handsome, rangy, loud-voiced girl who had made a disastrous matrimonial move, and followed with a second. It was fitting she should hunt up Willa.

"Divorcees should flock together," Kate thought ironically.

Suddenly in the midst of her abstraction she saw the outlying reaches of Moxbury. If Willa failed her she had no other immediate sanctuary.

But Willa had promised and had kept the promise. Kate recognized the tall, strikingly dressed, quick-glancing woman of artfully suppressed middle years moving toward her through the crowd.

"Katy, girl, I was so tickled to know you were coming to visit me! How fresh you look! I'm a fright with the pace I've gone. Come and tell me everything."

"Oh," said Kate, "there isn't much to tell." Something caught in her throat, a strangling desire to cry. She felt a sudden wild longing to burn all her bridges in a word, here on a station platform. "I haven't come to talk about myself at all, Willa," she cried with forced gayety. "I want to get away from everything for a little rest, so I thought of you."

Willa looked at her with canny gaze.

"I believe you've left your husband, Kate. Well, my dear, if you ask me, that's what husbands are for. Give me your baggage checks. My coupé's over there on the left. Don't look so bucked, Katy, if I've hit the bull's-eye." She laughed suddenly. "You're only going the way of all flesh."

"How absurd you are, Willa!" Kate laughed nervously.

A few minutes later Willa was crushing her silks and scent and beads into the coupé beside her.

"Well," she said vigorously, "it's nice to have you here, whatever the reason that sent you. Oh, Kate, don't look shocked! I'm a very wise woman. One gets that way. I had an idea when I got your letter that something was wrong. They can be so horrid, Kate, though just what ailed yours—wine, woman or song? It was song with my first one. Ted Royle was a waster—just whistled away the money dad left me. But I got it back from Ed Herbert. He was a sosh, though. There's always something. Oh, don't look like daggers and pistols, Kate! You shan't say a

(Continued on Page 57)

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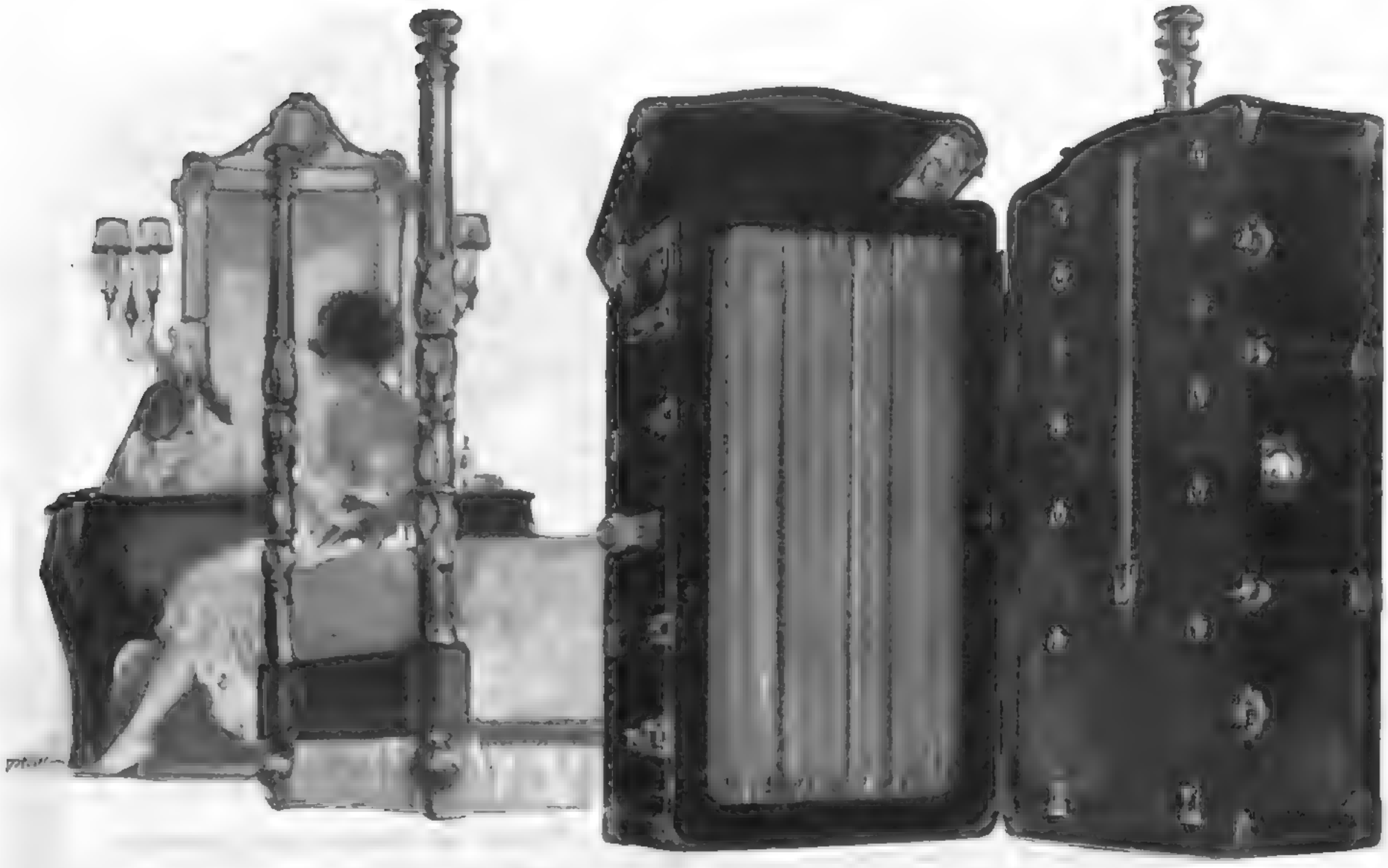

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(Continued from Page 55)

word unless you like. I've been through it all. Plays the deuce with a woman's nerves—the first shock. That's why I'm glad you came to me. You've come to the right person."

"You're very mistaken, Willa!" Color leaped into Kate's cheeks. "I don't know why you should infer—Richard and I have always been so happy. He is the finest man I know. If there were any fault, any least fault in our situation, it would lie with me." Her voice rose passionately.

"That's awfully heroic, Kate, but frightfully out of fashion. Well, my dear, I beg your pardon if I was wrong. Only I thought—one learns to be so suspicious! But it's lovely to have you, and you shall rest while you're here all you like."

"Yes," Kate said, "rest—that's what I want, Willa."

Any least filament of desire to confide in this brightly hard, vulgarly kind friend had withered away. All in a minute they were in Willa's flat.

"We're tiny, but we're cozy, Kate. I'll sleep you on the davenport, and you can dress in my room. Wait, I'll pour you some brandy, and you'll find cigarettes there on the table."

"I don't smoke," said Kate. "Not that I object, but my husband doesn't care about it."

"Well, but you haven't got a husband—not here," Willa laughed. "I can see that your nerves are bad," she added, "and that you need chirking up. You're bound to get it here. We've got a little group of kindred souls who meet twice a week to talk—oh, economics and books and biology, psychology—that sort of thing—and social problems, love and marriage. You'll enjoy it."

"That will be nice," said Kate vaguely. "It will be nice to stay with you and rest. I think I want a lot of sleep, first of all."

But Kate did not sleep. Perhaps the davenport arrayed like a robed catafalque disturbed her—or other things. She got up and dressed before daybreak, and stole out into the sleeping streets. That morning she divided between park and library, and after Willa was up put in a feverish orgy of shopping with her. In the evening they played patience. It was a day of desperate makeshifts, mental evasions.

"You look haggard to-day, Kate," Willa said, "but we'll chirk you up. Our little group of kindred souls will meet to-morrow night at the Hotel Fothergay. We're going to discuss social parasites."

"That's what I was—what I am no longer," thought Kate. "Now why am I not happier?"

The second day was no better than the first. Kate seemed not to have chirked up to any appreciable extent at all. But in the evening she forgot her preoccupation a little with the kindred souls. They were a fast-talking, rather clever bunch, she thought, the women either absolutely dowdy or blondined and enameled like Willa—very experienced.

"This is what is open to me," thought Kate—"this or living in a room in a boarding hotel, eking out some sort of lonely existence. Well, but for Rick's sake ——"

The mere memory of his name raised a beclouding emotion, blotted out the impassioned utterance of a little moon-faced, dumpling, beardless man quoting from a Russian play.

"That's Sigmund Hall," a neighbor whispered. "He's so temperamental! He's been named in three divorce cases."

A tide of sickness flooded Kate. She sat there in an encompassing cloud of tobacco smoke, and brooded. That was one beauty of the kindred souls. Her presence made no difference. They accepted an introduction without question. They stood, they declared, for an absolute freedom.

But one thing was clear: Her soul was not kin with theirs. She must get away in a day or two—try some other situation. She had not even the strength, the courage to declare her status here. This, in the face of her unalterable decision, was manifest folly. The world must know sometime. An impulse to bitter humor seized her as she remembered a certain advertising slogan: Eventually—Why Not Now? It was exactly applicable. What was she evading, hedging for? She must give her decision to the indifferent or coldly disapproving judgment of the world. Why put it off? It was her intention to declare herself frankly, to accept full onus for the separation, to supply, if necessary, a certain element of publicity. And here was her opportunity—in this freest of free atmospheres, where only individual will counted. Yet she was silent.

"I couldn't do it here," she told herself. "I'll go away at the week-end. New York would be better."

But she did not stay the week. It was on her third morning that she met Sigmund Hall in the park. He swept off his broad-rimmed felt hat with one dimpled, womanish hand and stood very close.

"I followed you deliberately. I saw you turn in here. You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Alverdy? I felt the other evening I wanted to know you. You know, you are very lovely—poetically lovely to look at. Er—you suggest emotion."

Kate's torpid sense of humor stirred. She looked at his broad, flapping tie; his pointed, effeminate little feet; his smooth, childish cheeks; his little quick-glancing green eyes, assuming what she supposed he considered was an intense look—and almost laughed.

"Emotion—that's the only thing that counts," he swept on. "You suggest it immediately, as though your name were really Lilith."

"Indeed," said Kate, "you are not very complimentary."

"Oh," he said, "that's the reaction of a fettered soul. But I want you to hear me talk to-morrow on this line. Our group—I'm to lead our discussion on our social evil—marriage, and its cure—divorce."

"But," said Kate, "you're not married! What do you know about it?"

"I know life—women," he said, and gave her a peculiar smile.

She remembered suddenly his legend, with an utter revulsion. He was not merely a plump little absurdity after all, but a cunning and miniature satyr with infinite potentialities to undermine. She drew away coolly and quickly. Indeed, her whole spirit was remote and withdrawn, gone into some definite inner sanctuary listlessly unaware of passing events or people.

She felt this the next night sitting by Willa, listening to Willa's friends, to Sigmund Hall, to passionate excoriation, debate, declamation among the freed ones. They talked on and on in their aura of thick blue smoke, dissecting matrimony, the adjustment of life for man or woman, the question of individual liberty, prerogatives.

"There's only one thing, one beautiful solution," cried Sigmund Hall, "and that's divorce. Of course we all know that; but the question is, what are we going to do to bring it more freely into our lives, to give it fuller play?"

It was here that Kate's sickened spirit moved her to one of her old frank impulses. She rose suddenly, conspicuous, isolated, the only fettered soul present, and spoke. Her face was pale, almost compassionate.

"You know," she said, "you're like children—playing with weapons you do not understand. There is no such thing as divorce, not if people have really been married, and the real thing's all that counts. The other thing's different. But marriage—it's bigger than all this you've been talking about. It's not made of contracted-for things, or of—or of habit-channels, or even of posterity, but something else—divine ——"

Her voice broke, trailed away. She was aware of the horrified, frozen kindred staring at her. After all, they were by-products, irrelevant.

"I—beg your pardon," she faltered. "I—I must be going."

She went out of the room and back to Willa Herbert's. Her black bag and the train for New York! Willa should have a note. Notes! Was she going through life leaving a paper trail? But she had had enough of it.

In an hour she was sitting on a late train bound toward Fairvale. Oh, but not to return—of course not! All that she had said back there to those people was true, but could alter her plans in no way. She had made them irrevocable. She was going toward Fairvale because there she must change for the New York train—only in the station for a little—in the late evening. Breathing the Fairvale air and then leaving it!

But when they were two miles outside of Fairvale the train stopped and the conductor came through.

"There's a spread rail, and we'll have to back to Shoreton, the last stop. We'll wire back for an engine and a coach, and passengers for New York can probably make the train at Perleyville flag station. We're a mile and three-quarters down the turnpike

The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are probably coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A delightful test

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. In several ways this test will be a delightful revelation.

10-Day Tube Free 821

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The Expensive Way *The Clipper Way*

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"Twice as fast—twice as cheap. Save us $500 a year"—that's how one plant engineer (name on request) describes the Clipper method of lacing belts. In this plant 2,000 small belts operate half as many machines. Before the first Clipper was purchased, each broken belt cost the company 15 to 20 minutes idle machine time. Now the machines are running in five minutes after the breakdown occurs, because one of several Clippers is always handy and because the workmen use the Clipper themselves to make a smooth, lasting joint instead of waiting for a millwright.

This means 333⅓ machine hours saved *each year*—a reduction of $500 in operation cost. Yet the Clipper machine which effected these savings was the largest of three sizes and cost only $25!

A partial list of Clipper users reads like a directory of America's leading manufacturers. From many of these plants we have statistics which show the sound, cost-sheet economy of lacing belts with the Clipper. Send for this convincing material—it's free.

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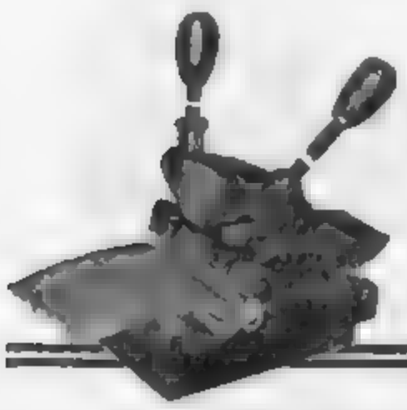


Anyone can lace a belt with the

"Clipper"

from Fairvale now, if any passenger for Fairvale cares to walk."

It seemed there was only one passenger for Fairvale at that hour—a woman with a small black bag.

"It's past ten, madam, and beginning to rain," the brakeman uttered. "You could get a motor over from Shoreton."

But she drew away and melted, bag and all, into the darkness.

IT WAS utterly futile and inconsistent, Kate reflected, that she should be walking back to Fairvale at this hour; walking back over a wet, deserted turnpike between ghostly hovering rows of stubble, a heavy bag dragging in one hand, her umbrella tilted in the other to a spray of cold, pelting drops. Walking back for what? She was not clear. She would be compelled to stay the night in Fairvale—a matter for talk possibly. Her presence was absurd, whether she remained in the station or sought a hotel, and there was no other refuge.

The rain seemed to accelerate, blew in under her umbrella. It smote her face like little cold, stinging fingers, clung there, but it was not rain that lay on her eyelashes. She shifted bag and umbrella from hand to hand.

"I should have gone back to Shoreton. I could turn back, even yet."

But she walked doggedly ahead. It occurred to her she might not reach Fairvale. The way was long, black, gray, empty—or almost. Distantly ahead of her some hundreds of feet Kate discerned a man's shape striding, head low, before her. He had emerged from a diverging lane. He walked without an umbrella; indistinct, misty, and in instinctive feminine reaction Kate realized what ambush the shrubbery and cornfields offered. Any one might lurk there—spring out.

She cared very little—nothing—what happened to her now, but atavistic instinct moved her. Her hand tightened a little on her umbrella. She suited her gait to the figure ahead. She would keep well behind, just in case, at the same time near enough, just supposing —

She pulled her umbrella low and strode along. Walking so, her pace was nicely calculated to her interval from the figure beyond. But after a little, looking out, she saw that he was closer. He had seen her—had stopped, was coming back! She set down her bag and put down her umbrella instinctively in an at-bay gesture. But as he came up, foursquare, walking swiftly in the fine gray spray, she grew very still, frozen, like one participating in a long-expected, incredible dream. And as he drew a flash light from his pocket and threw its light on her she spoke, with a single strangling sob:

"Rick!"

He held the light rigidly on her a moment. In its tipped glare she could see his face, lined, dark, fatigued. Their eyes held each other, startled, full of question.

"Rick!" cried Kate, but she could only utter the trivial, the imminent thing. "What are you doing out here, Rick—this rain? You haven't even your raincoat!"

"I've been to a damned eugenic funeral!" he cried.

"A funeral!"

"This Conway woman and her committee—they had a contest on; but their prize old man, Jake Knorr, died day before yesterday. Then they planned a special service late this afternoon to celebrate his model life. I'd got to be there. I was late, and there was trouble with the car. They waited for us two hours and a half at the East Wellsville Church. But they couldn't have it after all—the good-health committee's service—because the old man had died of eating too much kidney pie. Coming back we broke the differential. I've walked—that's all."

But now the light was out, and they both remembered.

"Kate," Richard cried, "where have you been, and what did you mean—that fool letter you wrote? What kind of a sketch was it—going away to leave me?"

"Well," said Kate, "that's what I did. I went away and left you. But I was coming back. I didn't realize it until a minute ago. I had to be near you, Rick."

"Near me!" cried Richard. "Give me your bag!"

"Oh, but Rick, wait! I couldn't say it in the letter, but there's something back of it all. It's grieved me so, all through life, about not having a family. And so I thought—well, another chance for you, Richard. I thought there might be someone else. I—I was sure there was like like Napoleon and Josephine."

"I see," said Richard. "I was to be Nap and you were Josephine. Now, let me see, there was another party, wasn't there—Queen Somebody-or-Other—Queen Thingummy? Had you by any chance selected her, Kate?"

"I thought—I thought perhaps some young pretty woman—Lily Etheridge."

"I see," said Richard. "Jealous, Kate, of that little doll baby—was that it?"

"Yes," said Kate honestly. "But there was more than that. It was to be all right—if you wanted it. You're entitled to—everything. I'd have given it to you."

He went up to her in the darkness.

"Oh, Kate," he said, "you're an awful brick, but you're an awful ass! I wonder I care for you at all, Kate! Why, just how would we do that, when I'm you and you're me—the way we've been? If we haven't had everything, isn't it worse for you than me? Give me your bag, woman, and if you love me, never put me through another quarter hour of hell like these last days. Don't say a word! You come straight home!" He bent and kissed her abruptly, sharply.

"Oh, Rick, you do care for me?" Kate sobbed.

"Care!" snorted Richard. "Care! Come along; we've got to get home!"

"I wonder why a man hates to tell a woman he loves her after he's married to her?"

"A man never tells a woman he loves her. He tells himself," said Richard, starting ahead. "In the beginning he makes the statement to his own consciousness. When it's thoroughly stamped it isn't necessary to mention it."

Kate dimpled through her tears at the tall figure before her, but Rick whirled suddenly round to her.

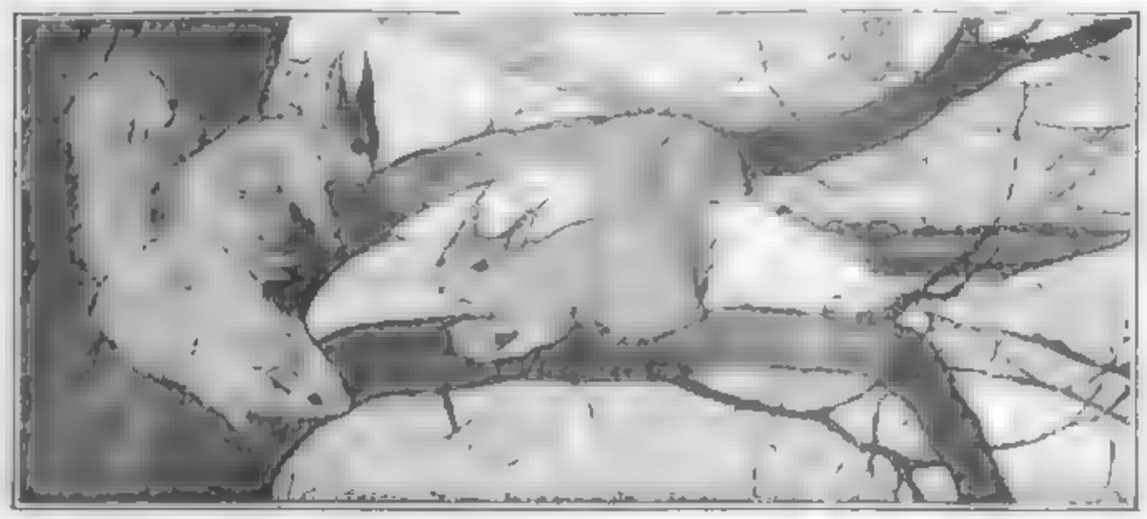
"This matter of a family," he cried—"what do you call my kind of life?—people—thousands of 'em for my family, dependent on me, on my strength and happiness, and through me, on the chap that looks after me. You, Kate"—he flashed about, walked on three feet, stopped again—"I'll ask you a riddle out of my boyhood: 'What's worse'n a woman with a waterfall in her hair, a crick in her back and a spring in her heel?' The answer is, 'A woman with a notion in her head.' Oh, Kate, you ought to be ashamed!"

Kate laughed brokenly.

"Oh, Ricky, such vulgar puns! Don't turn again, dear. I heard you step in a puddle, and you'll be sick."

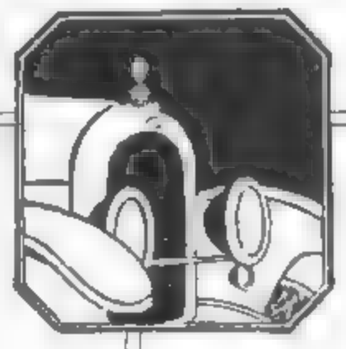
But Rick disobeyed her. He went two feet and stopped again, and this time neither arrogance nor certainty spoke.

"Katy," he said huskily, "I do love you. If you knew what I've suffered—if you ever do that again! Come here, you silly-billy! You—come—here to me!"



New Standards Now In Choosing a Motor Car

Old ways faulty because only first cost was revealed



EVERY man faces, in buying a motor car, two considerations: First cost and operating cost. Up to now, only first cost has been revealed and advertised.

Up to now, operating cost has been guess-work. No man ever knew what he was to encounter. Service has been offered, but the owner has had to wait until the bill came before he knew what the cost would be.

It has been a faulty principle of doing business. Every great maker has tried to overcome it. Leading associations in the industry have advocated various methods of ending this evil.

But no car up to now has ever been able to stand out and proclaim its fitness to adopt Standardized Service. Then came the inevitable: Marmon is first to arrive at this perfection.

A startling climax

That is why the Marmon announcement of Standardized Service by Marmon Distributors has created such a nation-wide discussion. It confirms Marmon's right to first place as The Foremost Fine Car.

Marmon has always been conceded first place in performance. It is known the world over for its superior driving qualities and comfortable riding, for its power and acceleration, its speed and distinction.

Now it stands pre-eminent in the field of economical operation. The evidence is overwhelming. To publish prices, as we do in our new book, – "Modern Transportation Costs"—is a revolutionary idea, conclusive, undebatable. Facts are facts.

Now all guess-work is ended. Now everyone can figure operating costs. Fine car ownership is no longer so vague that only the very rich can afford the speculation.

Now more men can own The Foremost Fine Car—any hesitancy, such as surrounded any high-grade car, is now removed. No man need content himself with a lesser car.

Marmon's sturdy and rugged qualities are now established. Its dependability, its simplified, vibrationless six cylinder motor, its lower upkeep, its long-life and its wonderful performance make it worthy of first consideration. It has established a new standard of comparison.

No one can now afford to buy any car until he knows how economical it is to own a Marmon. Then he can make comparisons. No one can afford to buy merely because of first price and blindly pay unknown service costs. It is as needless as it is extravagant.

Learn new standards

So important is this announcement of Standardized Service that we have published a book, "Modern Transportation Costs"—fully describing the new idea. Herein are the 16 average service operations, and others. Herein are tabulations as to time required for each job and cost of parts.

For instance, a major operation on 1920 and later series, such as rebuilding the motor, which is not necessary until after 35,000 to 50,000 miles, with reasonable care, costs only $265.00,* and only four days' time. This includes complete replacement of all parts liable to wear except crankshaft bearings, as records show that they do not wear within this mileage. Read about this in detail in "Modern Transportation Costs." Note how it is about half the usual price and half the usual time.

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Correct shades of Ivory and Cream, a beautiful Gray, a rare Leaf Green, Chinese Blue and White, provide a choice of authoritative shades for the most elaborate home decoration or the painting of a single chair.

These rare Vitralite tints possess character and decorative charm; they have none of the harshness of the common, heavy, "painty" enamel colors.

Vitralite is self-leveling, shows no streaks, laps or brush marks and dries with a smooth, porcelain-like gloss. It is so unlike ordinary enamels that the difference is apparent the moment you dip your brush into it.

So durable is Vitralite that it lasts longer than paint. It is guaranteed for three years on both inside and *outside* work, although inside it lasts indefinitely.

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"Save the surface and you save all" *Re'ybrand*

Vitralite
The Long-Life Enamel

WDT

OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

Continued from Page 23

least five feet by two, with the compliments of the President of the United States. The box delighted me, not only because I saw in it the kind thought of the President for me but also because it confirmed my suspicion that the President was deeply interested in Mrs. Galt, who was to dine with me that night.

When is a dinner not a dinner? might be asked of one of the worst catastrophes which befell me during all my stay in Washington. When John Lind returned from the trip into Mexico upon which President Wilson sent him he was to be in Washington for only a few days. We asked Mr. and Mrs. Lind for dinner on one of those nights.

The trouble began as soon as they accepted. Due to the shortness of notice guests whom I especially desired were engaged elsewhere, cabinet members were out of town, and men who were in Washington were burdened with a press of official business. At last I had my list complete, the guests including Secretary and Mrs. Lane and several United States senators and their wives.

The morning of the dinner President Wilson delivered to Congress his message on Mexico. Just as I started to go up on the hill to hear him speak Mrs. Lane telephoned that the President was sending Mr. Lane to speak out of town, and that they would therefore be unable to attend the dinner.

When I entered the gallery I saw Mrs. Houston, who had declined my invitation because Secretary Houston was out of town. From her I learned that he had returned, and accordingly they were substituted for Secretary and Mrs. Lane on the list of guests.

No sooner had I arrived home than who should telephone regrets but my own husband. Mr. Daniels said he was very sorry to decline my invitation to dinner, but that he had been called to the White House for a conference just at the dinner hour.

Mr. William J. Bryan was then Secretary of State, and the ranking cabinet officer. Mrs. Bryan was away, and I attempted to substitute him as host. All day long I tried to reach him at the Department of State. His secretary assured me that Mr. Bryan had no entries on his engagement book for the evening, but it was not until 6:30 o'clock that I was able to reach the secretary himself.

"I'm mighty sorry, Mrs. Daniels," came the voice back over the wire. "Not only can I not come myself, but I am obliged to take away your guest of honor." Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lind had been summoned to the White House conference.

From 6:30 until 7:30 o'clock I snatched naval officials away from their own tables to come and fill the vacant seats at mine, and rushed into my dinner frock, preparing to receive my guests, *sans* host, *sans* guest of honor.

It appeared that my troubles had only just begun, for the arriving United States senators said that an executive session had been called unexpectedly for that evening and that they would be obliged to leave early. At nine o'clock the senators began to get up from my table, leaving those empty chairs which ruin the peace of mind of any hostess.

Then to my dismantled table and my partially eaten dinner there arrived Mr. Daniels and, hard on his heels, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lind.

The Daniels' Only Wet Guest

There was another catastrophe, the whole knowledge of which was mercifully spared to me at the time. It was one of our last for the season, because as the Mexican trouble began in the spring we recalled the invitations which we then had out for dinners, not feeling that we could be entertaining when our troops were at the border.

At this dinner the table was centered with a tall silver vase from which long clusters of flowers were arranged in showers as they would hang from the branches of a shrub. I had not then learned the danger lurking in this form of table decoration, and had not weighted the vase.

When the dinner was about half over the heavy sultry air changed. A storm was coming up and little gusts of wind began to blow into the dining room through the open doors. There was one of the woman guests about whose health I was particularly concerned, and I called the butler to me to tell him to shut the door behind her. Just as he moved to the door a strong breeze blew shut the door on the opposite side of the room and the draft which was created blew the vase of flowers over.

I could not imagine what had happened to the water in the vase, for as the butler lifted it up not a drop was visible on the table. The next morning I asked the man what had become of the water.

"Why, madam, didn't you know?" he answered. "The water all went between Commander Jones' shirt and vest!"

Commander Jones happened to be Secretary Daniels' aide, and when I told the story to a high marine officer he answered, "What is an aide for if not to take the hardships which should come to the secretary?"

There were sometimes difficulties owing to the late arrivals at dinners and luncheons, but not often, for Washington is notably prompt in attending functions. Officials especially have to manage their affairs on such a strict time schedule that the regular hour for luncheons is always 1:30 to 3 o'clock, and for dinners 8 to 10:30 o'clock. It is usual when any guest is more than fifteen minutes late for the hostess to give the signal to go to the table. There were two exceptions to this within my recollection. One was on a busy evening when a dinner was being given for Mr. Daniels and myself at the Army and Navy Club. After a particularly irksome forty-five-minute interval we discovered that we had been kept waiting for a retired lieutenant commander of the Navy and his wife. The other occasion was in my own home, when a young woman kept a distinguished guest of honor and a luncheon company waiting because her shopping that morning had proved especially fascinating.

"If it's Right it's Right"

There was one occasion which might have been rendered difficult for others than myself which was saved by a reminder from one of my boys. I returned home one evening exceedingly weary from a day of heavy social duties, and Mr. Daniels came from the office only to say that he must go back to it immediately after dinner. We had promised to sit in a box that evening at an entertainment for the Florence Crittenden home, the other guests in the box to be Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan. As we discussed how hard it would be for me to go to the entertainment Mr. Daniels said to call up Mrs. Bryan and see what the Bryans were going to do.

"The secretary has to go to speak at a banquet, but he says I ought to go," was Mrs. Bryan's response.

At that moment there came from the adjoining room in solemn tones from one of my sons a statement which I frequently had made to him and his brothers when they had tried to make their acts dependent upon what other boys were permitted to do. "If it's right it's right. If it's wrong it's wrong," said the boy.

A dress was ordered out and I went to the entertainment; fortunately enough, for when I arrived I discovered that neither Secretary Bryan nor Mrs. Marshall had been able to come, and I sat there for the evening with Vice President Marshall and Mrs. Bryan.

Catastrophes may be turned to even greater account than to provide a laugh, as was proved one February night when Henry van Dyke was among our dinner guests. In some way a few drops of soup were spilled beside Doctor Van Dyke's plate. He was greatly embarrassed and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Daniels, can you forgive me?" I told him that I had seen in New Hampshire, just a few days before, a rug proudly displayed because once Lafayette had spilled wine upon it. "Who can tell, Doctor Van Dyke," I asked, "but that in future years I shall be showing this table solely because you once spilled soup upon it?"

"You shall have a further reason to remember the dinner," said Doctor Van Dyke, and shortly afterward I received a beautiful copy of one of his books, autographed in memory of the dark spot which was to brighten many a day.

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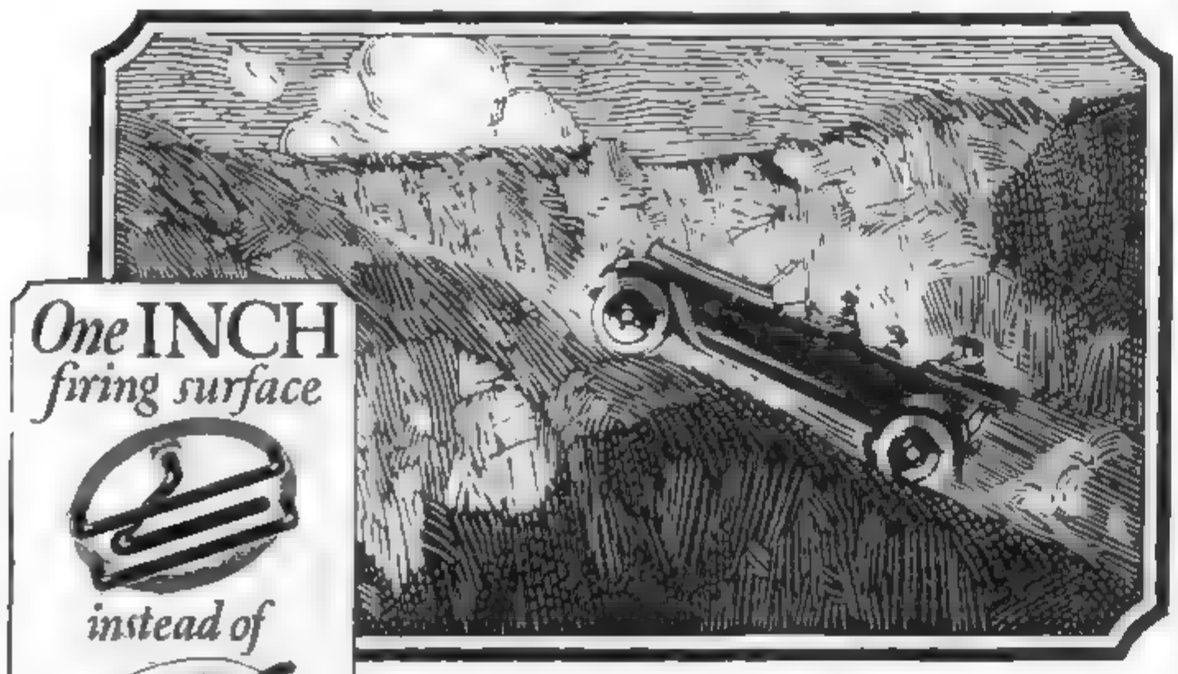

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—S. C. Parker, Salem, Oregon

A near catastrophe at an international convention during our stay in Washington was averted by a most ingenious stroke of the presiding officer. Many other attractions were making inroads on the attendance of the delegates to the convention and one morning when a famous foreign visitor was to make an address there was literally no audience to hear him. The presiding officer made a hurried trip to the telephone, called two of the largest hotels, and asked them to send one hundred of their best-looking waiters to his assistance. The waiters marched in, took the seats of the delegates, and diligently applauded the speech of the distinguished foreigner.

Mr. Daniels and I came to be known in Washington as the givers of cabinet-making dinners.

Once a year each cabinet member has the privilege of entertaining the President at dinner. At the beginning of the season the member and his wife send an invitation to dinner to the President, who, in replying, indicates the day on which he will be able to accept the hospitality. The list of guests is then made up and submitted to him for his approval. This has not always been so. Up to the time of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration only cabinet members and their wives were guests at these dinners. Mr. Roosevelt became tired of meeting the same group of people, and intimated that he would be glad to have other guests asked. This policy was therefore adopted, and the custom of submitting the list for his approval, which was then inaugurated, has been continued ever since.

Mr. Daniels and I felt that those who lived in Washington had other opportunities for meeting the President and Mrs. Wilson, and we therefore invited guests from out of town for our presidential dinners. We had the pleasure of having for our first dinner Mr. and Mrs. Newton Baker, of Cleveland. Later, there was a cabinet vacancy which Mr. Baker was asked to fill. At subsequent dinners we had for our guests Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, from Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Colby, from New York, both Mr. Meredith and Mr. Colby later being offered and accepting cabinet portfolios. This led to a facetious friend saying that our dinners were like horse shows with possible candidates paraded before the President for his inspection.

A North Carolina Dinner

To me, whether one is entertaining the President or anyone else, the atmosphere to provide is the one to which you are accustomed, the one which to you is most natural. So in planning our first dinner, for February 19, 1914, I decided to have a North Carolina setting.

We began with chicken-gumbo soup. It was early shad season and we had written to friends who sent us beautiful fish from Eastern Carolina. Our roast turkey and suckling pig came from North Carolina, too, both to be roasted, and the pig to be served with the proverbial red apple in his mouth. It was before the days of the wine mess order issued by Mr. Daniels, so I allowed myself wine flavoring for my dessert, something which we never did after the order, for we would not serve ourselves what was denied to the naval officers living on the reservations or the men on the ships. Our dessert was tipsy cake, a Southern delicacy, made with sponge cake filled with as many blanched almonds as you can make it hold. Over the cake is poured sherry, a heavy boiled custard is placed on that, and the whole is topped with whipped cream.

For the house decorations we had bamboo or Southern smilax and gray Spanish moss. The table was centered with double red camellia japonicas, single blue violets and white hyacinths. After the dinner there was a prophecy of the many future times when Mrs. Baker was to give Washington society pleasure with her voice, for she sang a group of songs.

Proof of the fact that the President did give his personal attention to the list of proposed guests for these affairs is a letter which Mr. Daniels received from President Wilson under date of January 4, 1917, which reads as follows:

My dear Mr. Secretary—Just a line with my own pen (this little machine is my pen) to say that this list is entirely acceptable to Mrs. Wilson and to me, and to thank you for sending it for our approval.

Faithfully yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

The list thus approved for our 1917 dinner, containing a number of Mr. Daniels' newspaper friends, whom he wanted to have meet and to know the President as he did, was as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Cobb, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ochs, New York City; Mr. J. P. Bass, Bangor, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell, Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hooker, Springfield, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McLean, Lumberton, North Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Seitz, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edison, Orange, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Meredith, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Alderman, University of Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, Detroit, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Grozier, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rees, Springfield, Illinois; Dean Sills, Bowdoin College; Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Colby, New York; Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley, Washington.

Very different from the easy atmosphere of our first dinner was this one on the eve of the declaration of war. President Wilson had spoken before Congress on Saturday evening, February third, announcing that he was recalling Ambassador Gerard from Germany and presenting passports to the German Ambassador to this country, Count Bernstorff. Our dinner was on Monday evening, February fifth. There was intensity in the air everywhere in the country during those days, and especially in Washington, where public officials felt the great weight of responsibility for the nation.

In the Midst of Alarms

On the afternoon of the day on which the dinner was to be given I asked my own manservant to search the basement. A few minutes later Major Pullman, then head of the Washington police force, telephoned to say that he understood the President was to dine with us. I explained the precautions which I was taking and told him that I would be glad to have him send a man as well. He did so, and the man remained in the basement throughout the dinner. When I told Major Pullman that I was having only my own servants, who had been with me for years, and that they were all colored, he said, "I am glad of that."

As was usual when the President was dining anywhere he was accompanied by a carload of secret-service men. This was in accordance with the law which provides that as soon as a President is elected he shall be protected, although it was especially irksome to President Wilson and he often worried the men appointed to be with him by slipping off to take walks alone.

On this night extra men must have been sent, for in the middle of the dinner there was a loud popping sound like the shooting of guns, and members of the family who were not attending the dinner said that as they looked from the windows they saw men seeming literally to rise everywhere from the ground. The explosion proved to be nothing more serious than a case of Apollinaris which had been left on the back porch without due thought to the freezing weather.

A little later one of my boys set forth to call on a neighbor, and slammed the gate as he went out. A man rose in the darkness, and a second later exclaimed in worried accents, "Son, I'll forgive you this time, but don't you ever do that again."

That night the President, of course, was on my right, and Henry Ford, who had made such strenuous efforts for peace, was on my left. During the dinner Mr. Ford leaned over to say, "Mister President, today I have been to see the Secretary of the Navy and have tendered him my plant for the construction of any war material which it can produce." In that plant were made the Eagle boats which, though they were not finished so early as we desired them, went as far as Russia.

On the occasion of one of our presidential dinners Mrs. Wilson's carriage shoes and outer wraps were removed by the old colored mammy who had slept in my children's nursery for many years. When I slipped out of the drawing-room for a moment after dinner while the gentlemen were still lingering over their cigars in the library I met her in the hall, her eyes shining beneath her bright bandanna. "The President's dun shook hands with me!" she murmured tremulously.

(Continued on Page 65)

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STEADFAST THROUGH THE YEARS

It was midsummer. In the forest a traveler paused beside a mighty fir tree to rest. Seated there he was attracted by the beauty that surrounded him—gay wild flowers caught and pleased his eye; a darting dragon fly, brilliant in green and gold, excited admiration; the cheerful babbling of a little brook brought him delight.

The fir tree that sheltered him he scarcely noticed.

Months later the traveler passed that way again. Winter winds had driven away the flowers, the dragon fly had lived its little life and died; the brook lay silent, a twisted ribbon of ice.

But the fir tree stood as in the summer—strong and straight, its branches covered with eternal green.

Every industry produces its commercial fir trees—business houses rooted deep in honesty and trustworthiness, whose growth is steady and sure, whose products are of one high quality under all conditions.

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When you use a Squibb product its finer quality is immediately apparent. Examine Squibb's talcum powder for example. Note its exquisite smoothness, its fineness of texture, its velvety touch on the skin; or try Squibb's cold cream and note how cooling and soothing it is. This fine quality is the result of years of laboratory experiments directed to the one end of producing a perfect powder, a perfect cream.

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Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

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(Continued from Page 62)

It was the same old nurse who, when we returned from the Baltimore Convention at which Mr. Wilson was nominated for his first term, had said, "You say Mr. Wilson's gwine to run for President?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilson's going to run," we told her.

"Mr. Wilson's a-gwine to run for President. Why, I thought Mr. Bryan most inginerally run."

Sophy came only to visit and not to stay with us while we were in Washington, and one day I received a telegram calling me back to Raleigh because she needed me. After two weeks of watching by her bed the chariot swung low and she was taken up to wait for that great day of judgment when she shall be known as good and faithful friend as well as good and faithful servant.

An invitation to the White House is a command, and indeed there are few persons who are not glad to have it so, and to break any other engagements they may have in order to attend a function there.

A set series of events is given for official society each year at the White House, beginning with a dinner to the cabinet in the fall and ending with a dinner to the Speaker just before Lent. In the intervening period dinners and receptions are given to the members of the judiciary, the diplomats, the members of Congress, the justices of the Supreme Court and the officers of the Army and Navy.

The hour for the receptions is always nine o'clock, and just before that time the Vice President and his wife and the members of the cabinet and their wives assemble in the large circular library on the second floor of the White House. On a table near the door are beautiful bouquets of flowers from the White House conservatory, and one of these is presented to each lady by the President's aide. Just before nine o'clock the President and his wife join the party, and exactly at the hour the bugle sounds and they start down the grand stairway, the Vice President and his wife and the members of the cabinet and their wives following.

There was an unusual event during the Administration of Mr. Wilson when the widow of a former Secretary of State, Mrs. John Foster, stood at the foot of that stairway, and watched coming down it her own daughter, Eleanor Foster Lansing, on the arm of her husband, Robert Lansing, then Secretary of State.

The President and his wife with the wife of the Vice President and the wives of the cabinet members form in line in the Blue Room, and the reception continues for about three hours, the guests passing by rapidly, with only a moment for a handshake and possibly a murmured name.

There is a great honor which is accorded to a few guests at White House receptions, that of standing behind the line. During the years that I was in Washington as wife of the Secretary of the Navy I never stood in the line receiving without wondering whether the women whispering back of me were as thrilled as I was the first time that I was taken behind the line. It was when my husband was chief clerk of the Interior and it was the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, who took me behind the line. Among the other interesting persons I met in the charmed circle that day I recall Joseph Jefferson.

In the Receiving Line

Standing in the line is good discipline for any woman's vanity, for there she is made to realize that she represents her husband and not herself. Women would come down the line, reach out their hands with no interest whatever until I murmured "Mrs. Daniels," and then they would say, "Oh, yes—Mrs. Josephus." A woman knows then that she is in the front line of the battle—but only as a substitute.

It is interesting to watch the effect, upon those receiving and those received, of the music played by the Marine Band. When the numbers are gay and lively the people step by briskly. Often the President has to exercise a firm handclasp to keep a husband from stepping upon his wife's train. But let the music be slow and the line instantly lags, while the spirits of those receiving suffer a corresponding drop. I remember well one evening, when nearly every number had been a classical selection, that I sent for Admiral Grayson and asked him if the music might be changed to something with a march step. The change in tempo had its immediate effect and the crowd began to pass by more rapidly.

It is a curious feeling to have one of your best friends approaching and to be unable to say even one word to her, for it is the President who sets the pace. His handclasp is quick, and if anyone beyond him delays a second it means that the line stops directly in front of the President—a faux pas of which no woman of the cabinet would willingly be guilty.

After the last guests have been received the President and his wife retire to the upper apartments of the White House and the women of the cabinet are at liberty to break line. It is remarkable that women who have scarcely felt tired during the evening, in the excitement and pleasure of meeting distinguished guests, find after the line breaks that they have stood in one position for so long that minutes will pass before they are able to bend their knees.

Refreshments are usually brought to the members of the cabinet and their wives in the Blue Room, and chairs are placed for them. It is sometimes a little taxing to be regarded as an exhibit in a zoo, for it is the habit of many guests to stand in long lines to watch the animals eat.

Besides these formal events many small informal affairs are given at the will of the President or his wife. Sometimes the invitations to these are worded differently from those for the formal events, and say that if Mrs. So-and-So has no previous engagement she will be welcomed on such a day and at such an hour. Under such circumstances any lady who is invited is privileged, if she so desires, to write a note to the White House and state what her previous engagement is. Few, however, wish to do so.

The Mistress of the White House

Anyone may call upon the wife of the President and leave cards but without seeing her. If a lady desires to be received she must write a note to the White House and state her request. If the wife of the President grants the audience she usually issues other cards for the same time and sees several women at once, for the obligations upon the mistress of the White House are heavy, and her secretary keeps an appointment list which sometimes almost rivals that of the President himself.

It was into this atmosphere that Edith Bolling Wilson came after her marriage to President Wilson, in December, 1915. The first formal occasion on which she was entertained as the wife of the President was the dinner given by Vice President and Mrs. Marshall on January 14, 1916. I remember how charming and natural she was that evening, and how when Mrs. Burleson approached a group in which Mrs. Wilson was seated she rose and said, "Please take this chair, Mrs. Burleson. It is far too large and too grand for me."

Shortly afterward she displayed the same tactful courtesy at a dinner which Mr. Daniels and I gave for the President and Mrs. Wilson. The men were still in the library with their cigars and the women were gathered in the drawing-room, each of them anxious for a word with the new first lady of the land. She sat in one little group for a few minutes and then helped me as hostess very greatly by rising, walking about the room and making comments concerning some photographs which she knew would please me, and then seated herself with a different group of guests.

Her tact and her cordial democratic spirit had endeared Mrs. Wilson to many persons before the coming of the war curtailed the official entertainments. She has charm in a high degree—and charm has been defined as "something which, if a woman has, she needs nothing else; and if she lacks it, nothing supplies its place."

After that her days followed a certain routine. In the very early morning she played golf with the President, seeing to it that he had the exercise which those around him realized was so vital to his well-being. When she returned she wrote notes, and in many humble homes to-day there are treasured letters in the handwriting of Mrs. Wilson expressing gratitude for some kind thought for Mr. Wilson. Many letters were written to her concerning the men in the service. Mothers asked her about the welfare of their boys, and young wives begged that their husbands might be sent home to be with them as they passed through the great ordeal. These letters were not ordinarily referred to Mrs. Wilson's secretaries to be sent to the departments, but instead she would inclose them

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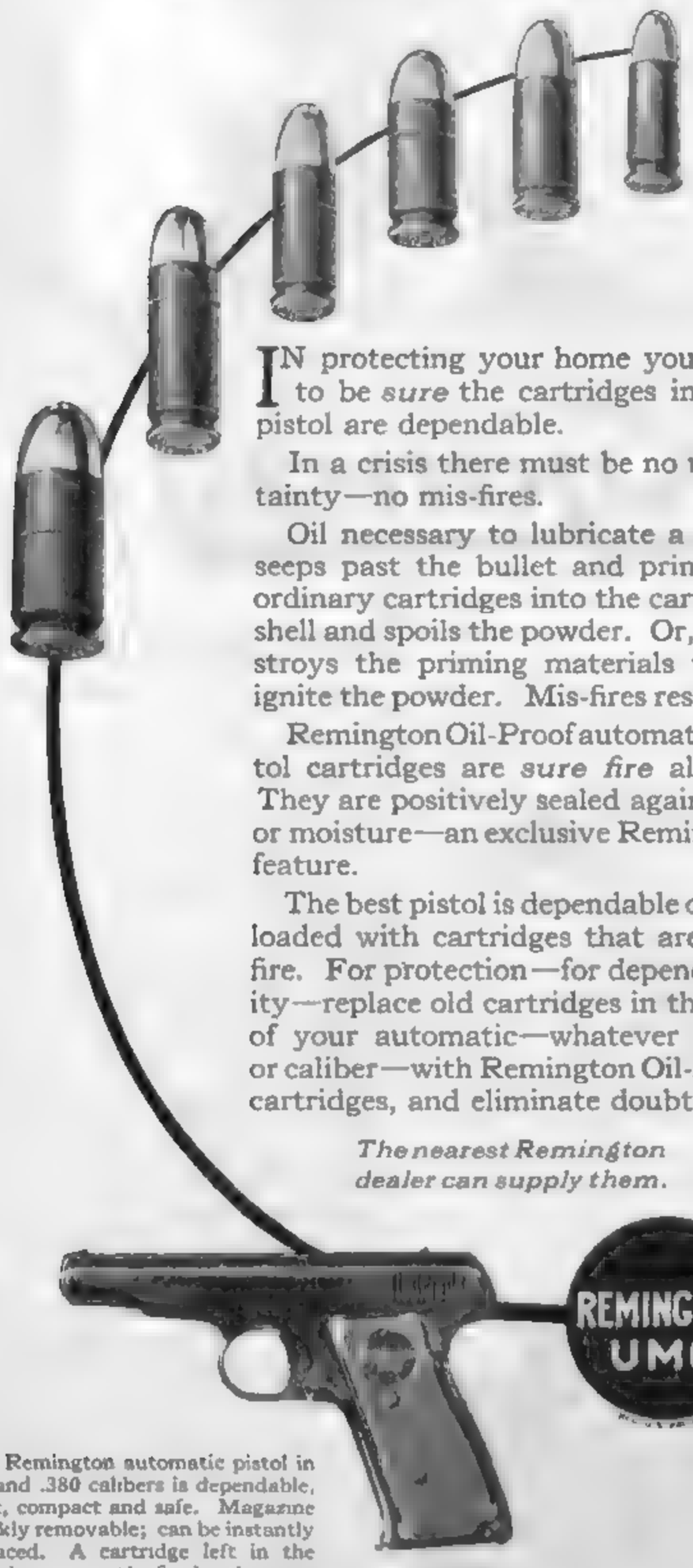

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with personal messages to the members of the cabinet asking what could be done to make it easier for the writers. Later in the day Mrs. Wilson cut and made garments for the Red Cross. Many an overseas man, too, will remember how incredulous he was when he was told that the beautiful woman in canteen uniform who had just handed him chocolates and sandwiches was the wife of the President of the United States.

There was the trip to Europe with the President, when her charm and grace, as well as her great strength of character, carried her through new and strange experiences in a manner which reflected credit upon her country.

Then came those trying months of the President's illness, when Mrs. Wilson was constantly at his side, and there was fresh cause for the display of her tact and thoughtfulness as she endeavored to spare her husband the vexations which might retard his recovery and at the same time strove to avoid making decisions which might appear like the assumption of political authority. It is my belief that for her service then the nation owes far more to Edith Bolling Wilson than ever will be understood by the majority of its citizens.

Old shirt tails of my husband to make into bazaar aprons, money for college courses, fresh eggs for charity patients in tubercular hospitals, positions in government departments—requests for everything under the sun come to a public official and his wife.

Sometimes the requests are small in themselves and therefore may be granted, although these little gifts make up a considerable financial burden in the aggregate. For instance, there are hundreds of requests for handkerchiefs to be sold at bazaars, and almost every woman in public life in Washington accedes to these. Sometimes the givers of bazaars are courteous enough to write and tell how the handkerchief, raffled, has brought a considerable sum into the coffers of the charity. Dolls are asked for almost as often as handkerchiefs. I have dressed many of these, usually in Southern-negro costume. For one bazaar I remember I sent to Charleston for a real mammy doll.

With four boys of our own of school age it was impossible to gratify those other mothers and fathers who believe that cabinet members can bestow free college courses as easily as they can autograph their photographs.

Not all these requests, of course, reach a cabinet member or his wife. In the case of the husband, all mail goes through his department. If it is official business it is referred to the chief clerk of the department. If it is personal business it goes to the secretary of the cabinet member. If it is confidential business it is read by the confidential clerk. And—adds one who is familiar with Washington procedure—if the letter is sent to the house—it is read by the wife.

One friend of my husband's who desired to send him personal letters tested out this scheme, and when he had found that all that I have said about official procedure is true he sent letters to the house, starting them with a message to me. He learned that what I have said about cabinet women reading the letters is true, too, for I always received the messages—and at first hand.

Reading One's Husband's Letters

There is more than curiosity in a woman's reading these letters as they come to the house, for often she spares her husband some slight unpleasantness or unhappiness contained in them whose barb may be very keen under the cloak of anonymity. The letters of a cabinet wife are also sifted for her, her secretary reading practically all of them.

Mr. Daniels and I had to give consideration to working out a scheme by which we might write each other free of censorship. And during all the eight years of our residence in Washington, when out of town myself, I sealed my letters to him in an envelope marked for him personally from me, and inclosed this envelope in still another addressed to him in care of his confidential clerk.

The war increased the burden of these communications which might be termed peculiar, because every care must be taken then. Much time and effort was wasted in following up such communications.

I remember one evening when Mr. Daniels was called to the telephone by a woman who refused to give her name but who said that she had absolute information that ten submarines were on their way from Germany to the United States. She would give the details only to the Secretary and wanted him to meet her at a certain address on the following morning. Mr. Daniels felt suspicious of the giver of information, but to be on the safe side he said that he would send a trustworthy representative to her the following morning

At four o'clock in the morning she telephoned again and said that the spirits were fighting her, but that she must give this information and she wanted the Secretary to come and hear her story. I persuaded her to wait until morning. When the naval-intelligence officer proceeded that morning to the address she had given he discovered that it was an insane asylum. In the time of terrible anxiety when everyone was eager for the defense and protection of the country this poor soul was grieving under a weight of imaginary troubles, added to those that were real.

The Man With a Bomb

A North Carolina man appealed to us during this time in a trouble which proved to be very real. He had invented a bomb which he took to Washington. The Navy Department referred him to Admiral Smith, who was much interested in the invention and asked the man to test out several things concerning it. The inventor was little accustomed to city ways and he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Raleigh Hotel, where he asked a man on the street to direct him to a place where he could test out a bomb. The streets were crowded, the man interrogated was fearful for the safety of the crowds, and he had the inventor jailed. Mr. Daniels had to send down to have him bailed out and to assure the authorities that the bomb was for the preservation and not the destruction of Americans.

Mr. Daniels was called to the telephone on another occasion by a very much excited woman who said, "Do you know that Captain So-and-So has been here in Washington for ten years, and that he claims that nothing but God himself can get him out of here; while Captain So-and-So, who just came on shore duty and who has a wife and baby, has been ordered to the front?"

Mr. Daniels said no, he didn't know it, and the woman snapped back, "You don't know much about the Navy, do you?"

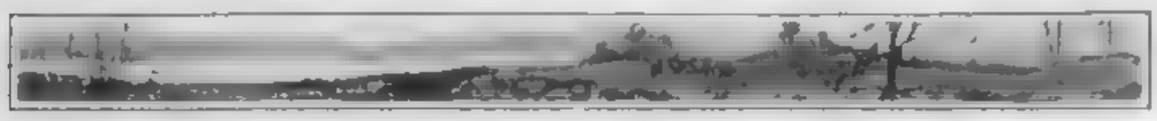
During this time many sad letters came to me from mothers who felt that I could get their boys into the Navy, or out of the Navy, or secure information about missing sons. After the Marines had fought at Belleau Wood there were many of these missing men who were not immediately reported.

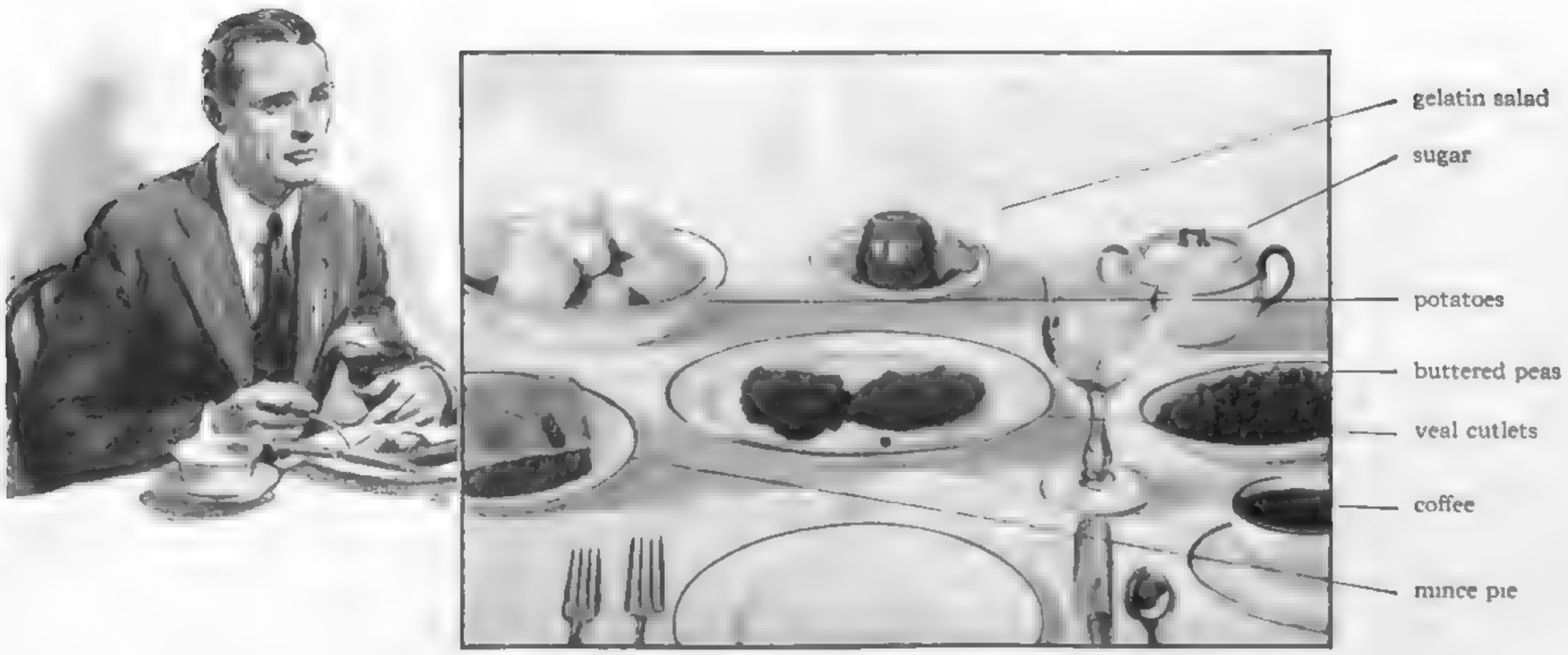
One North Carolina mother wrote me that she had been unable to obtain information about her boy after this battle. We investigated and as nearly as could be determined from his position at the time of the battle it appeared that he must have been in a group of Marines who were blown into bits.

The first man lost on armed guard was from the staff of the Dolphin, the ship assigned to the use of the Secretary of the Navy. The mother of the young sailor was in Washington and later lost another son in the war.

I felt close to all such mothers because two of my own boys were in the service, and my brother, Commander David Worth Bagley, was reported missing for twenty-four hours after his ship, the Jacob Jones, was torpedoed off the Scilly Islands. To those who knew our family history it did not seem possible that my mother could be called upon again to bear such a loss, for my older brother, Worth Bagley, had been the first American officer to lose his life in the Spanish-American War. But the hours of torturing anxiety before we knew of his safety helped me to understand the agony of mind and soul through which other women were passing.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mrs. Daniels





The crime you commit against your body tissues

Each year over 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating

VEAL cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized by thousands of American families as a satisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner, unless supplemented with certain vital food factors, is a crime against your body tissues. Because thousands of men and women do not supplement this diet with these factors they undermine their health and succumb to diseases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

A protective food—not a medicine

Yet with no trouble at all each one of us can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet, men and women all over the country are securing for themselves the health and vigor that are their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other food factors essential to health.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance, especially if there is a constant need for laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The ways they like to eat it

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—2 to 3 cakes every day.

Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 609, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects these wrong habits of eating

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Fleischmann Company
Dept. 609, 701 Washington St., New York, N Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"

Please write plainly

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

FISH EYES

(Continued from Page 13)

important and succeeding not at all. He believed it incumbent upon him to detect something or somebody, felt that the weight of the world suddenly had descended upon his shoulders. But his brain worked in a single unfortunate channel. His attempts at deduction led invariably into the *cul-de-sac* of "It just couldn't happen."

That was the reaction expressed by every bank employe who knew what had occurred. The thing was impossible. The paying tellers, who had worked in team preparing for the rush of the day, were all reasonably certain that the cash had been correct at the beginning of the day—as certain as they were that it was not now correct. Through it all Clifford Wallace worked with them. Tiny lines of worry corrugated his forehead. And when, at seven o'clock, it became evident that the money was positively gone and had disappeared probably during the course of the day's business, the president, the cashier and Clifford Wallace retired to Warren's office. The president and cashier were smoking. Cliff declined their proffered cigar.

"I never smoke, you know."

"The point now is," spoke Warren, checking off that particular point on his thumb, "that the money has disappeared and we must do something. The question is, what?" He turned his gaze upon Wallace. Cliff met the stare steadily and answered in a matter-of-fact voice:

"The obvious thing is to place me under arrest, Mr. Warren."

"Obvious, of course."

"But Mr. Warren"—it was the nervous little cashier—"you don't believe Cliff stole that money, do you?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Jenkins. Of course I don't. And equally of course I am not going to have Mr. Wallace placed under arrest."

A flicker of triumph crossed Clifford Wallace's face, to be followed instantly by his habitual stoniness of expression.

"I am perfectly willing, Mr. Warren ——"

"It isn't a case of willingness, Wallace. If I thought for a moment you were guilty—or even could be guilty—I wouldn't hesitate. Not if you were my brother. But the thing is impossible. You've been negligent—probably; I'm not even sure of that. I understand banks well enough to know that a certain laxity of routine is naturally and excusably developed. It is my personal opinion that the money did not disappear from the bank. It either never was here or it is still here."

"Yes, sir." Cliff was calmly attentive.

"I am going to search every employe as he or she leaves the bank. That will insure its remaining here to-night. By to-morrow morning the bonding-company detectives and the representatives of the Bankers' Protective Association will be here. Whatever action they care to take, Wallace, will be strictly up to them. Personally, I wish to take occasion to assure you of my confidence in your integrity and to express the belief that this is an explainable mistake of some sort, which will be set right to-morrow."

"And you are not even going to keep me under surveillance to-night?"

"No."

"Pardon me, sir, but I believe you are making a mistake. You will be criticized ——"

"They can criticize and be damned to them."

Wallace returned to his cage, where he busied himself arranging the shelves for the following morning. Then quite as usual he closed his vault doors, set the time lock, visited the washroom, and left the building after undergoing a thorough search. Once outside, his shoulders went back unconsciously. He knew that he had won. The very simplicity of his crime had caused it to be crowned with success.

But he did not allow his elation to strangle caution. Every move in the game had been thought out meticulously in advance. He did not deviate a hair's breadth from his regular evening routine. He went to a cafeteria and ate a hearty meal, although the food almost choked him. At the desk he telephoned Phyllis Robinson.

"May I come to see you this evening, Phyllis?" He did that four or five evenings a week; they were secretly engaged.

"Yes."

There was a distinct nuance of tremulous inquiry in her voice. It annoyed Clifford. They had threshed out every detail of this sort. She must keep a stiff upper lip, had promised not to betray any untoward interest in his comings and goings immediately following the robbery. But that was just like a woman, making plain in the tone of her voice the vast relief she felt at knowing that he was free. Wallace didn't like that. It was an indication of weakness, and weakness had no place in his elaborate scheme. Besides, he knew well that Robert Warren was no fool, realized that for all Warren's protestations of belief in his integrity, the bank president already had a detective shadowing him. He had anticipated that and a good deal more. He had expected to spend this night in jail, and perhaps several others. Certainly under observation. This freedom caused elation, but brought about no lessening of caution.

At 7:45 he presented himself at the garage where he kept his modest little roadster, filled the tank with gas and drove down the street. This was a nightly ritual. Straight to the home of Phyllis Robinson he went; it was a rambling two-story structure set well back of a high-terraced front yard, its wide veranda blanketed cozily with honeysuckle—a modest place, one which had seen decidedly better days. Phyllis, an orphan, lived there with an aunt. The place was a boarding house. All very discreet and proper.

She greeted him in the hallway. He was irritated by the patent effort of her casualness. He directed their conversation, they chatted about innocuous nothings until they were safely out of the house and in his little car, headed into the country. This, too, was a not uncommon procedure. Cliff was well satisfied with himself. The most suspicious watcher could have found no food for speculation this night. His actions had been the normal actions of an innocent man. He was acting just as he would have acted had he been innocent of the theft of one hundred thousand dollars.

They mounted a gentle acclivity. The broad smooth highway dipped from the crest through a small woods. Overhead the full moon shone benignly over the valley, behind them the city, ringed about by furnaces and steel mills, gems of fire in the setting of silvered night. A red glow in the sky. The man at the steering wheel, calm and self-possessed, eyes focused on the ribbon of road ahead, thoughts busy with the epochal events of the day. Nor did he mention the subject uppermost in his mind until the girl spoke, spoke with a quaver in her voice as her hand closed tremulously about his.

"You—you're free, Cliff?"

"Obviously." The man was a poser; this was too perfect an opportunity to miss. He wished the girl at his side to be impressed with his own granite imperviousness to emotion. Phyllis shook her head; she loved him despite the fact that she knew his weakness.

"They don't suspect you?"

"Certainly not. They couldn't. I went in to the old man and told him the money was gone. I didn't protect myself a bit. Suggested that he had better lock me up. And of course he didn't." He smiled grimly, pridefully. "The only danger point in the whole scheme has been passed, Phyllis. We're safe."

"And I'm frightened."

"Of course. That's natural."

"Aren't you?"

"Not at all." He stopped the car as if to light a cigarette. "You put the money in the vault at the City Trust?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Immediately after I left the office for lunch."

"You went straight from the Third National to your office?"

"Yes. And the cashier commented on how quickly I got back."

"Fine! Great! Sooner or later they're bound to connect us in this matter, and when they do they'll investigate your actions. It'll disarm them to learn that you got back to the office in record time; that you couldn't possibly have gone anywhere between the bank and your place of business. And now about the vault—you didn't attract any particular attention there, did you?"

"No-o. I'm sure I didn't. There was a crowd there, and I am sure the old man didn't notice me at all. I put the money in Harriet's box, not mine."

He patted her hand reassuringly. "You were a trump, dear. And you're not sorry?"

"No-o—and yes. I know that it is wrong, yet—oh, well, we need the money. It means so much more to us than it ever could to that bank. If we're only not caught"

"We won't be." His narrow, rather hard face was set. He argued as though to reassure himself. "The weakness in anything of this sort is preliminary planning. The average man who sets out to steal one hundred thousand dollars"—the girl winced—"makes plans so enormously elaborate that he cuts his own throat, minimizes his chances of getting away with it. For every detail that such a man plants he sows a possibility of detection. He isn't content with the easy, the safe, the normal. In striving for perfection, for absolute safety, he lays traps for himself. Remember this, Phyllis: a detective can make a thousand mistakes and, by doing one single thing correctly, land his man. The criminal cannot afford a single mistake. Understand?"

"Yes." And then the feminine side of the girl flooded to the surface. "Cliff dear, you're so—so hard!"

That pleased him. He wanted to be hard, cultivated a gelid philosophy.

"Sentiment serves no man well, Phyllis. My hardness has made possible financial ease for us—and consequent contentment. I have no conscience. Neither has the average man. Conscience is the fear of being caught. We are all inherently unmoral. It was not wrong for the primitive man to steal. He took what he could get away with. Right and wrong are products of legislation, of artificial ethical culture. They are not part of us; we are inoculated with them. They are utterly foreign to us. In taking this money I have committed no natural crime. By statute only am I a criminal. I am not ashamed of what I have done. I would be ashamed of detection."

Silence fell between them. The girl shivered as though with a chill.

"You are very convincing, dear. But I'm afraid that I'm terribly a victim to the morality of education. Of course you've convinced my intellect. But—since this afternoon—I'm afraid you can never convince my conscience."

He flashed her a sudden apprehensive glance. "You're not getting cold feet?"

"No." She shook her head sadly. "It's too late for that."

"But you're afraid?"

"Yes. I'm afraid."

"Then you're silly. We're safe now. The minute you walked through those revolving doors with that hundred thousand in your bag I knew that we were safe. The scheme is successful because of its very simplicity. We are to go ahead in our normal ways. There is to be no variation whatsoever in our way of living. In a year we will marry. A year from then I will get a position somewhere else. And then—and not until then—will we begin to make use of the money which we got to-day. We're safe."

"From the law—yes. But not from ourselves."

"Harping on conscience again?"

"Yes."

"Pff! I have no conscience, no fear of the intangible."

She sighed. "I must agree with you, dear. I've gone too far not to. But I wonder—whether it's worth the price."

He laughed harshly and the car leaped ahead as his finger caressed the gas lever.

"It's fortunate, Phyllis, that I'm practical. The thing that counts in this world is what you have—not how you got it."

They returned to the girl's boarding house at eleven o'clock, stood chatting for a while on the front porch. Cliff wondered whether the man who must be shadowing him was witness to the tableau. He knew that the man must have been bewildered and apprehensive when they went off for a ride together—and pleased by their return. He fancied he could discern the person lolling in the shadows of the big oak across the street. He swung down the steps, whistling jauntily.

Phyllis slept not at all that night. Cliff, serene and untroubled, slumbered heavily. For two years he had planned this thing, had surveyed it from every angle. He had made an intensive personal study of the men with whom he would have to deal: Of Robert Warren, the president; of Garet Jenkins, the cashier; of each member of the board of directors. He had studied their mental processes, had deliberately built up their confidence in him and his integrity. He had known in advance that Warren would do just about as he had done and that his opinion would sway the board of directors. He knew that the matter would be hushed up and that the investigation would be conducted with the most rigid secrecy. He knew that detectives would appear the following morning, would remain there for some time—and that they would find nothing. He knew that eventually the conclusion would be reached that there had been, in fact, no robbery at all, but that the hundred thousand dollars had never reached the bank vaults.

He would be watched carefully for one month, two, three. Then the matter would be filed away as an unsolved mystery. Above everything, the bank was not desirous of a scandal. In the absence of sufficient evidence to convict they'd permit him his freedom. And the perfect normalcy of his life would convince them speedily that he was free from guilt.

He reached the bank the following morning at precisely his regular time, not a minute early or a minute late. He held a brief conference with the three assistant paying tellers and apportioned to each his quota of cash from the vault, which was a part of his individual cage. Then quite phlegmatically he answered a summons to the office of the president. And as he entered the door he recognized in the three strangers who faced him the detectives.

Cliff was somewhat amused. He knew that the glances they bestowed upon him were surcharged with deep and dark suspicion. Money had disappeared from the cage of the chief paying teller; ergo, the chief paying teller had stolen it. They'd start out on that theory—and butt their heads against a stone wall. He realized that Robert Warren was talking, that he was being introduced.

"The detectives; this is Mr. Peter Jamieson, representing the bonding company. And Mr. Carl Burton, of the Bankers' Protective Association." He hesitated a moment as he turned toward the third stranger. Then: "This other gentleman is also here to represent the Bankers' Protective Association. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hanvey—Mr. James Hanvey."

Cliff started visibly. Jim Hanvey! He'd heard of the man—a detective with an enviable reputation. But he had envisioned Jim Hanvey as a person tall and sinewy, and with a saturnine face and deep-set flashing eyes. This man ——

The hand which the great detective extended to him was limp and clammy, the man himself utterly negative. He was a large man, true; but his shoulders were rounded and from them the coat of his cheap ready-made tweed suit hung like a smoking jacket. Above a thick red neck rose the head—huge, fat, shapeless. Three floppy chins, an apoplectic expression, a wide, loose-lipped mouth. And eyes ——

Those eyes fascinated Wallace, not because they were marvelous eyes but because he could not reconcile himself to the fact that they were capable of seeing anything. They were large eyes, and round like a baby's. In color they were a passive gray—fishlike. They rested on Wallace's as their hands met, and then the lids closed slowly over them like a film, rising just as deliberately. It was more an ocular yawn than a blinking of eyes. Cliff felt within him a contempt for the man, instant and instinctive, then pulled himself together with a jerk. He knew that would never do. Jim Hanvey bore an international reputation, such a one as could not be attained through inefficiency.

Jamieson was nearer Cliff's conception of an efficient detective. Medium build, dapper, dynamic, with blazing eyes and a competent manner. He liked Jamieson, knew that he would know how to cope with him. Jamieson was a practical detective, and Jamieson was there in the rôle of a friend. It was most decidedly to the interest of the bonding company to establish his innocence. Burton, too, radiated efficiency. He was tall and broad and had deep-set brown

(Continued on Page 72)

The vital instant

in a motor comes when compression is complete, piston at top and spark fires. Every ounce of traction delivered to the rear wheels results from the action of the gas at that vital instant. Upon the degree of volatility of the gasoline depends the translation of every molecule into maximum energy at that vital instant.

TEXACO GASOLINE

THE *VOLATILE* GAS

(Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline gives up its power)

The high volatility of Texaco Gasoline comes into evidence in many ways; perhaps most unmistakably in the congestion of city traffic, where its delivery of quick impulse in response to the accelerator is sure to be observed and appreciated.

Texaco Motor Oils are heavy-body lubricants and are distinguished by their clear pale color. Light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—they fit all cars and all conditions. You will find them wherever you see the Texaco red star*.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

*In ten years the consumption of Texaco Lubricating Oils has increased from 300,000 gallons per month to 7,500,000 gallons per month.

TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

To Soda Fountain Customers:

Here's *Real* Lemonade Delicious-Refreshing

And You See It Made
before your eyes on this Machine

You want real *fresh fruit* lemonade—the genuine old-fashioned kind.

Here's proof that you're getting it—an efficient and sanitary machine that makes it in a few seconds.

The dispenser presses the halved fruit to the swiftly revolving extracting bulb and the pure rich juice gushes into your waiting glass.

You sense the natural fresh fruit aroma. There's no mistake about *this* lemonade.

It's the real old-fashioned kind—the kind you want. You see the machine produce it.

And there's no other refreshment that quite equals this classic beverage.

Simply seek the stores that use the Sunkist Juice Extractor, and you will get *your ideal lemonade.*

Sunkist Juice

You will want one when you see it work

The Sunkist Extractor is a trade magnet, a business builder, a sales creator, not only for your fountain, but your entire store. It does not hurt other fountain business—it increases it. Hundreds of users have told us this.

Apply halved orange or lemon to revolving extracting bulb. The juice instantly gushes into the glass. Revolving at the rate of 2,000 times per minute, the bulb extracts every last drop of the juice. Juice never touches operator's hands.

The solid china juice-bowl is guaranteed to be absolutely acid proof—not merely acid resistant—but positively acid proof. Bowl and spout are in one piece, and easily removable for rinsing in water—like a glass.

The extracting bulb not only extracts the juice, but the "meat" as well. It breaks up and shreds the pulp. Crushes thousands of tiny cells, not affected by other extracting methods. Releases 100 per cent of the pure, luscious, natural fruit juice from nature's storehouse.

You serve genuine lemonade—made to order from the fresh fruit—before the customer's eyes. All done in a few seconds.

Hundreds of soda fountain owners, now using this Extractor, have seen their lemonade sales increase 1000 per cent, and more, in a week.

California Fruit Growers Exchange *A Non-profit Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers*

Department of Fresh Fruit Drinks Section 174 **154 Whiting**

To Soda Fountain Owners:

This Machine Was $102.50 — Now $47.50 with terms

or $42.75 cash, *ACTUAL COST* to the California Fruit Growers Exchange.

THE California Fruit Growers Exchange, growers of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges, is now the manufacturer of the Sunkist Juice Extractor (formerly the Blessing Fruit Juice Extractor).

By producing in large quantity and cutting out manufacturer's profits and extra selling costs we have *more than cut the former price in half*.

So this efficient machine, once $102.50, *now sells for $47.50 on easy terms!*

This is the *first actual-cost offer*, so far as we know, ever made to the trade.

It is made at actual cost purely to stimulate the sale of lemonade and orangeade.

For we are interested only in extending the use of *lemons* and *oranges* in view of our increasing crops.

All the advantage in the machine therefore is entirely your gain—a wonderfully efficient hundred-dollar machine, gauged by all ordinary standards, for only $47.50, and even less for cash.

Don't miss the opportunity. Order yours at once to be sure of delivery. Orders the first month were multiplied many times over as the result of this new price announcement.

As our production plans permit the manufacture of only 5000 machines this year, only one fountain in twenty can be supplied. Send your order today and be sure of shipment at time you specify.

The coupon brings further information or a machine. Mark it now and send it. Be the first, if there is no machine now in your neighborhood, to make real lemonade in this new, quick way.

Free— with every Extractor

Stainless Steel Knife

Cutting Board

Special Sunkist Advertising Material

Extractor

Be Sure of Yours—Mail This

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Section 174
154 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

_____ 1922
(Date)

Ship _____ Express Prepaid _____
(When) *(Quantity)*

Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors, upon terms checked below:
(Check terms desired or simply "Send me further information")

☐ **$47.50 for each Extractor, in payments as follows:**
$10.00 in 10 days from date of shipment.
$10.00 in 30 days from date of shipment.
$10.00 in 60 days from date of shipment.
$17.50 in 90 days from date of shipment.
Title to remain in California Fruit Growers Exchange until fully paid for

Less 10% for Cash

☐ **$42.75 Net, for each Extractor.**

☐ **Before I purchase I should like further information.**

When ordering specify kind of current _____
(Direct or Alternating)
_____ Voltage _____ Cycles _____

The above information can be secured from your electric light company

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

Write any questions in margin below.

Street, Chicago, Ill.

$1000.00 in prizes

What is she saying?

THERE is no fixed answer to guess! Your idea of what this woman is saying may be the prize winner! What is she saying to the clerk that is making him turn to Sealpax?

Study the picture—study the facts about Sealpax below. Then, write your answer in not more than twenty words and send it to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent neutral judges will award prizes. Contest closes July 29th, 1922. And winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922.

Best answer . $500
Second Prize . . . $200
Third Prize . . . $100
Fourth Prize . . . $50
Next Best Five . . $15
Next Best Five . . $10
Next Best Five . . $5
Next Fifty (each)—one suit of Sealpax

(In event of a tie for any prize offered the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

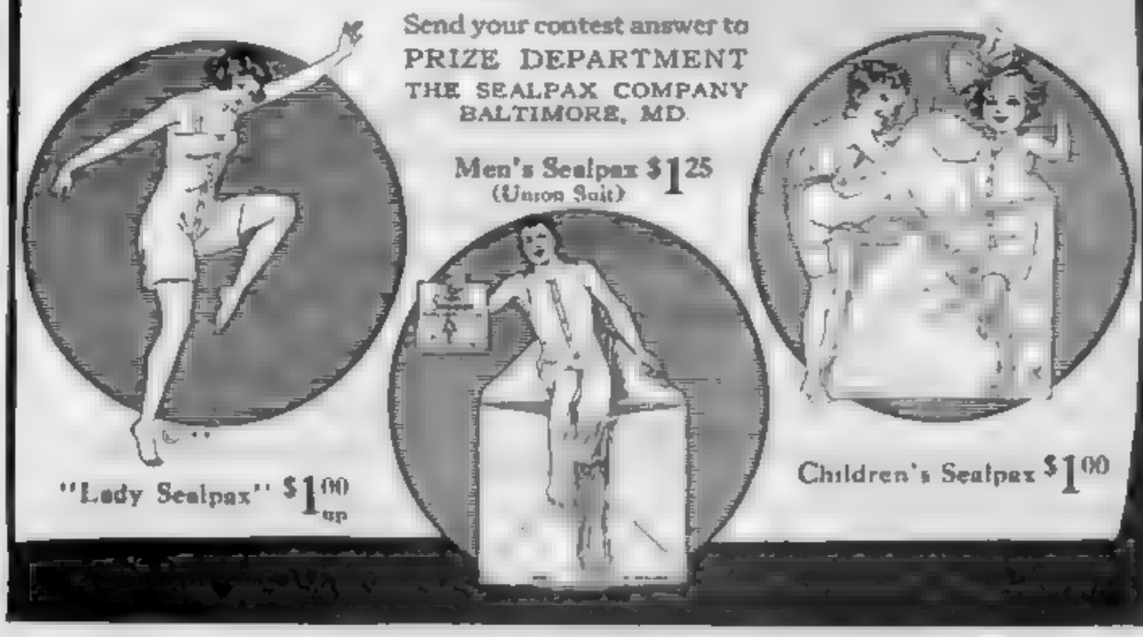
THERE are men all through the country who do not have to read about Sealpax to know what the customer in the contest picture is saying about it. They *wear* it! They *know* that wonderful free-and-easy Sealpax comfort—that light-and-breezy Sealpax coolness!

Why don't you slip into Sealpax and treat yourself to a new summer comfort? The snug athletic cut—the cool fabric—webbed shoulders and wide roomy legs—are a revelation in underwear comfort.

You begin to appreciate Sealpax when you buy it—because it comes to you packed in a sealed sanitary envelope, crisp and clean as driven snow.

Women and children may also enjoy the cool comfort of Sealpax. "Lady Sealpax" for women is "Just as Comfortable as Brother's" athletic underwear—just as dainty as a woman could wish it to be. "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids"—cool, comfortable athletic underwear for children, reinforced to wear long and well.

Sealpax for all the family—sold everywhere!



Send your contest answer to
PRIZE DEPARTMENT
THE SEALPAX COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

Men's Sealpax $1.25
(Union Suit)

"Lady Sealpax" $1.00 up

Children's Sealpax $1.00

(Continued from Page 68)

eyes which looked out keenly from under heavy lashes. He was there to convict, but Cliff did not fear him. Burton, like Jamieson, was too normal a man to inspire apprehension. But Hanvey, Hanvey of the slow-blinking, fishy eyes—Hanvey was a disturbing quantity. Cliff didn't like Hanvey.

Hanvey was speaking. Cliff noted that the others deferred to the ponderous, uninspired-looking individual.

"H'm! You're the paying teller, Mr. Wallace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kind of funny the hundred thousand gettin' lost thataway, wasn't it?"

Cliff was annoyed. The man wasn't even grammatical.

"Rather peculiar—yes."

"Ain't got any idea how it happened, have you?"

"No."

"No chance of anyone sort of slippin' an arm through the cage window and grabbin' it, huh?"

Bah! the man was an idiot.

"Hardly that."

"Kinder makes us believe that it must have been done by somebody inside the cage. Ain't that so?"

"That is the obvious conclusion."

"Well, now—so it is. So it is." Hanvey produced a golden toothpick, which he regarded fondly. "Awful funny thing how money gits to go thisaway. Awful funny. Ain't it, Jamieson?"

"Yes—yes indeed." Cliff glanced curiously at the competent Jamieson. He fancied that Jamieson would appear annoyed by Hanvey's cumbersomeness. But instead he saw the two other detectives hanging worshipfully upon Hanvey's words.

Peculiar—it was impossible that Hanvey possessed keen intelligence. And yet ——

Hanvey nodded heavily. "That's all, Mr. Wallace. I reckon that's about all I need from you."

All? It was nothing—less than nothing. One or two absurd, meaningless questions; a ridiculous voicing of the thought that someone might have stolen a hundred thousand dollars in currency from under his very eyes. And Jim Hanvey was reputed to be a great detective.

Cliff Wallace was bothered. The very somnolent heaviness of Jim Hanvey begot apprehension. He had no idea how to cope with it. The man was too utterly guileless, too awkward of manner. His ponderous indifference must cloak a keen, perceptive brain. Jamieson and Burton—well, Cliff knew just what they were thinking. He'd always know what they were thinking. But Hanvey—never. He didn't even know that Hanvey was thinking. He was an element which the paying teller had not foreseen. Frank suspicion was easy to combat. Through his head there flashed the shibboleth of the Bankers' Protective Association: "We get a man if it takes a lifetime—even though he has stolen only a dollar. It's the principle of the thing."

He shook off the thought of Jim Hanvey, but throughout the day watched the ponderous, big-jowled man lumber about the lobby and through the cages, those great fishy eyes blinking with a deliberation which reminded him of a man making physical effort to remain awake. Occasionally Cliff looked up to find the glassy eyes staring at him through the bars of his cage, the detective's unpressed tweed suit against the marble shelf. His eyes would flash into those of the detective, then would come that interminably slow blinking, and Hanvey would move away apologetically. Once Wallace shivered.

That was the beginning. Hanvey during the days that followed did absolutely nothing. Jamieson and Burton, on the other hand, worked busily and thoroughly. They pored over the list of customers for whom checks had been cashed on the day of the money's disappearance. And finally they came to the pay-roll check of Sanford Jones & Co. They called Cliff into conference with them, Burton doing the questioning.

"Who presented the Jones company check, Mr. Wallace?"

Cliff steeled himself to impassivity. "Miss Phyllis Robinson."

"You are acquainted with her?"

"Yes. We happen to be secretly engaged."

"Ah-h!" Cliff saw a meaningful look pass between the two detectives. "Your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"Did you personally cash her check that day?"

"Yes."

"You are positive about that?"

"Yes. I cash all of the pay-roll checks; and besides, I remember talking to her while she was at the window."

The detectives nodded at each other and Cliff was dismissed. Immediately Jamieson and Burton checked up the movements of Phyllis Robinson on that particular day. They learned that she had cashed the company's pay-roll check as usual and that she had been absent from the office only a short time. Yes, the puzzled cashier was positive of that—he remembered noticing particularly that she'd hardly left the office before she was back with the money. In answer to their query as to whether she had time to stop somewhere en route to the office from the bank, the little man indignantly protested that he recalled every detail of the morning and that she couldn't possibly have done so. "I never knew her to get back so quick before, and she never was one to loiter."

So much for that. The girl had undoubtedly gone straight from the bank to her office. The Jones cashier insisted that she delivered the satchel to him personally. Jamieson and Burton then visited the banks of the city and its suburbs. The Third National was the largest in the district and they went meticulously down the line in the order of importance. At the City Trust they were informed that Phyllis Robinson rented a safety-deposit box. An inspection of her card disclosed the fact that she had not visited the box in two months. Nor had she a box at any other bank. Neither had Cliff Wallace.

News of the investigation, received from the puzzled cashier, via the frightened Phyllis, elated Cliff. He was delighted to know that the two detectives were at work, and supremely confident that they could discover nothing.

But Hanvey did nothing. All day long he lounged about the lobby or sat in one of the cages with his feet propped upon a shelf, surrounding himself with a haze of rancid cigar smoke. And always those blank, stupid eyes were turned upon the cage of the chief paying teller—blinking, blinking.

Wallace did not vary a hair's breadth from the established routine of his daily life. He breakfasted at his usual place at the usual hour, snatched a lunch as he had always been in the habit of doing, dined at his favorite cafeteria, called upon Phyllis Robinson in the evenings and either walked with her or took her riding in his little car.

On Thursday he drew his monthly pay check—two hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred dollars of it he immediately deposited to his own credit in a savings account. He had done this for years.

On Friday he received a shock. It was a light pay-roll day—not more than a quarter million dollars had been set aside for the pay rolls. In the line was Phyllis, satchel in hand. He greeted her as usual, counted the packages of bills and rolls of silver. And then, as he unlocked the little window of his cage to return to her the satchel, he visioned the ponderous figure of Jim Hanvey lolling indifferently over the shelf; round idiotic eyes fixed unseeingly upon him. Fear flashed into Cliff's heart and the color receded from his cheeks. What was the significance of that? Was it possible —— With an almost hysterical gesture he slammed shut the window. Hanvey's eyes blinked once, slowly; a second time, more slowly. Then he moved heavily away, playing with his gold toothpick.

That night as Cliff was driving with Phyllis in the country—"That was Hanvey standing by the window to-day when I cashed your pay-roll check."

The girl shuddered. "Ugh! He's horrid. Like a jellyfish."

"I wonder why he did that? He's never done it before."

"Did what?"

"Hung over the counter while I was cashing your pay-roll check. I wonder if he suspects ——"

"That man! He looks like an imbecile."

"Looks like, yes. But he is supposed to be a great detective."

"It's impossible."

"He's getting on my nerves, Phyllis. I can't help but believe that he suspects something. At times I feel a contempt for his obtuseness. Then I know that I'm

(Continued on Page 75)

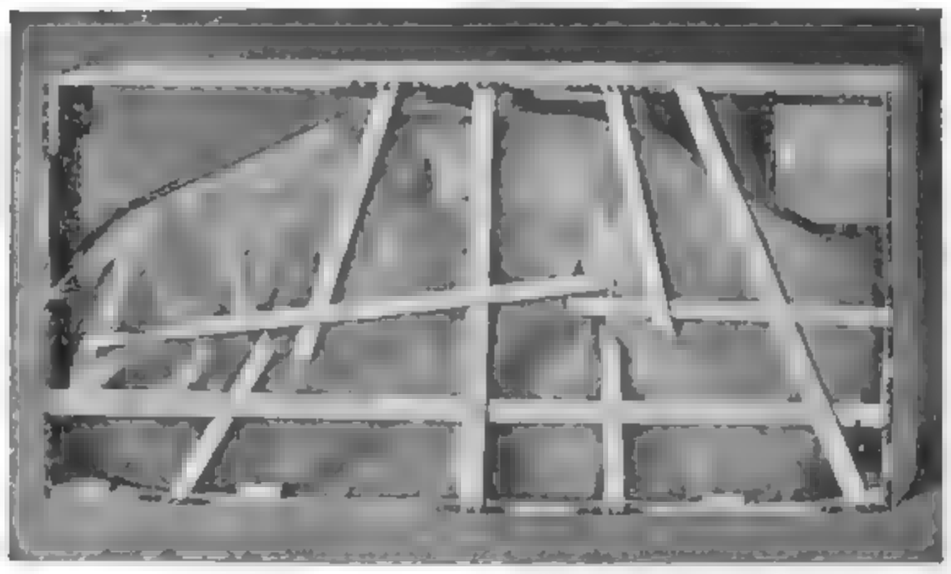


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y

THROUGHOUT South America there persists a saying: "Good packing, bad packing, and then American packing." Who can estimate the damage done to American export trade by such a reflection!

This crate is a striking example of slipshod packing of goods for foreign shipment. It shows the condition in which a crated motorcycle reached an American port presumably ready for export. The manufacturer saved lumber and nails in making this crate. In order to save the motorcycle the forwarding agents had to rebuild the crate before it could be loaded into the ship.

A single shipment received in damaged condition may destroy the good will assets of a shipper or may injure the trade relations of a whole nation.

And for every needless damage, somebody pays—usually the consumer, through higher prices and transportation costs.

Do American Shippers Pay Sufficient Attention to the Packing of Their Goods?

TAKE a walk into a freight house and look at the crates that are expected to deliver merchandise safely to customers a hundred or a thousand miles away.

Too much lumber in one crate; too little in another; weak corner construction; lack of bracing; too few nails or nails of the wrong size, some too small to hold, others so large that they split the wood; nails driven into end grain and consequently of little holding power; insufficient protection for contents; contents not properly braced—these are the most obvious weaknesses in the crates of average American shippers today.

Weaknesses, too, that in large measure account for the enormous losses in damaged goods that the American people each year are obliged to pay.

SHIPPERS who have looked into this matter of shipping containers are securing startling results. They find that the elimination of damage claims and the delivery of goods in uniformly better condition, speeds up collections and increases sales.

In some instances, too, large savings have been effected through proper crate construction.

One manufacturer is saving 350,000 feet of lumber annually and has cut his shipping weights over a million pounds. Another saved $30,000 in materials, labor and water transportation through redesigning the container for a single product.

PROPER crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork, but is based on definite engineering principles now thoroughly established by the experience, observation and experiment of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, the railroads, and many large shippers as well.

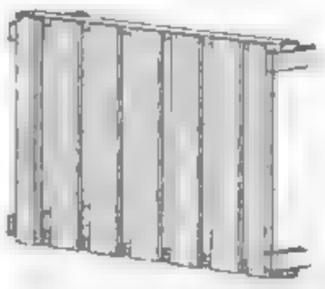
The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

As a result, this organization now offers to the industrial user of crating lumber the services of a crating engineer who, without cost to you, will come into your plant, check up your crates, and, with the cooperation of your shipping department redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

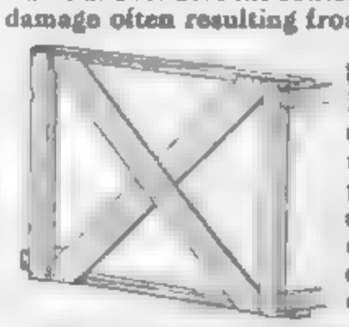
A BOOKLET outlining the principles of crate construction and explaining the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



MERELY adding more lumber to a crate does not necessarily increase its strength. Much more important is the manner in which it is used. The construction shown above could easily be thrown out of plumb if dropped on to one of its corners. Likewise such a crate might so lose its rigidity, as a result of rough handling and the weaving action of a freight car in motion, as to force the contents to bear the weight of any objects that might be loaded on top of it.

In the illustration below, correct construction has saved a considerable amount of lumber. Properly applied diagonal bracing prevents the distortion and racking of a crate frame and renders the contents immune to the damage often resulting from the friction between crate members and contents. Proper crate design in all cases recognizes transportation hazards and, through least material properly applied, protects against them.



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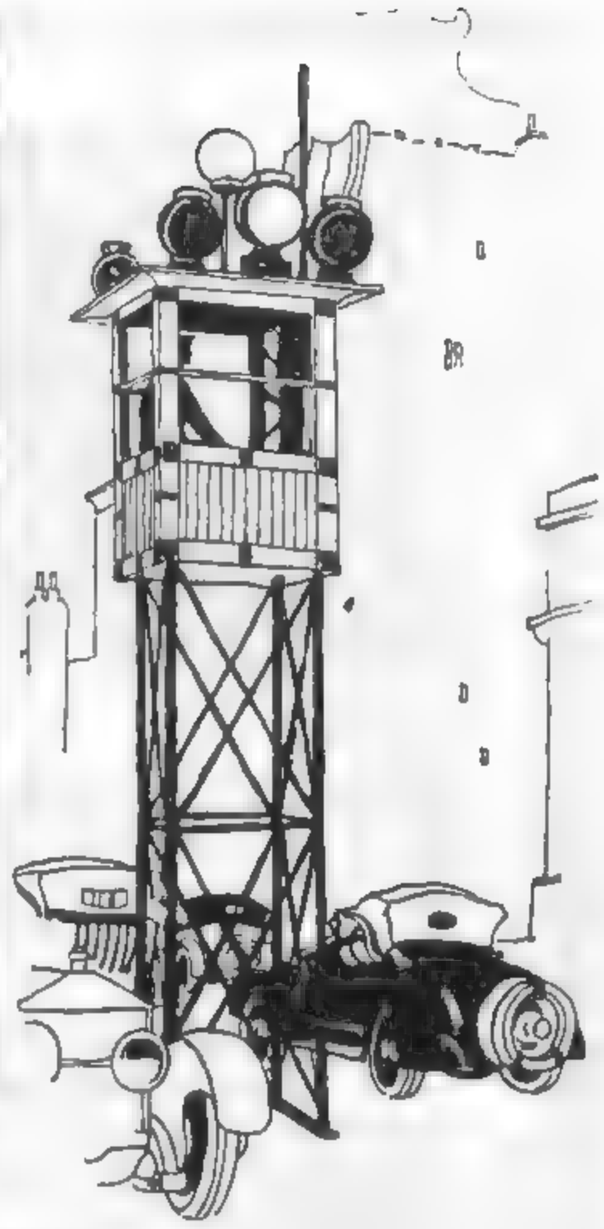

Fifth Avenue looking north, showing one of the new towers to control traffic

Traffic has trebled in five years—

A way to prevent this from becoming an increasing menace to motorists

ALMOST three times as many cars crowding the streets and roads today as in 1916—9,500,000 as compared with 3,500,000.

On Fifth Avenue, New York, a system of control by towers and lights has been installed to meet this alarming increase in traffic. Between 34th and 59th Streets all Avenue traffic moves and halts at the same time.

It has become imperative everywhere that precautions be taken to prevent accidents from increasing traffic.

Tests which the San Francisco Police have conducted revealed the startling fact that *the brakes of every fourth car are in dangerous condition.*

Don't let any emergency find your car with faulty brakes. The chart at the right shows how quickly you *should* be able to stop. *Have your brakes inspected regularly by your garage man.*

Perhaps you need new brake lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly—it may fail unexpectedly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. You can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.

40% more material—hydraulic compressed

To overcome these faults of ordinary brake lining, Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining has been perfected. It maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

40% more material than can be put into ordinary brake lining is compressed under *hydraulic pressure* of 2,000 pounds into a tight, close-textured mass. Each layer of material in Thermoid is *Grapnalized*. This exclusive process makes it oilproof and waterproof. Brakes lined with Thermoid can never grab or slip.

Because of its unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks use Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Next time you need new brake lining, specify Thermoid.

Write for "The Dangers of Faulty Brakes," the first complete publication on the subject ever published. Sent free.

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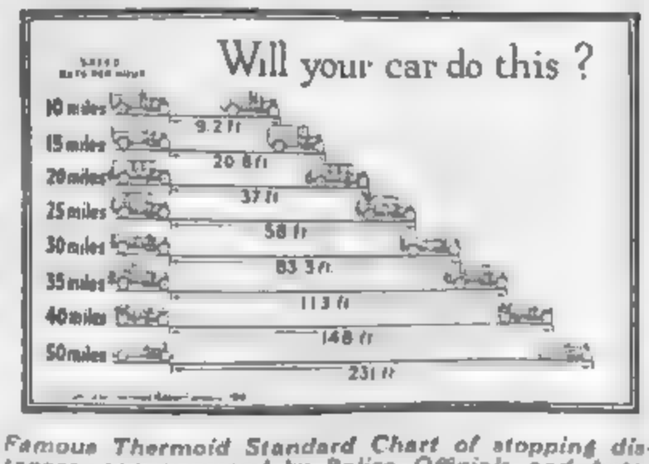
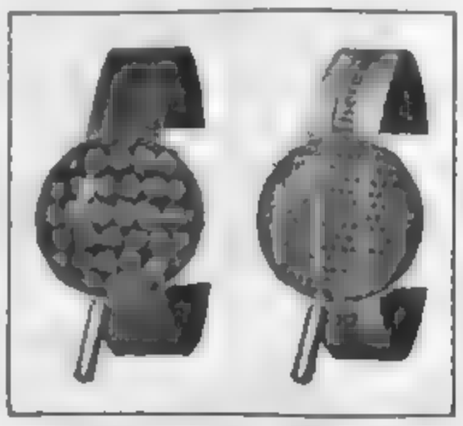


Famous Thermoid Standard Chart of stopping distances, now approved by Police Officials and Automotive Engineers. Chart shows distances in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards.



Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture

Wears down quickly and unevenly

Loses its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Notice the compact texture

Wears down evenly

Gives uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Cronide Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 72

wrong. He couldn't be what he is and be the fool he looks. And he doesn't do anything. He's never questioned me. He's never questioned anyone. He just sits there and watches and watches—like—like a Buddha."

Nor did the weeks which followed alter the situation. Jamieson reported to the bank officials that in his opinion there had been no robbery. Burton concurred. They had arrived at the definite conclusion that the money had never reached the bank. In answer to Cliff's statement that it had, they admitted that Cliff believed so—but was in error. Cliff refused to be convinced, and thus established more firmly than ever in their minds the fact that he was innocent of complicity in the crime. It was the theory of Jamieson and Burton that in securing the unusually large amount of cash from the district Federal Reserve Bank to meet the heavy pay rolls of that particular day, a miscount had been made at the sending source and the checking up at the Third National had been faulty. True, the accounts of the Federal Reserve Bank showed no surplus of one hundred thousand dollars, but both Jamieson and Burton were optimistic that it would eventually come to light.

Cliff Wallace knew that he had been successful. No hint of suspicion had fallen upon him. The worst that had been said against him was that he had been careless in counting the money as it came into his vaults. He was sorrowful about that—ostentatiously so, just as he would normally have exhibited grief at any suggestion of inefficiency. The bank officials did not blame him. Most of them had climbed the ladder slowly and they were familiar with the nagging routine of the paying teller's cage, the inevitable liability to error. Undoubtedly, they thought, the money would appear eventually. It was absurd to doubt Clifford Wallace. Two detectives had shadowed him meticulously. The orderly existence of the chief paying teller was unaltered. He went his way serenely.

To Wallace it seemed more than worth the trouble. Lying in the vaults of the City Trust was one hundred thousand dollars in cash, an amount sufficient to yield seven thousand income invested with moderate acumen. That meant leisure and ease for himself and Phyllis through life. He did not want anything more. He knew that he would never again be tempted to crime; not that he was morally opposed to it, but because it wasn't worth the danger.

One hundred thousand dollars was adequate to their needs. He had planned this thing for two years. Now it had been worked successfully.

If it only wasn't for Jim Hanvey, those wide-staring eyes. He couldn't get away from those eyes, from the insolent indolence of the man, his apparent indifference to the mystery he was supposed to be solving. All day he lounged around the bank; ignorant, bunglesome, awkward, inactive. He inspected no books, asked no questions, exhibited no suspicion of Cliff Wallace. Yet Cliff felt those inhuman eyes focused upon him at all times. And that incident of Hanvey's presence at the cage when he cashed Phyllis' pay-roll check—that was fraught with deep significance.

"He suspects me," proclaimed the paying teller furiously to his accomplice. "He knows that I did it and is just trying to find out how."

She held his hand between both of hers. "I'm afraid, Cliff. Horribly afraid."

"If he'd only say something! I wish he'd arrest me."

"Cliff!"

"I mean it. If he'd arrest me they'd prosecute, and they couldn't possibly convict. They haven't a thing on me. I'd be acquitted in jig time. Then he could go to the devil—Hanvey and those fish eyes of his. I'd be safe then—even if they found out later that I had done it."

"You mean that you couldn't be tried twice for the same offense?"

"That's it."

"Then why not induce them to—to prosecute?"

He shook his head. "I can't. I've tried it, but old Warren and Garet Jenkins are convinced that I'm innocent. Jamieson and Burton both believe the money never got to the bank. And Hanvey just sits around like a hoot owl at noon and does nothing. It's Hanvey I'm afraid of. He knows! The only thing he doesn't know is how!"

Two more weeks passed. Wallace's hope that Hanvey would depart proved ill-founded. The big, awkward man was there at eight o'clock every morning, and there he remained until the books were closed at night. He spoke to nobody save in the most casual way. Every other employe of the bank came to take him for granted They were interested in him at first, but later accepted him as they accepted the marble pillars which stubbed the lobby. He was big and lumbering and uncouth, and gradually they forgot his reputation as a bank detective.

But Clifford Wallace did not forget. In his eyes there had been born a hunted, haunted look. Hanvey's flabby, rather coarse face had a hypnotic effect upon him. He found himself wondering what obliquitous course this man was pursuing, what method there might be in his madness of inactivity. He felt like an ill man who finds himself daily in the room with a coffin. Hanvey's stolid demeanor generated an association of ideas that was irresistibly horrible.

It was obvious that Hanvey suspected something, someone; equally plain that he did not suspect anyone else in that bank. It must be, then, that he did suspect Cliff. And then he commenced visiting Cliff's cage.

He did it only a few times. His manner was friendly, almost apologetic. But he had a mean insinuating way of appearing at the cage door and rattling the knob. Cliff would whirl and find those dull inhuman eyes blinking slowly at him

"Can I come in, Mr. Wallace?" And then once inside the cage: "Just wanted to pass the time of day with you."

Invariably, then, the same formula. A browsing around the tiny cage. A peeping into the money-stocked vault of the paying teller. "Gosh! That's a heap of money."

"Yes." Cliff found himself on edge when Hanvey was in his cage.

"Never knew there was that much money in the world."

Damn the man! Always obvious in his speech.

"Didn't you?"

"Nope. Sure didn't."

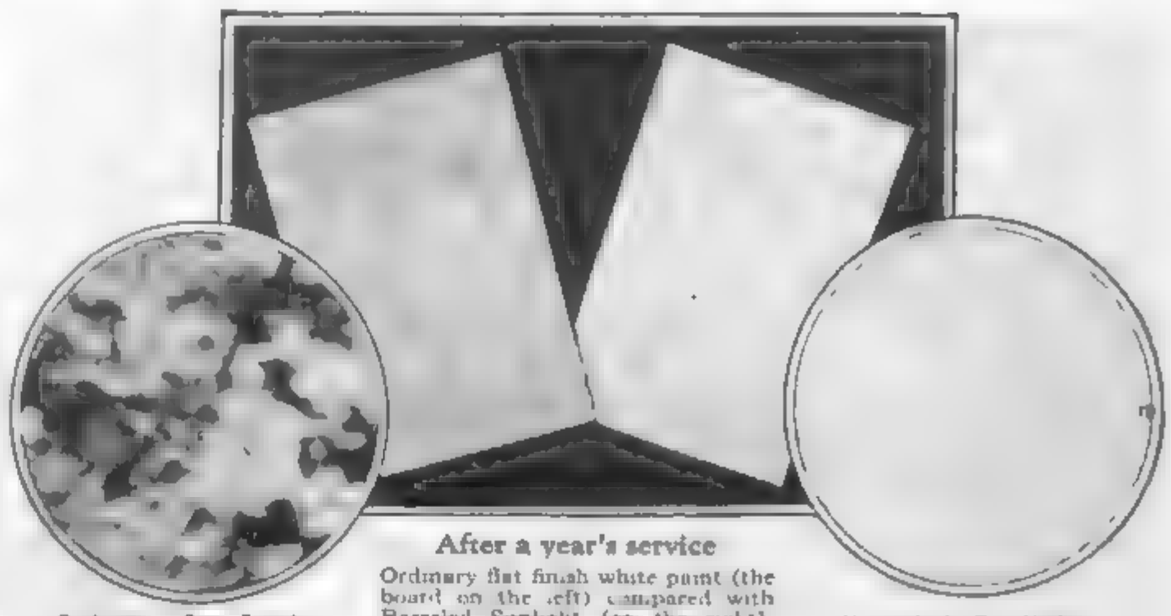
Hanvey never mentioned the robbery. His indifference must be studied; all part of a net-spreading process. Cliff was frightened. He recalled the adage that a detective can err a thousand times and yet win; the criminal cannot afford to slip once. He regulated his daily life scrupulously. At the end of another month he again deposited his regular amount of savings. He saw to it that Phyllis did the same. But the strain was telling on him. His appetite had gone, dark circles appeared under his eyes. He wished daily that he'd be summoned into Warren's office to face the thing out with Jim Hanvey. He knew they couldn't convict, that they didn't have a thing against him. Even the box in which reposed their hundred thousand dollars stood in the name of Mrs. Harriet Dare, Phyllis' dead sister. Before her death Phyllis had been authorized in writing to be permitted to the box. Cliff had taken care that the box remained in the name of the estimable and defunct lady.

He became moody and depressed, obsessed with speculation as to what was happening behind the bovinely expressionless face of the detective. The man's countenance was blank, but Cliff was no fool—he knew that it masked an alert mind. True, he'd seen no indication of that alertness, but he knew that it must be so. And Hanvey's inactivity was telltale. Hanvey knew that he had done it, and was waiting with oxlike patience to discover how.

Sooner or later he'd learn. How, Cliff didn't know. But no scheme is so perfect that it can stand the test of unflagging and unceasing surveillance. And when he did learn—Cliff shuddered. He knew full well what they did to crooked bank employes. Robert Warren would be hard in such a situation—very hard, merciless.

Then came another big pay-roll day, and Phyllis' weekly visit with the modest check from her firm. This time Hanvey fell into line behind her. Cliff saw him coming, and his face blanched. Phyllis noticing his pallor turned and stared into the expressionless countenance of the big unkempt detective. The color receded from her cheeks, too, and her hand trembled visibly as she shoved her satchel through the little window of Cliff's cage.

His fingers were trembling as he counted the money. He chatted with Phyllis, the effort being visible and unnatural.



Ordinary flat finish white paint highly magnified

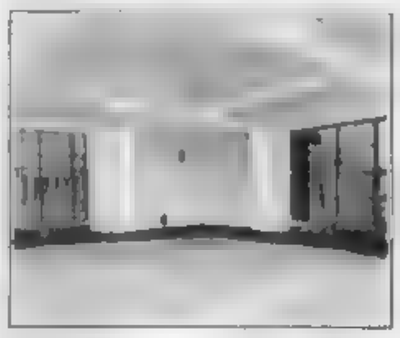
After a year's service

Ordinary flat finish white paint (the board on the left) compared with Barreled Sunlight (on the right). The accompanying photographs taken under the microscope show why one collected dirt while the other remained white.

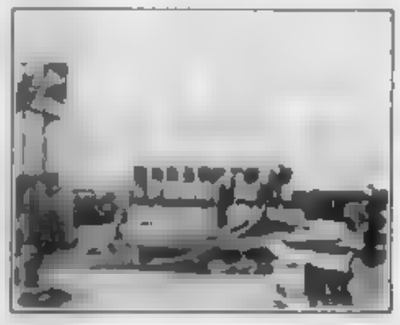
Barreled Sunlight, magnified to same degree.

Find out now through the microscope

How the white paint you buy will look after a year's service



Massachusetts Institute of Technology *Barreled Sunlight was selected by the world's greatest technical institution for use in its own buildings.*



Grinnell Plant.
The interior of this well-known fire extinguisher plant is painted with Barreled Sunlight.

Barreled Sunlight *has made walls and woodwork in this kitchen white and washable as tile.*

"Save the surface and you save all"

All white paint looks well when first applied. How will it look when it has been on walls or woodwork six months or a year?

That is the question you should answer in selecting your interior white paint.

Taken under the microscope the photograph of ordinary flat finish white paint above shows with startling clearness why most white walls and woodwork collect dirt.

The surface of such paint is seen to be actually rough and porous to an astonishing degree. In this surface dirt and dust catch readily—and stick. A permanently soiled, spotty finish soon results.

Notice in the circle on the right, the photograph of Barreled Sunlight. Seen even through this powerful lens it is smooth and unbroken!

That is why Barreled Sunlight resists all forms of dirt. It offers no lodging place for the tiny dust particles. Smudges cannot sink in. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—apartment houses, office buildings, stores, hotels, industrial plants, etc. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the house and for the walls of bathroom, kitchen, laundry, etc.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply.. Flows readily and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

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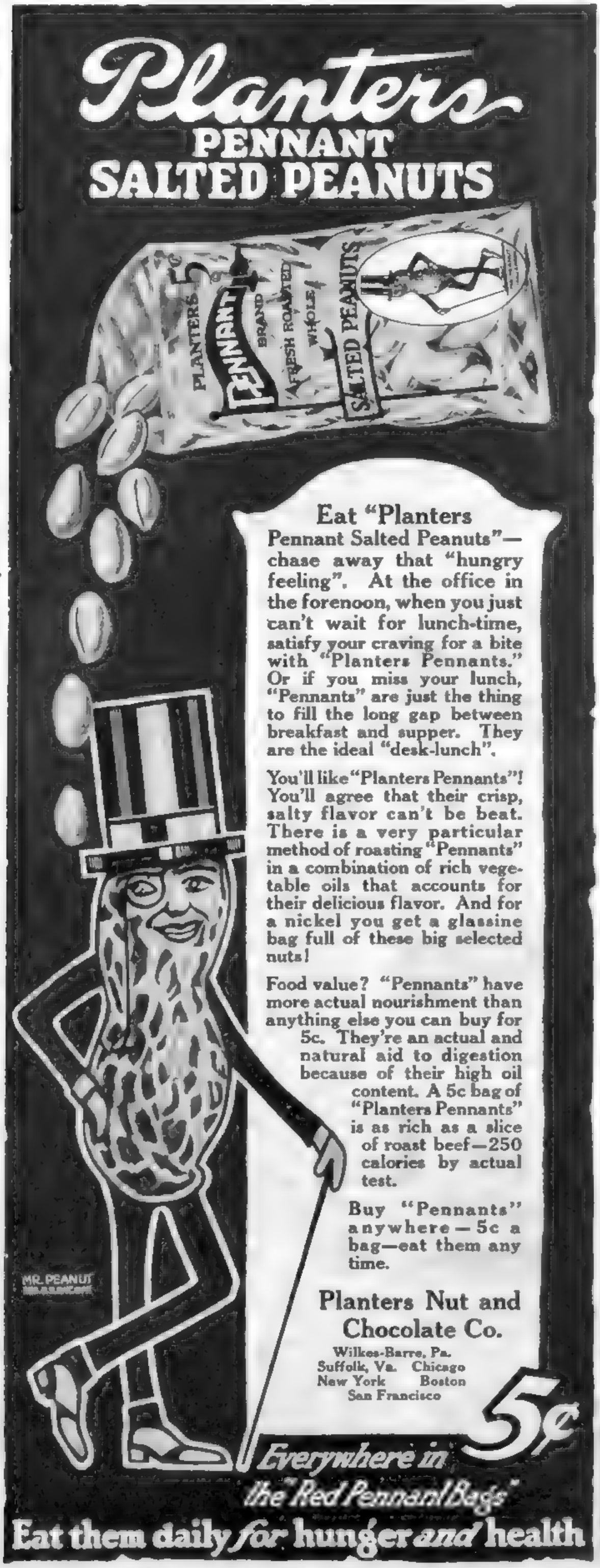
Barreled Sunlight

The Rice Process White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Eat "Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts"—chase away that "hungry feeling". At the office in the forenoon, when you just can't wait for lunch-time, satisfy your craving for a bite with "Planters Pennants." Or if you miss your lunch, "Pennants" are just the thing to fill the long gap between breakfast and supper. They are the ideal "desk-lunch".
You'll like "Planters Pennants"! You'll agree that their crisp, salty flavor can't be beat. There is a very particular method of roasting "Pennants" in a combination of rich vegetable oils that accounts for their delicious flavor. And for a nickel you get a glassine bag full of these big selected nuts!
Food value? "Pennants" have more actual nourishment than anything else you can buy for 5c. They're an actual and natural aid to digestion because of their high oil content. A 5c bag of "Planters Pennants" is as rich as a slice of roast beef—250 calories by actual test.
Buy "Pennants" anywhere—5c a bag—eat them any time.
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Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
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MR. PEANUT
5¢
Everywhere in the "Red Pennant Bags"
Eat them daily for hunger and health

The girl moved away and Hanvey looked after her trim blue-suited figure. Then he turned his froglike eyes back to Cliff Wallace and blinked in that maddening way of his.

"Durned pretty girl."

"Yes." He was short, nerves ajangle.

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"Awful pretty girl."

Hanvey moved away. Cliff staring after his waddling figure restrained with difficulty an impulse to scream. And when he left the bank that day he did something he had seldom done before in his life—he took a drink of whisky. Then he went to see Phyllis.

He was but a nervous shell of himself when he took her riding that night. He was a victim to nerves. Insomnia had gripped him—insomnia interrupted by a succession of nightmares in which he was hounded by a pair of glassy eyes which blinked slowly, interminably.

"It's all off, Phyllis."

"What do you mean?"

"Hanvey knows I did it. Sooner or later he'll figure out how."

"I thought—to-day—when he hung over the counter ——"

"I'm afraid he's about worked it out. We're near the ragged edge."

She commenced to cry. "Cliff ——"

"Don't weep. It isn't going to do us a bit of good. The man is driving me crazy. I tell you there's only one thing to do."

"And that is ——"

"Confess."

"Oh-h-h!"

He laughed bitterly. "Don't worry. They'll never know you had anything to do with it. You get the money out in the morning. Bring it to me just as it stands—wrapped in brown paper. I'll carry it to old man Warren. I'll offer to solve the mystery and see that the money is returned in exchange for a promise of immunity."

"Will he keep his promise?"

"Absolutely. He's that sort. He'd not prosecute anyway. It would injure the bank's reputation. A bank always prefers to hush up this sort of thing. They prosecute only when it's been very flagrant or when they have to secure a conviction so that the bonding company will be responsible for their loss. So, to-morrow ——"

She rested her head briefly against his shoulder. "You're right, Cliff. And I'll be glad when it's all over. So very, very glad. I've been afraid, dear."

She delivered the money to him at eleven o'clock the following morning. It was Saturday; the bank closed at twelve. He saw the eyes of Jim Hanvey blinking accusingly at him through the morning, and found himself trembling. Suppose Hanvey should accuse him at this moment, when he was on the verge of confession?

Noon. The great doors of the bank were closed. Cliff locked his cage, tucked the brown paper package under his arm and closeted himself with the president. During the walk across the lobby he had felt the horrible knowing eyes of the detective fastened upon him, leechlike.

The scene with Robert Warren developed just as he had anticipated. The president readily promised immunity, the cash was produced and counted. Warren was shocked and genuinely grieved. He was considerate enough to refrain from questioning as to the identity of the accomplice, although Cliff felt that the man knew.

Of course, he said, Cliff could consider himself discharged. The matter would never become known; the bank sought no such notoriety. Mr. Warren trusted that this would be a lesson to Cliff; he was sure that conscience had wrung this confession from the young man. Cliff acted his part adequately.

But all the time his heart was singing. A load had been removed. His fear of Jim Hanvey had turned into a deep, passionate, personal hatred. He felt that he'd like to fasten his fingers in that fat, flabby throat.

He swung out of the president's office. The loss of the hundred thousand dollars meant little as against the relief he experienced in the freedom from fear of those mesmeric, expressionless eyes. As he stepped into the lobby he felt them fastened upon him.

Cliff couldn't resist the impulse. Pent-up emotion demanded expression in words. Cliff knew that he must tell this heavy-set, slow-moving man that he had been outwitted. He strode across the lobby and pulled up short before the detective.

"Well, Hanvey, you're too late."

The eyelids dropped slowly, then opened even more slowly. "Huh?"

"I beat you to it." Cliff was gripped by a moderate hysteria. "I've fixed everything—for myself. You don't get a bit of glory. And I wanted the satisfaction of telling you that I've known from the first you suspected me."

Jim Hanvey's fishy eyes opened wide, then narrowed. His fat fingers fumbled awkwardly with the glittering gold toothpick. His demeanor was one of bewilderment and utter lack of comprehension.

"What you talkin' about, son? Suspected you of what?"

Cliff felt suddenly cold. There was a disquieting ring of truth in the drawling voice. Was it possible that this hulk of a man had not suspected him, that the confession had been unnecessary? His trembling hands sought the pudgy shoulders of the detective.

"You've been watching me and my cage, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"Well why?"

The big man's manner was genial, friendly. His dull round eyes blinked and his voice dropped discreetly. "Jest between us, son, I reckon there ain't no harm in me explainin'. 'Bout three years ago Spade Gorman, cleverest forger in the country, pulled an awful neat job in Des Moines. Then he dropped outa sight. We ain't heard nothin' of him till Headquarters got the tip he was operatin' in this district. We knew good and well if he was he'd sooner or later try to slip a bum check over on this bank, it bein' the biggest one hereabouts. So as I know Spade pretty well an' personal, they sent me down here to loaf around until he showed up."

Cliff Wallace's hands dropped limply to his sides. It was hard to understand. "Then you weren't even working on my [redacted]?"

"No, I wasn't workin' on your case. An' if you went an' confessed anything, you probably done yourself an awful dirty trick. Far as I'm concerned, son, I ain't even been interested in your case since I got an inside tip it had been dropped."

BOOTLEGGERDEMAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

lying, half squatting, Dorner wabbled irresolutely, his hand straying again to his hip.

One of the policemen from the Crescent Hill substation loafed into view around a bend of the steep road. Dorner's hand left his hip. The patrolman came bustling up. The sound of his hurrying footsteps made Mackellar glance about. At once the two humans in the bellicose group proceeded to become normal and a trifle sheepish, as is the way of squabblers at sight of the police. Jamie relaxed his hold on Bobby's ruff with a sharp command to the dog to come to heel. Dorner scrambled to his feet and returned busily to his almost completed task of tire changing. The policeman loitered to an inquiring stop alongside the three.

"'Smatter?" he demanded tersely.

"Nothing, sir," spoke up Dorner with cheery friendliness. "This gentleman's dog tried to take a nip at me, but he didn't land. His boss yanked him back and I kind of slipped on—on the grease and sat down. That's all."

As he prattled he watched closely for any possible effect the mystic and slightly emphasized word "grease" might have upon his hearer. But this was a city patrolman, not a rural constable. And as the Greased Road merely skirted Midwestburg, there was no arrangement between the local police, under a new reform administration, and the professional runners of the road. Wherefore the password made no sense at all, and Dorner was glad he had spoken so conciliatingly.

The bluecoat glanced for confirmation at Mackellar, whom he knew. Jamie nodded, his ancestral dread of the law visualizing police courts and a possible magistrate's order for Bobby's execution as a vicious dog.

"That was all, of'cer," said he. "Only this feller misjudged Bobby wrong in thinking

(Continued on Page 79)

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Scout Axe
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Axe alone $1.15
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Hitting the nail on the head

HITTING the nail on the head is not a matter of mechanical skill alone; it depends largely upon the hang of the tool. The carpenter, who drives nails constantly, appreciates the "feel" of a perfectly balanced hammer. Of course the carpenter uses a Plumb!

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It's a true economy to buy the Plumb. "They're worth more" because of Plumb special analysis steel, double forging, by die press and drop hammer; Double Life tempering—hard for service, tough for wear; knife-edged claws that pull any nail; non-rust, hand-forged black finish and handsome mahoganized hickory handle.

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(Continued from Page 76)

the big dog tried to hurt him. It was only just Bobby's play, sir."

Now the patrolman not only knew Jamie, but he knew Jamie was kennel manager for the august Rufus G. Belden, a magnate whose lightest word in the right quarters had sometimes sufficed to make or mar a policeman's record. Urbanely he smiled upon the fidgeting Mackellar. With almost a benediction he petted the unresponsive head of Lochinvar Bobby. He favored the disheveled Dorner with a cold stare. Then he strolled on.

The icy look wherewith he had swept the driver had taken in the details of abraded throat and of the torn coat lying beside him. Also it had conned and rightly tabulated the two increasingly red lumps on the driver's jaw, even as it had appraised Jamie's barked knuckles.

"Best be on your way," he adjured Dorner over his shoulder as he continued his beat.

Dorner was more than willing to obey the hint. The tire was in place by this time. The driver slung his kit aboard and made for his perch. As he passed Bobby he cast a furtive look at the departing bluecoat's back. Then he took a chance. He landed an emphatic kick on the dog's ribs. In practically the same motion he swung himself up to the seat, far out of reach of canine reprisal. Then he pressed the self-starter and got under way with astounding speed, considering the size of his truck.

The kick, thanks to its deliverer's haste, smote glancingly. It stung rather than hurt. But it was the first kick Bobby had ever known since his long-vanished puppy days in Lucius Frayne's Lochinvar Kennels. With a wild-beast roar, Bobby hurled himself at the man who had offered him this vile affront. But Malachi Dorner was well out of reach. Jamie dragged the dog back from under the truck wheels. He himself was white with wrath at the cowardly action.

"Come down here and finish it!" he shrilled, heedless now of the chance that the policeman might hear him. "Come down here, you dog-kicking swine! I——"

The truck sped uphill, leaving him shaking an impotent and knuckle-torn fist after its grinning driver. Mackellar released Bobby and stooped to pick up his own damaged coat.

"Quiet down, Bobby boy," soothed Jamie as the dog continued to snarl in helpless rage after the vanishing truck. "We both made rare fools of ourselves, you and I. And what have we got to show for it? Here's my best everyday coat ripped to ribbons. And there's you, with a kick in the ribs to shame you. The coat'll mend sooner than you'll be forgetting that same kick, if I know anything about the inside of your brain, Bobby lad. But that's all the good it'll do you. So why not cool down like me? Losh, but these knuckles of mine begin to sting me! Not so bad as them two taps on the jaw are fashing him, says you? And right you are, Bobby, like you're apt to be."

Bobby, at the fascinatingly frequent repetition of his own name, deigned to cease growling murderously up the hill in the wake of the departed truck and to give something of his usual heed to his master's harangue.

"So that's that, Bobby boy," resumed Jamie as he tucked his wrecked coat under his arm and resumed his journey downhill. "And let it be a warning to you never to try to be human. When two dogs fly at one the other in the street we call them brute beasts, Bobby. But how about two grown men—men with souls and intellects and pants and all that, Bobby? Here I and that stranger don't even know each other's names! And yet before we'd seen each other sixty seconds we were acting like we was two mongrels in the dog pound. Fine examples to set you, Bobby lad! Mistress will scold and ask me when do I plan to grow up, Bobby. I'd best get this poor coat mended downtown and say I cut up my knuckles stumbling against a door. Come on and stop havering."

He strode downhill at a swinging gait, Bobby trotting at his side. The little Scot was trying to walk and talk himself out of his ground swell of rage against the man who had tackled him and kicked his dog. Thus again he drifted into speech.

"I was wrong to scold you, Bobby," he said contritely. "You pitched into him because he manhandled me, just as I tried to pitch into him when he kicked you. That was fine stuff, Bobby lad. I'm apologizing to you for calling you a fool. It's a splendid breed of fool who takes such risks just to stand by his pal. Did ye see him reach back to his hip, Bobby? Twice he did it. Was it a gun or a flask he wanted? In the old days when a man reached for his hip t'other feller would hold up his hands and look scared. Nowadays t'other feller holds out his hands and looks hopeful. But I'm doubting he was offering us a drink, Bobby boy. Maybe the cop did us no ill turn strolling in on us all when he did."

It was perhaps a fortnight later that a sample batch of summer climate was tossed into mid-April as a specimen of what might be looked for in mid-July. The cool of the Northern spring was changed in a trice into torrid August weather that endured for two days thereafter and broke up in a spectacular thunderstorm.

With the thermometer deserting the forties for the nineties, the heavy-coated collies of Beldencroft panted and fretted and drank much water and sought out cool angles of their runs to drowse in. The premature change got on their hair-trigger nerves. Their great blankets of unshed outer-and-inner coats caused them acute discomfort.

Lochinvar Bobby carried the heaviest coat at Beldencroft. But his luck was greater than that of his kennel brethren, for he could lounge at ease in a cool cellar or wander down to the brook and put its chilly waters to far more practical use than had been intended by the landscape gardener who had designed its ornamental course.

At midnight of the hot spell's second day Bobby lay asleep on the handkerchief-sized veranda of Jamie Mackellar's cottage. His tawny coat was still damp from immersion in the brook, and on the porch corner he could catch the faintest tinge of a breeze which wafted from the northeast. Apart from this tiny breeze the night was breathless. The sky was murkily lurid where the city's lights tinged its low-hanging clouds. From the horizon's rim in two directions pulsed and ever intensified a shimmer of heat lightning.

Bobby got up once or twice in search of a cooler or softer section of the porch boards for his nap. Failing to find what he sought, he would lay himself down again, sighing, and with a discouraged bump of his mighty body. The heat and the breathlessness were making him pant as though from a long gallop, for it is through the tongue alone that a dog can perspire.

After one of these vain quests for a spot that should be mysteriously cool and soft, Bobby checked himself as he was about to lie down. His tired body stiffened. Up went his chiseled nose to the faint breeze. His nostrils drew in quick whiffs of air. That air was tainted vaguely with something which caused Bobby's hackles to bristle. His teeth began to show in something which looked like a smile and was not a smile. Far down in his shaggy throat a half-audible growl was born.

Even as humans tabulate folk by their faces, so do dogs remember them by their odor. The dog is the most nearsighted of all domestic animals, and his uncanny scent and hearing serve him in the place of vision.

To-night, borne on the fitful puff of northeast breeze, came to Lochinvar Bobby a far-off odor which awakened not alone recollection, but wrath as well. A second and stronger whiff of breeze verified the scent. Bobby forgot his search for a comfortable sleeping place. He remembered only a man who had assailed his adored master and who had inflicted on himself the unforgivable, unforgetable insult of a kick.

Lochinvar Bobby cleared the low porch rail and made for the northeast. The largest of the kennel runs was in his path. He circled two sides of this at a tearing gallop. That was quite enough for the seven young dogs who, because of the heat, had been left out there for the night. To their feet sprang the imprisoned pack as Bobby sped halfway around their inclosure, and the night's silences were split by frantic barking from seven rackety throats.

The clangor, of course, was taken up instantly by every other collie in the Beldencroft kennels, for even better than dog men do collies know how to translate a bark. If some lonely or sentimental or cranky dog in the kennels had begun to bark, in order to voice his woes, not a collie would have echoed him. But the vocal efforts of the aroused septet bespoke indignation and much angry excitement. Such a bark never goes unanswered. Thus fifty-odd strong-lunged collies shattered the midnight with a galaxy of din. The place was in a turmoil.

Bobby, the unconscious cause of it all, did not heed or stay. Every stride was bringing to him more distinctly that fury-provoking scent. Raging, he sped on.

Malachi Dorner, of Canada and St. Louis and points between, was in the middle of his night's southward drive—at one dollar and seventy-five cents a mile—and planned to skirt and pass Midwestburg before one o'clock in the morning. For his cleverly constructed and pneumatic-tired truck was heavy laden with goods whose market value increased at every southerly mile of the journey, and he wanted to leave the ungreased city far behind him as soon as might be.

The garage and road house where he was scheduled to make his next twelve-hour halt—or stache, in the vernacular of his trade—was but seventy miles beyond. If by putting on extra speed he could convert an hour or so of driving into an hour or so of extra sleep, so much the better. He stepped on the accelerator. His nerves, like those of the Beldencroft collies, were frayed and on edge from the heat.

Dorner was topping Crescent Hill when he put on an extra burst of speed. At the hill's summit was the gaudy Belden estate. Then would come the steep pitch down into the edge of Midwestburg, and after that the smooth miles of open and friendly and well-greased country, with the hospitable garage and road house ahead.

Up the easy slope toward Beldencroft sped the truck. Dorner put on more gas. He knew he must use the brakes more than he liked on the steep and winding pitch beyond the crest. Hence the extra speed on the easier incline. As he topped the gentle rise he did not bother to ease up on the gas. The furlong of more level road was an ideal sprinting place.

The overstrained treads gripped the smooth stretch and the truck sprang forward. One of the tires incidentally gripped a semiflat and keen-edged shard of glass, remnant of a broken milk bottle dropped there from a wagon an hour earlier. The shard was lengthwise across the tire's way, and it cut like a knife blade.

The truck was going at something over thirty miles an hour. The collapse of the tire gave a wrench to the front axle which all but tore the steering wheel from Dorner's careless grip. Too late, the man twisted the wheel back into line. The truck had swerved an inch too far. Its right front wheel smote with terrific force the first of a heap of piled telephone poles which adorned that section of the road edge in preparation for a branch line to be run into the city.

The axle snapped like rotten wood under the jarring impact. The truck careened drunkenly, plowed its way a little deeper into the heap of prostrate poles and banged to a halt. Dorner was flung hard against the steering wheel, and clung convulsively to it in order to keep his balance on the sideways-listing seat. There he sat till the breath, expelled by the colliding of diaphragm with unyielding steering wheel, came back to his deflated lungs. Then, shaking both fists heavenward, Malachi Dorner launched into a pyrotechnic monologue addressed to his Creator.

At best it is not pleasant to ditch a car and smash an axle, at midnight, a mile or more from the nearest garage. But when one is carrying cargo salable at many thousand dollars, and when that cargo is of a sort confiscatory by law, the situation becomes all at once acute. Nor was the incident likely to enhance Dorner's popularity or wage value in the eyes of his Canadian employers. The driver's brimstone harangue to high heaven took on a note of added fervor. As if in chorus to his solo, a fanfare of wild barking surged forth upon the night.

Then, after swearing himself breathless again, Dorner decided on his only course. A hundred yards or more in front of him was the big estate he remembered so well. Thence, apparently, came the reverberant volley of barks. The best thing to do was to go thither, ask for the use of the telephone and call up the nearest greased garage. A wrecking crew could reach the spot in short order.

The hour was late. The road was lonely and was ill-patrolled by the police. It was not likely that any outsider would interfere. At worst he would reach his sleeping place somewhat later than he had hoped to.

(Continued on Page 82)

Young feet should have a chance

THE feet of young growing girls are tender and easily distorted. Equipped with proper shoes—Educators, they will grow up shapely and strong, as nature intended.

Don't bend and twist young feet out of shape in narrow, bone-crumpling shoes. Give them a chance.

The vogue of today is trending more and more to a sensible shoe with room for all five toes. Insist on Educator Shoes because they are made scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should." Your daughter will never know the meaning of corns, fallen arches and other foot troubles in later life if she wears Educators. They will suit you too. Conservative, good looks, and oh, so comfortable! All the family should wear them.

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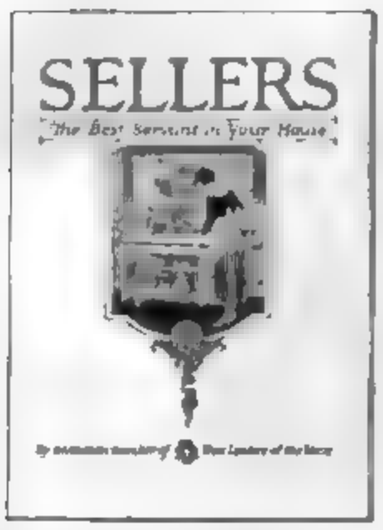

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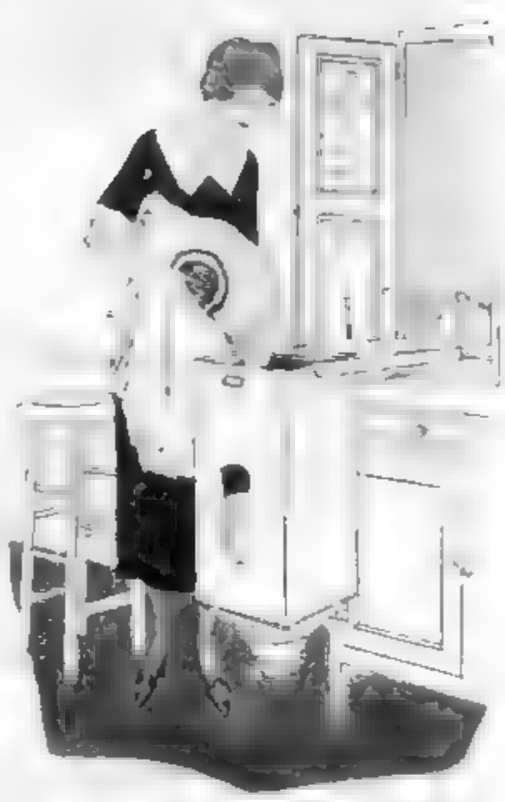
TO FULLY appreciate how Sellers in 30 years has blazed the way for greater kitchen convenience, you need only seat yourself before one of these beautiful and complete kitchen cabinets.

The unusual ease with which things are done—the many wants, usually ignored, which this cabinet anticipates, will at once be evident. At present reduced prices, and with its many unusual conveniences, the Sellers is undoubtedly the greatest value in our 30 years' experience. Thousands of dollars extra are added to the cost of the Sellers each year, to give you these extra conveniences. Some of them are described below. Read these descriptions. Then judge for yourself if you can be fully served without them.

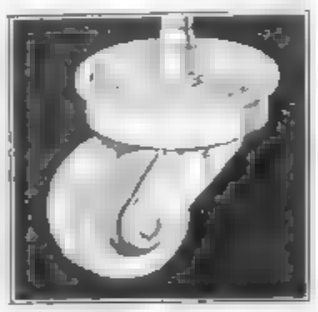


THE FAMOUS AUTOMATIC LOWERING FLOUR BIN —A SELLERS INVENTION

Sellers experts found early in the history of the kitchen cabinet that the lifting of heavy loads of flour, to fill the flour bin, must be eliminated. So the now famous AUTOMATIC LOWERING FLOUR BIN was perfected. This bin comes down level with the work table where you fill it with ease. Then with a little lift it swings back into place. No heavy lifting or treacherous climbing is necessary.

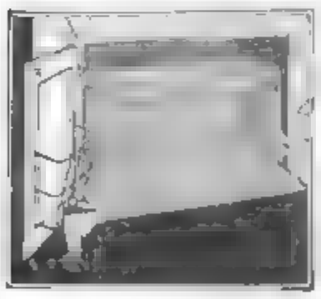
Another feature which women immediately appreciated was the snow white, sanitary Porcelron Work Table.

Women, we found, were complaining of ants and other insects which got into their cabinets. To make this impossible in the Sellers, the famous Ant-Proof Casters were invented. By the ingenious use of borax powder, ants and other insects are effectively barred.



In this same year the first Glass Drawer Pulls were used, because they are more sanitary, will not rust, corrode, etc.

With most kitchen cabinets women found it hard to get pots and pans from the lower cupboard. To overcome this trouble on the Sellers, a device was perfected which automatically brought the lower shelf out as the door opened. This improvement makes it possible for the worker at the cabinet to reach needed pots or pans from her chair, without digging into the dark cupboard. Just recently this has been improved so that now *both* shelves are automatically brought forward.



Dirt and dust frequently work their way in under the sliding top and down into the cupboard of the ordinary kitchen cabinet. So that Sellers users would not be troubled with this, we designed the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Porcelron Work Table. This invisible top keeps the inside of the lower cabinet section absolutely dust-proof.

For several years our experts experimented with a finish that would be beautiful yet resist atmospheric changes in the average kitchen. The result was our handsome Oil, Hand-Rubbed Finish, which was applied to all Sellers cabinets beginning in 1905. No superior Golden Oak finish has ever been used.

For greater durability all Sellers Kitchen Cabinets were built with Dovetail Joints instead of ordinary construction.

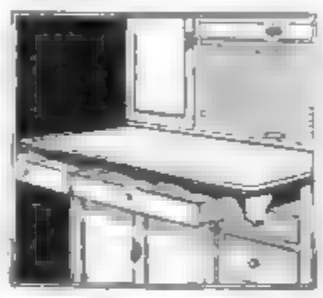
While Sellers Cabinets had always been made in the standard size, our investigations among hundreds of women proved that many homes could use a larger size more conveniently. It was due to this fact that the first beautiful Sellers Mastercraft model with a capacity of over 400 articles was placed on the market. This is the model shown in the picture —the ideal size for the average family.

Today the Sellers shows the results of 30 years of constant endeavor. Never in all those years have we ceased in our search for practical improvements. In 1920 Sellers introduced the wonderful Apartment Kitchen Cabinet—the smallest cabinet built. This innovation now makes it possible for thousands and thousands of apartment dwellers to enjoy the Sellers. To make it more widely available, the Sellers Apartment Cabinet is made in three sizes: (1) full size; (2) to fit in space under high windows; (3) to fit under a low window.

Another event of importance in this year was the introduction of the beautiful Sellers Majestic, the largest cabinet made. To furnish real convenience in extra large kitchens, this larger size was needed. Therefore, Sellers produced it.

In this past year three of the most important of all Sellers improvements were brought out. One is the Double Base Shelf Extender referred to.

Another is the Extending Drawer Section under the work table. As the work table is drawn out the drawer section comes with it. When the table is fully extended and covered with things, you pull the drawer out and reach into it just the same as usual. You can always get what you need from the drawer. This is one of the greatest improvements ever made. Alone, it would cause many women to choose the Sellers.



The third improvement is the new Silverware Drawer just above the roll curtain. It is plush lined and a most convenient place for the knives, forks and spoons in frequent use in the average home.

In addition there is an added drawer and 20% more shelf capacity in the base.

These are just a few of the main features. Many more are discussed in our Blue Book.

A Sellers costs no more than any other good kitchen cabinet. And it costs only about half as much as building-in a cabinet. Besides, no built-in cabinet ever has the many wonderful features of the Sellers. Occupies only the space of your kitchen table.

See a demonstration. Your dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. In the meantime, write for a FREE copy of the new Sellers Blue Book. It pictures and describes all Sellers cabinets and features.

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ERS

IN YOUR HOUSE

For window shades of enduring beauty—Brenlin

At left, the flimsy, loosely woven material in ordinary window shades; at right, the fine, strong, closely woven fabric in Brenlin

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of ... fall out. Brenlin has no filling

Every foot of Brenlin is finished by hand by experts for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation

BRENLIN gives you two or three times the wear of an ordinary window shade. Every step in the making of Brenlin is closely watched to *make sure* of that.

The cloth from which it is made is finer and more closely woven—like linen in texture. The number of threads per inch in every bolt is counted to make certain it is fine and strong enough to go into a Brenlin shade.

Such fabric needs none of the chalk or clay "filling" that causes cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades. Brenlin has no "filling."

And experts apply by hand the beautiful colors that resist fading and will not show water spots.

At every step *long wear* is built into Brenlin window shades.

Rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—free

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For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

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HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 79)

Reasoning himself thus into calmness, Malachi Dorner got up from his tilted seat and began to make his way to earth. He chose the side of the truck highest in air, lest his weight cause the precariously swaying vehicle to topple. It was a long way to the ground. Malachi Dorner began the descent backward, as if climbing down a ladder. He did not finish the descent at all.

From the seat to the top of a dished wheel he made his first step. Thence gropingly he lowered his exploring foot to the wheel's hub. As his toe found and balanced itself on the slanting surface Malachi Dorner addressed his Maker once more, this time in a screech of astonished pain, and instinctively he swarmed up the tilted side of the truck to the safety of the seat.

Lochinvar Bobby, following the guidance of his own unerring nose, had swept down the driveway of Beldencroft and out into the highroad. Body low, tiny white feet flying, he dashed along in dead silence toward two dimmed and slanted car lights. He reached and passed these lights. From the skies or elsewhere was descending into his reach the body of the man whose scent he had caught—the man who had kicked him, the man who was his master's foe and his.

Bobby was too much in earnest to use finesse, far too angry to give voice. He sprang upward, his mighty jaws driving for the nearest and most obvious part of Malachi Dorner's anatomy. Through trousers seat and underclothes and skin and flesh sheared the curved fangs, grinding against the very bone.

It was the shock and fiery anguish of that onslaught which wrung from Dorner the ear-torturing howl and which sent him sprinting up the sloped side of the truck like a monkey on a stick.

If Bobby had been a bulldog or a bull terrier he would have held his grip with locked jaws, and would have accompanied and impeded Dorner's upward flight. But a fighting collie has his wolf ancestor's way of abandoning one hold for a better with bewildering swiftness, thereby giving the impression of being everywhere at once. Bobby's teeth struck the bone, and at once he knew he had done all the damage with this particular hold that there was scope for.

He let go and slashed for the ankle as it climbed past him. His eyetooth found a goal just above Dorner's shoe top. But the dog's next leap was fruitless. The snapping jaws closed upon nothing. His victim was on the truck's tilted seat, well out of reach.

Dorner stood there—it was obviously out of the question for him to sit down either then or for some days thereafter—nursing his abraded ankle with one hand, while with the other he repeated his familiar hipward gesture. But he paused before drawing forth what he was reaching for.

Obviously, in the present condition of his body and of his truck, tact forbade him to introduce himself to the neighborhood by a succession of shots at the leaping and vaguely seen collie. The killing of a pet dog must lead to inquiry, after the firing of the shots should have brought the world at large running to the scene. Inquiry is the very last thing desired by the travelers of the Greased Road.

Malachi Dorner began to hunt, in the jumble of tools under the seat, for the truck's crank. Finding it, he prepared to climb down and to do battle with the dog who stood between him and his chance of telephoning for a wrecking crew. A hard-enough blow on skull or backbone with the heavy crank would put the collie well out of fighting trim, and the racket of barking at distant Beldencroft could be counted on to drown all lesser sounds of strife.

But, listening, he found the multiple barks had ceased. Except for the low incessant growling of Bobby, the breathless silence had settled down once more. Dorner made his painful way toward the ground, poising the crank for a blow. Bobby ceased growling and stood alertly watching the maneuver. Goaded by keen pain and by the keener need of getting himself and his truck on their journey again, Dorner slid to the road.

Bobby met him with a rush. The crank whizzed downward for the dog's skull. But Lochinvar Bobby was not there when it fell. Wolflike, he leaped back from the swashing blow, gauging his distance perfectly and flashing in with the same speed as the crank's key hit the ground. Before Dorner could swing the weapon aloft again Bobby had raked his hand and wrist and was once more alert to dodge the crank.

Bobby was having a beautiful time. The first red rage had left him, now that this was to be a combat and not a mere punitive expedition. With gay mischief he entered upon the duel, understanding its general rules as well as did Dorner, and preparing to invent such few additional rules as he did not understand.

But with dogs as with humans something or somebody is always interfering at the very moment when interference means spoiled sport. From a hundred feet behind came Jamie Mackellar's high voice and the sound of Jamie Mackellar's running steps. Jamie was calling his dog by name, and Jamie's was the one call that Bobby never disobeyed. Reluctantly the collie drew back from the enthralling pastime of dodging the murderous crank and trotted off toward his advancing master.

The frightful din of the Beldencroft collies had brought Jamie to wakefulness on the jump. Waiting only to don trousers and slippers, he had sallied forth to investigate. So had the kennel men. So with equal haste, but in worse temper, had the august Rufus G. Belden. While the kennel men were quieting the hysterical pack Mackellar whistled for Bobby. As a rule the big dog did not stir ten feet from his self-chosen post of night guard. But now for some reason he was not within call.

Jamie ran down the driveway, shouting as he went. As he neared the ornate front gates he heard a yell of mortal pain. Out into the road he scurried. There, to the right, he saw the two dimmed and slanted motor lights. He called again, and from behind the lights appeared his dog. Jamie hurried to meet him. Bobby, tingling with excitement, touched his master's hand with his cold nose and then wheeled about, galloping toward the truck, glancing eagerly backward as he went. The world over, this is a dog's invitation to a human to follow him. Mackellar followed.

His flashlight revealed to him the half-upset vehicle with its tarpaulined covering abulge with boxes and cases. On the lofty seat crouched a blaspheming giant who wielded a crank. The flashlight made clear to Jamie the driver's pain-distorted face.

Mackellar whistled softly under his breath. Then he looked with new interest at the listing cargo of boxes. Bobby danced frantically about him, making occasional little rushes at the unreachable Dorner, who had been prudent enough to remount the truck as soon as the dog had been summoned away.

"I bust an axle," the driver was explaining with noisy volubility, "and I got down to see could I fix it, and this cur tackled me. He seems to belong to you, stranger. Will you grab hold of him and then tell me how to get to the nearest phone? I'll make it worth your while."

"You've made it worth my while," answered Jamie's timid voice. "You made it worth my while a couple of weeks back. You don't seem to remember me, or even Bobby here. Last time you pitched onto me like you was a wild beast. Afterward you kicked Bobby. The cop interfered before I could pay my share of the bill. From the red splashes on this wheel, Bobby seems to have paid some of his. Well," he finished lamely, "I'm here. Will you come down, or must I come up for you?"

Now at the moment nothing would have afforded keener delight to the wrathful and pain-ridden Dorner than to send a bullet through Bobby and then descend swoopingly to earth and smash Jamie to a pulp. But men of affairs cannot indulge their cherished impulses. Some other time—say, on a northward trip with an empty truck—he could afford the luxury of stopping off for a half hour of homicidal and canicidal fun. At present his duty and his fat job centered about the safe delivery of his cargo. Wherefore he swallowed thrice and conjured up honeyed words.

"Brother," he said in a tone of fraternal confidence, "I got a load of fast freight here, for down below. Perishables—eggs and garden truck and the like. I got to ——"

"You're toting a ton or so of contraband liquor," interrupted Jamie, his own indignation still abubble. "Don't tell such a silly lie. I can be meek and silent under a whole lot of insults, but not to an insult to my intelligence, such as it is. Eggs and garden truck and the like! Havers, but you're begging the question! I asked did you want me to come up there after you or would you come down here to me. Which is it? Speak up! I ——"

(Continued on Page 84)

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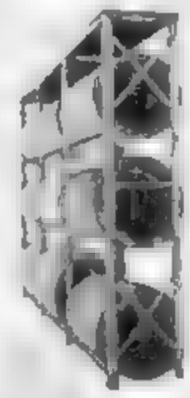

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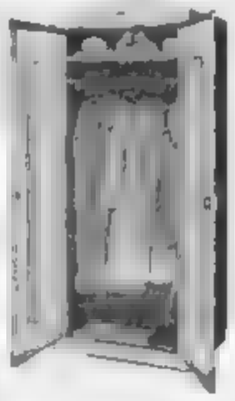

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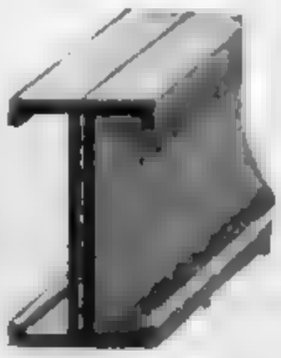

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Joists and studs of pressed steel, cut to fit. Unburnable. Strong, light, and everlasting
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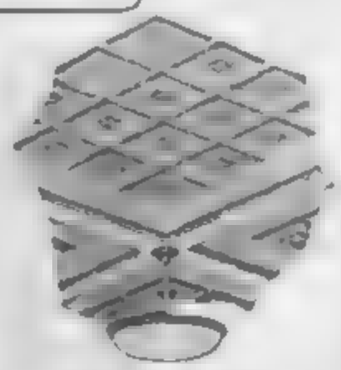


Metal Ceilings
Permanent. Can't burn, crack or fall. Designs of simple beauty, clear in detail
BERLOY

(Continued from Page 82)

"Brother," cooed Dorner, leaning over with a gesture of appeal, "I'm a hasty man with a rotten disp'sition. I acted bad to you. I'm apologizing. I'm sorry. What more than that can one white man say to another? I ——"

"What one white man can say to another don't figure in this. I ——"

"Listen, brother!" broke in Malachi Dorner pleadingly. "To show I mean it, I'm going to put you next to a chance to earn the softest handful of coin you ever got. Here's the idea: I got a friend who runs a garage a coupla miles back. If you'll phone him for me to send a wrecking crew here in a rush it's fifty dollars to you. If you'll do that, and call off your cur—your fine big dog—why, it's fifty dollars in your pocket. That's no bluff. Here it is."

Rufus G. Belden, wandering to his estate's gateway in search of Jamie, had caught sight of the slanted motor lamps. Down the road he had puffed to investigate. He drew within earshot in time to catch the trend of this eloquent appeal. Rufus G. had heard rumors of the Greased Road traffic. The careening truck and the fifty-dollar offer of its driver for telephonic aid told him the story with entire clearness.

Belden paused outside the dimmed radiance from the lamps. Indeed, he slid behind a clump of bushes to make more certain of concealment, for here promised a little drama worth watching unseen. Jamie Mackellar's solid honesty was a continual wonder and delight to this magnate who had won his own wealth by Napoleonic methods and whose average employe sought with much industry to cheat him at every turn. Now Rufus G. prepared to hear the vials of Mackellar's honest rage launched upon the tempter. It ought to be well worth listening to.

But to his growing astonishment the outburst did not occur. Instead, Jamie abandoned his own belligerent attitude at the truck side and took a hesitant step backward. His clenched fists relaxed. He even chirped Bobby away from the truck. For perhaps half a minute he pondered in silence. Then he said, with no trace of his former heat:

"I—I kind of hate to do that, mister; not that I count myself a saint, not that I cheer every time the Volstead Law is spoke of; not that I don't like a drink or two, or maybe three. But —— Well, it's one thing to feel like I feel, and it's another thing to help bust the law and the Constitootion the way you're asking me to. I—I dunno."

There was a waver in his voice. Belden had a queer sensation of losing his scant crop of remaining ideals. He was annoyed that the little Scot's hesitation should affect him so. As to Malachi Dorner, the kennel-manager's signs of weakening were sweet music to him. But he dreaded the loss of every minute, and he urged eloquently:

"I honor you for feeling that way, brother, only you're all wrong. This stuff is for a hosp't'l, down below. You wouldn't want a bunch of sick folks to suffer for it, would you? Say, I'll make that an even seventy-five dollars. How about it?"

"I'm a poor man," surrendered Jamie, "and if it's reelly for sick folks —— Well, what's the garage number you want me to ring up?"

"It's 9999 Arcady," replied the delighted Malachi. "Jump, won't you, please? I've lost a passel of time already. Some bull might stroll past or —— Hustle, won't you? The coin'll be here waiting for you as quick as you get back and tell me you've phoned. Remember, it's 9999 Aready. Quick!"

Obediently Jamie pattered off down the road in the direction of Beldencroft, with Bobby at his side. He passed, unseeing, within ten feet of Rufus G. The dog naturally knew by scent that Belden was hiding behind the clump of bushes, but that was no concern of Bobby's. Belden was not an enemy or even a stranger.

"The mangy little crook!" grunted Rufus G. to himself as darkness swallowed up Mackellar and the dog. "Yep, every man has his price. Nothing truer, and Jamie isn't the one exception I'd have gambled he was. But seventy-five measly dollars! He could have cheated me of ten times as much, any time. Gee, but this gets me in the stomach! I'd have staked my pile on him. The wall-eyed fool! He was in such a rush to earn his bribe he never held out for advance payment. Yet they say the Scotch are shrewd! He'll have a swell time collecting a cent from that bird after the phoning is done."

Foreseeing sport in the coming dialogue between the briber and bribee when the former should refuse to make good, Belden stayed on where he was. The minutes dragged by, and still Jamie did not come back for the price of his crookedness. Once or twice Belden could hear Dorner shuffle about and swear.

Then up the hill came chugging an automobile.

Belden peered from his cover to watch the wrecking crew descend as the car halted close to the truck. Then he caught his breath and ran out into midroad to see the fun, for the dimmed lamps had revealed to him two or more men in uniform. The automobile police patrol apparently had chanced to be passing and had stopped to investigate. They had reached the scene ahead of the garage car.

Sturdily trudging footsteps behind him interrupted Belden's enjoyment of the climax. He turned to confront the belatedly returning Mackellar.

"You lost that seventy-five dollars he was never going to give you," scoffed Rufus G. "The police got here before the men you phoned to. Behold the glittering rewards of sin! You'll do better with a little more practice."

"Yes, sir," assented Jamie with unruffled meekness. "I take it you heard what passed. He offered me a handful of cash to phone the garage for him. I—you see, I've a vile memory, sir. I couldn't for the life of me remember that garage number. I—I couldn't seem to remember but one phone number in the world. So I called up that one. A fine, grand-sounding number it was—12,000 Montmorency. I never forget that number. But this was the first time I ever had need to call it. I'm hoping it'll be the last, sir."

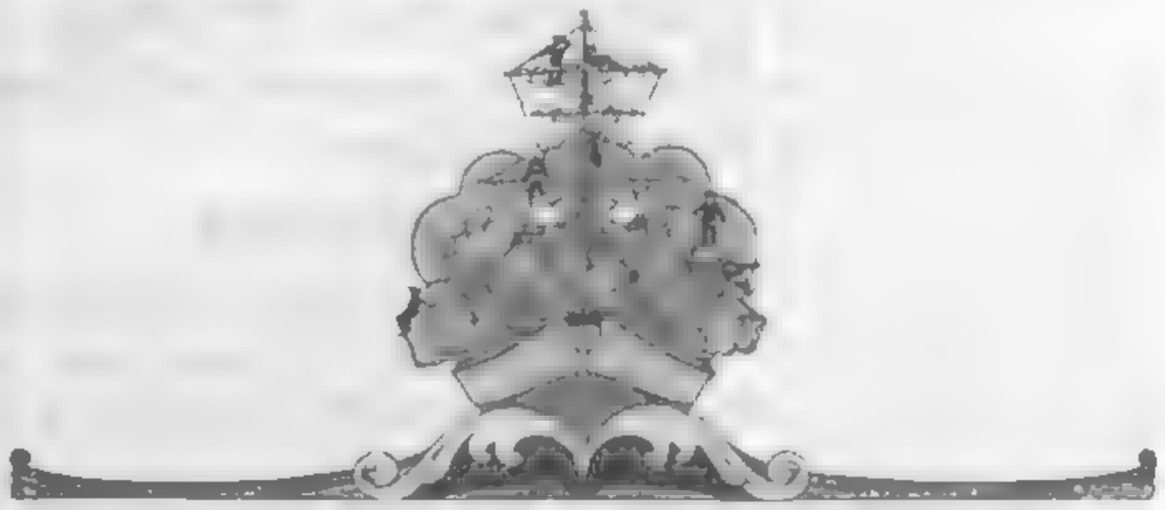
Rufus G., with fat jaw ajar, was blinking down at Mackellar in utter amaze.

"Montmorency 12,000!" he blithered. "Why, man, that's police headquarters!"

"Yes, sir," said Jamie timidly. "Yes, sir, I—I know it is. You see, sir, he kicked Bobby, and he called him a cur, and he wasn't man enough to come down and fight. So I—I had to carry the fight to him the only way I could. Besides, sir, he—he tried to bribe me. All those things aren't on the free list, sir. I was desperate afraid he'd try to make me take the cash beforehand. But when he said that thing about paying me afterward, then I knew he was playing true to form, sir, and I knew my conscience needn't fash me for sicking the police onto such a man. He ——"

"Lord help American business men!" breathed Rufus G. in something akin to awe. "Lord help American business men—if ever there's a wholesale emigration from Scotland to the United States!"

"Come on home, Bobby!" Mackellar was exhorting the interested collie. "You bit into carrion a while back. I'm going to wash your mouth."



THE GALLOPING TIGER

(Continued from Page 32)

barrels for the purpose, leaving us only a five-gallon filterful in the cabin—well, when that was discovered the social atmosphere became just about as dense as the fog, which, instead of clearing off, grew thicker and thicker.

We were all pretty worried by then, I'll tell the world—all but Ted, who somehow managed to keep cheerful and even tempered, no matter what happened. In fact, the more quarrelsome and nasty the rest became the more suave Ted grew, until he and Harry Binz, and, rather to my surprise, mother, were the only calm people aboard.

As night drew near, Shack's anxiety and nervousness increased. He got out the sextant and compass, but of course he could not use them in all that fog. And to cap the climax, when Harry Binz suggested sounding to get our bearings Shamus lost the lead off the line! It was too much. We were completely lost, with no water and very little common courtesy left aboard, and Malvina started babbling about Kansas and how nice and dry it was, until we were ready to choke her.

I could not sleep that night, but lay in my narrow berth over mother, restless but not daring to toss about for fear of disturbing her, and wondering what on earth had ever attracted me either to the South Seas or to these dreadful people who were sailing there with me. They were all right in the Pirates' Den on Fourth Street, but I couldn't help realizing more and more clearly that this voyage would have suited them better if The Galloping Tiger had remained tied to Pier 13 and they had opened it up as a tea shop.

I thought, too, of my father's lovely big apartment on Park Avenue, and my sweet pink taffeta bedroom in it, and my own maid bringing in a hot breakfast that had been cooked in a kitchen instead of in a galley. And I thought of bathtubs and invitations to bridge teas, and motor cars and clean underwear and privacy and—oh, lots of things. And in the watches of the night, which were made a great deal less dreadful by the fact of Ted's being on them, I began to see the truth. And the truth was this: I was not a radical. I was not and never would be an artist of any kind. I was simply a commonplace, conventional female with a little extra pep—and my career, if any, was more than likely to be along the lines which Ted had suggested. And, with the awful clearness which comes when you lie awake at night, I saw that not only was I not a real artist but that none of the rest of the bunch were, either!

It was terrible, but it was true. And when I contemplated voyaging on and on with them, cooped up in that little ship for months, and then being marooned with them upon an island full of savages which were batiked where they weren't tattooed, I could hardly endure the thought. To say nothing of the trip home! The mental pressure became simply unendurable when I pictured that homeward voyage; and it being now dawn I got up, dressed quietly and stole out on deck.

There was nobody about except Ted at the wheel, and old Prince Kropushkin, and the latter was acting in the most peculiar way. The Russian was doing the same sort of thing with the sextant and compass that Shack had fumbled over. But Kropushkin did not fumble. He knew what he was doing, I could tell from his businesslike air. Very much puzzled and wondering deeply, I withdrew into the main cabin before either of the men saw me, and busied myself setting the table for breakfast.

During breakfast, a silent, sulky meal, but with everybody present except the watch, Shack's voice rang out excitedly.

"Land ahead!" he cried.

And I wish you could have beheld the way that cabinful of long-distance voyagers turned out on deck! It was a stampede to see who would get the air first, and there, sure enough, not very far ahead, a tall, peculiar mountain loomed dimly through the mist, shapeless but threatening and awfully high. A sigh of relief went up from the decks at the sight.

"It must be the Azores!" said Shack excitedly. "Gee, it's an ugly-looking stern and rockbound coast to make a landing on, but I think we'd better try!"

"There may be dangerous reefs!" warned Malvina nervously. "Oh, do look out for reefs, Shack!"

"Sure and I don't hear any surf breaking over them then!" put in Shamus. "Only a dim pounding, like!"

"We'll have to chance it!" shouted Shack. "We're short of water, remember, and we really must land somewhere!"

Well, nobody objected to that. In point of fact landing appealed strongly to everybody in the crowd, and for once we were of a single mind.

"Better go ahead slowly," said Harry Binz. "You can't ever tell what's ahead."

And you couldn't, either, for scarcely had he said it when the kicker went dead: stopped absolutely. And there we were, helpless. Of course Ted and Harry Binz did their level best to start her up again, but to no avail. For half an hour they worked and got all hot and dirty while the rest of us stood about foolishly and watched our ship drift slowly toward that awful mountainous island and a possible wreck. But for once Ted's efforts did no good at all. That motor was as dead as a doornail. And then when we were in utter despair a puff of wind stirred the curls against my face.

"Why, there's a wind!" I exclaimed. "Can't we manage to sail in?"

But I was not the first one who had noticed that sudden breeze. Prince Kropushkin, who had been standing apart in lonely grandeur like a statue, had miraculously come to life and was frantically stripping off his tight-fitting blouse and sash. With one hand he tossed the astrakhan cap overboard, and with the other threw his smock aside with a gesture of loathing, revealing a red flannel shirt and blue suspenders as he bellowed orders in a mighty voice.

"I'm running this ship from now on, and ye'll take yer orders from me!" he shouted with a perfectly good New England twang.

Then he marched up to the astonished Shackelton and shook a mighty fist into the poet's face.

"Ye would say I had an inferior complexion!" he shouted. "Well, get out there and help with that mains'l or I'll inferior your own complexion for ye!"

Then he turned on Edouard, who shrank before him, positively melted.

"And as for you," he shouted fiercely, "I'll show you which of us has an inhibition! Get over there to the fores'l and do what Harry tells ye to!"

"Yes—ha! Aye, aye, sir!" gasped Edouard, terrified.

"I'll take the wheel!" shouted the old man. "Ted, you show these boobs how to h'ist the sails and, by Godfrey, we'll bring the Sadie in in spite o' hell and poetry!"

"Say, fellows, you do as he says," shouted Ted. "Jump to it, quick! He's Captain Billy Hicks, the finest navigator going, and he'll land us safely! By heck, this is just the emergency I brought him along for!"

Well, I can hardly describe the scene which followed, with the men hopping about getting the canvas up, very awkwardly, all except Ted and Harry, whom Captain Kropushkin Hicks called son. But dazed as I was by this revelation, it was nothing to the shock I got the next time I looked toward land. The fog had melted rapidly under the whip of the on-shore wind—and behold, we were just off Atlantic City, and our terrible mountain was the Traymore Hotel!

An hour later we were safely on the Boardwalk, a disconsolate crew, very droopy and crestfallen, yet awfully though secretly relieved as well, and huddling about Ted, awaiting his command.

"What'll we do now?" said Shackelton. "This trip is ruined. It can never be the same again, as far as I am concerned!"

"I suggest," said Ted, cheerful and resourceful as ever—"I suggest that we acquire that flock of roller chairs over there, and all ride down to The Shelburne for a good lunch on me!"

"Thank God for that!" said Shamus fervently. "I've gone as far south as I've any wish to. And I'll write all the better about the South Seas for not having me mind too much confused by facts!"

"How about you, Pet?" asked Ted, turning to me. "What do you say?"

"Well," said I, smiling into his eyes, "I'm willing to go home. I suppose I can still find romance in the dictionary!"

"I'm going to help you look it up!" said Ted.

(THE END)

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

The new George D. Harter office and bank building, at Canton, Ohio, completely equipped with Haughton passenger elevators of the geared type

WITH the strong temptation nowadays to buy for a low cost price, it is well to bear in mind the reasons governing the selection of elevators for the George D. Harter office and bank building.

First cost was considered, as it must be. But due consideration was given also to the important question of upkeep and operation expense.

Haughton Elevators were chosen for their demonstrated ability to give uninterrupted service over a long period of years at a minimum cost of operation and maintenance.

An installation of Haughton Elevators is a true economy

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"M-m-m-goody, Mother! Coconut cookies"

Coconut cookies are wholesome, delightful, body-building food when made with Baker's Coconut. In the Baker air-tight can all the flavor and food value of fresh, ripe coconut are retained, because the natural moisture is there.

Use Baker's Coconut in home-made cookies to get the real, coconutty taste. The shreds are moist, rich and tender. Only perfect, selected nuts are grated for Baker's canned Coconut. The delicious freshness is sealed up and brought direct to you—a treat from the tropics.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

Coconut Cookies

Cream three-quarters cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter and one-quarter teaspoon salt together; add two well beaten eggs and one-half can coconut. (If the blue can coconut is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk before using.) Sift one and one-half cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and add mixture. Dust bake board with flour, roll out quite thin (one-eighth inch)—cut with cruller cutter. Brush top with well beaten egg and sprinkle with balance of coconut. Bake in hot oven ten to twelve minutes.

Three Kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

But this brought them within pistol range. The reports of the white men's weapons began, carefully, methodically, with deadly accuracy. There was no panic. The motionless or the struggling blotches ahead of the wagon park grew and grew. A few only of the Crows got off with bodies of their friends or relatives. One warrior after another dropped. They were used to killing buffalo at ten yards. The white rifles killed their men now regularly at a hundred. They drew off, out of range.

Meantime the band from the westward was rounding up and driving off every animal that had not been corralled. The emigrants saw themselves in fair way to be set on foot.

Now the savage strategy became plain. The fight was to be a siege.

"Look!" Again a leader pointed.

Crouched low, advancing under cover of the shallow-cut bank, the headdresses of a score of the Western tribesmen could be seen. They sank down. The ford was held, the water was cut off! The last covering fringe of willows also was held. On every side the black-painted savages sat their ponies, out of range. There could be no more water or grass for the horses and cattle, no wood for the men.

There was no other concerted charge for a long time. Now and then some painted brave, chanting a death song, would ride slowly toward the wagon park, some dervish vow actuating him or some bravado impelling him. But usually he fell.

It all became a quiet, steady, matter-of-fact performance on both sides. This very freedom from action and excitement, so different from the gallant riding of the Sioux, was more terrifying than direct attack en masse, so that when it came to a matter of shaken morale the whites were in as bad case as their foes, although thus far they had had no casualty at all.

There lacked the one leader, cool, calm, skilled, experienced, although courage did not lack. Yet even the best courage suffers when a man hears the wailing of his children back of him, the groans of his wife. As the hours passed, with no more than an occasional rifle shot or the zhut! of an arrow ending its high arc, the tension on the nerves of the beleaguered began to manifest itself

At midday the children began to cry for water. They were appeased with milk from the few cows offering milk, but how long might that last, with the cattle themselves beginning to moan and low?

"How far are they back?"

It was Hall, leader of the Ohio wagons. But none could tell him where the Missouri train had paused. Wingate alone knew why Banion had not advanced. He doubted if he would come now.

"And this all was over the quarrel between two men," said Caleb Price to his friend Wingate.

"The other man is a thief, Cale," reiterated Wingate. "He was court-martialed and broke, dishonorably discharged from the Army. He was under Colonel Doniphan, and had control of subsistence in upper Mexico for some time. He had the regimental funds. Doniphan was irregular. He ran his regiment like a mess, and might order first this officer, then that, of the line or staff, to take on his free-for-all quartermaster trains. But he was honest. Banion was not. He had him broken. The charges were filed by Captain Woodhull. Well, is it any wonder there is no love lost? And is it any wonder I wouldn't train up with a thief, or allow him to visit in my family? By God, right now I wouldn't, and I didn't send for him to help us!"

"So!" said Caleb Price. "So! And that was why the wedding — "

"Yes! A foolish fancy of a girl. I don't know what passed between her and Banion. I felt it safer for my daughter to be married, as soon as could be, to another man, an honest man. You know how that came out. And now, when she's as apt to die as live, and we're all as apt to, you others send for that renegade to save us! I have no confidence that he will come. I hope he will not. I'd like his rifles, but I don't want him."

"Well," said Caleb Price, "it is odd how his rifles depend on him and not on the other man. Yet they both lived in the same town."

"Yes, one man may be more plausible than another."

"Yes? I don't know that I ever saw a man more plausible with his fists than Major Banion was. Yes, I'll call him plausible. I wish some of us—say, Sam Woodhull, now could be half as plausible with these Crows. Difference in men, Jess!" he concluded. "Woodhull was there and now he's here. He's here—and now we're sending there for the other man."

"You want that other man, thief and dishonest as he is!"

"By God, yes! I want his rifles and him too. Women, children and all, the whole of us, will die if that thief doesn't come inside of another twenty-four hours."

Wingate flung out his arms, walked away, hands clasped behind his back. He met Woodhull.

"Sam, what shall we do?" he demanded. "You're sort of in charge now. You've been a soldier, and we haven't had much of that."

"There are fifteen hundred or two thousand of them," said Woodhull slowly—"a hundred and fifty of us that can fight. Ten to one, and they mean no quarter."

"But what shall we do?"

"What can we but lie close and hold the wagons?"

"And wait?"

"Yes."

"Which means only the Missouri men!"

"There's no one else. We don't know that they're alive. We don't know that they will come.

"But one thing I do know"—his dark face gathered in a scowl—"if he doesn't come it will not be because he was not asked! That fellow carried a letter from Molly to him. I know that. Well, what do you-all think of me? What's my standing in all this? If I've not been shamed and humiliated, how can a man be? And what am I to expect?"

"If we get through, if Molly lives, you mean?"

"Yes. I don't quit what I want. I'll never give her up. You give me leave to try again? Things may change. She may consider the wrong she's done me, an honest man. It's his hanging around all the time, keeping in her mind. And now we've sent for him—and so has she!"

They walked apart, Wingate to his wagon.

"How is she?" he asked of his wife, nodding to Molly's wagon.

"Better some ways, but low," replied his stout helpmate, herself haggard, dark circles of fatigue about her eyes. "She won't eat, even with the fever down. If we was back home where we could get things! Jess, what made us start for Oregon?"

"What made us leave Kentucky for Indiana, and Indiana for Illinois? I don't know. God help us now!"

"It's bad, Jesse."

"Yes, it's bad." Suddenly he took his wife's face in his hands and kissed her quietly. "Kiss Little Molly for me," he said. "I wish I wish — "

"I wish them other wagons'd come," said Molly Wingate. "Then we'd see!"

XXXII

JACKSON, wounded and weary as he was, drove his crippled horse so hard all the night through that by dawn he had covered almost fifty miles, and was in sight of the long line of wagons, crawling like a serpent down the slopes west of the South Pass, a cloud of bitter alkali dust hanging like a blanket over them. No part of the way had been more cheerless than this gray, bare expanse of more than a hundred miles, and none offered less invitation for a bivouac. But now both man and horse were well-nigh spent.

Knowing that he would be reached within an hour or so at best, Jackson used the last energies of his horse in riding back and forth at right angles across the trail, the Plains sign of "Come to me!" He hoped it would be seen! He flung himself down across the road, in the dust, his bridle tied to his wrist. His horse, now nearly gone, lay down beside him, nor ever rose again.

And here, in the time a gallop could bring them up, Banion and three of his men found them, one dead, the other but little better.

"Bill! Bill!"

The voice of Banion was anxious as he lightly shook the shoulder of the prone man,

(Continued on Page 89)

Learn the **JERSEY** *Difference*

"Say, Folks,–let ME tell you about Corn Flakes"

Your Grocer

HAVE you ever realized what he means in relation to public health and economy? Handing things over the counter and making deliveries are perhaps the least of his service in your behalf.

He must be continually alert, exercising unerring judgment so as to supply you with the best at prices you can afford to pay. His is not a light task and his importance to the community, in the service he renders, is inestimable.

"EVERYBODY knows I've got to keep a pair of sharp eyes wide open, so's not to miss the good things that come along in the grocery line.

That's why I didn't miss Jersey Corn Flakes.

The first taste told me you'd like them. I *knew* you'd appreciate something different and delightful in corn flakes."

Jerseys give you a new thrill in tastefulness. They stay crisp in milk to the last spoonful—*large* flakes thoroughly steam cooked, evenly rolled and carefully toasted.

Packed in our famous triple-sealed, waxed-lined and wrapped package which insures their delivery to you fresh and appetizing.

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JERSEY CEREAL FOOD CO., *Cereal, Penna., Milwaukee, Wis. Also Manufacturers of Jersey Rolled Oats and Jersey Pancake Flour.*

Pitcairn Water Spar Varnish

Water-Proof

Washday!

A SOAPY flood on the highly finished table top!

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Absolutely no harm will come to furniture, floors or woodwork finished with Pitcairn Water Spar varnish. Water—even boiling water—will not injure the rich, beautiful finish.

In your dealer's window you will see a wood panel finished with Pitcairn Water Spar Varnish, submerged in an aquarium month after month—the Visible Proof that this varnish gives a beautiful finish that cannot be harmed by water. Use Pitcairn Water Spar Varnish on furniture, floors, woodwork, water-craft—use it everywhere.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

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Fort Bridger

(Continued from Page 86)

half afraid that he, too, had died. Stupid in sleep, the scout sprang up, rifle in hand.

"Who's thar?"

"Hold, Bill! Friends! Easy now!"

The old man pulled together, rubbed his eyes.

"I must of went to sleep agin," said he. "My horse—pshaw now, pore critter, do-ee look now!"

In rapid words he now told his errand. They could see the train accelerating its speed. Jackson felt in the bag at his belt and handed Banion the folded paper. He opened the folds steadily, read the words again and again.

"'Come to us,' is what it says." He spoke to Jackson.

"Ye're a damned liar, Will," remarked Jackson.

"I'll read it all!" said Banion suddenly.

"'Will Banion, come to me, or it may be too late. There never was any wedding. I am the most wicked and most unhappy woman in the world. You owe me nothing! But come! M. W.'

"That's what it says. Now you know. Tell me—you heard of no wedding back at Independence Rock? They said nothing? He and she ——"

"Ef they was ever any weddin' hit was a pore sort, an' she says thar wasn't none. She'd orto know."

"Can you ride, Jackson?"

"Span in six fast mules for a supply wagon, such as kin gallop. I'll sleep in that a hour or so. Git yore men started, Will. We may be too late. It's nigh fifty mile to the ford o' the Green."

It came near to mutiny when Banion ordered a third of his men to stay back with the ox teams and the families. Fifty were mounted and ready in five minutes. They were followed by two fast wagons. In one of these rolled Bill Jackson, unconscious of the roughness of the way.

On the Sandy, twenty miles from the ford, they wakened him.

"Now tell me how it lies," said Banion. "How's the country?"

Jackson drew a sketch on the sand.

"They'll surround and they'll cut off the water."

"Can we ford above and come in behind them?"

"We mout. Send half straight to the ford an' half come in behind, through the willers, huh? That'd put 'em between three fires. Ef we driv' 'em on the wagons they'd get hell thar, an' ef they broke the wagons could chase 'em inter us again. I allow we'd give 'em hell. Hit's the Crows I'm most a-skeered of. The Bannocks—ef that's who they was—'ll run easy."

At sunset of that day the emigrants, now half mad of thirst, and half ready to despair of succor or success, heard the Indian drums sound and the shrilling of the eagle-bone whistles.

The Crows were chanting again. Whoops arose along the river bank.

"They're coming!" called out a voice.

There was a stir of uneasiness along the line, an ominous thing. And then the savage hosts broke from their cover, more than a thousand men, ready to take some loss in their hope that the whites were now more helpless. In other circumstances it must have been a stirring spectacle for any who had seen it. To these, cowering in the sand, it brought terror.

But before the three ranks of the Crows had cleared the cover the last line began to yell, to whip, to break away! Scattering but continuous rifle fire followed them, war cries arose, not from savages but from white men. A line of riders emerged, coming straight through to the second rank of the Crow advance. Then the beleaguered knew that the Missourians were up.

"Banion!" said a voice which few stopped to recognize as Woodhull's.

He held his fire, his rifle resting so long through the wagon wheel that Caleb Price in one swift motion caught it away from him.

"No harm, friend," said he, "but you'll not need this just now!"

His cold eye looked straight into that of the intending murderer.

The men in the wagon park rose to their work again. The hidden Bannocks began to break away from their lodgment under the river bank. The sound of hoofs and of shouts came down the trail. The other wing of the Missourians flung off and cleared the ford before they undertook to cross, their slow, irregular, deadly rifle fire doing its work among the hidden Bannocks until they broke and ran for their horses in the cottonwoods below. This brought them partly into view, and the rifles of the emigrants on that side bore on them till they broke in sheer terror and fled in a scattered *sauve qui peut.*

The Crows swerved under the enfilading fire of the men who now crossed the ford. Caught between three fires, and meeting for their first time the use of the revolver, then new to them, they lost heart and once more left their dead, breaking away into a mad flight west and north which did not end till they had forded the upper tributaries of the Green and Snake, and found their way back west of the Tetons to their own country far east and north of the Two-go-tee crossing of the Wind River Mountains; whence for many a year they did not emerge again to battle with the white nation on the Medicine Road. At one time there were forty Crow squaws, young and old, with gashed breasts and self-amputated fingers, given in mourning over the unreturning brave.

What many men had not been able to do of their own resources, less than a fourth their number now had done. Side by side Banion, Jackson, a half dozen others, rode up to the wagon gap, now opened. They were met by a surge of the rescued. Women, girls threw themselves upon them, kissing them, embracing them hysterically. Where had been gloom, now was rejoicing, laughter, tears.

The leaders of the emigrants came up to Banion and his men, Wingate in advance. Banion still sat his great black horse, coldly regarding them.

"I have kept my promise, Captain Wingate," said he. "I have not come until you sent for me. Let me ask once more, do I owe you anything now?"

"No, sir, you do not," replied the older man.

"And do you owe me anything?"

Wingate did not answer.

"Name what you like, Major Banion," said a voice at his shoulder—Caleb Price.

Banion turned to him slowly.

"Some things have no price, sir," said he. "For other things I shall ask a high price in time. Captain Wingate, your daughter asked me to come. If I may see her a moment, and carry back to my men the hope of her recovery, we shall all feel well repaid."

Wingate made way with the others. Banion rode straight through the gap, with no more than one unseeing glance at Woodhull, near whom sat Jackson, a pistol resting on his thigh. He came to the place under a wagon where they had made a hospital cot for Molly Wingate. It was her own father and mother who lifted her out as Will Banion sprang down, hat in hand, pale in his own terror at seeing her so pale.

"No, don't go!" said the girl to her parents. "Be here with us—and God."

She held out her arms and he bent above her, kissing her forehead gently and shyly as a boy.

"Please get well, Molly Wingate," said he. "You are Molly Wingate?"

"Yes. At the end—I couldn't! I ran away, all in my wedding clothes, Will. In the dark. Someone shot me. I've been sick, awfully sick, Will."

"Please get well, Molly Wingate! I'm going away again. This time, I don't know where. Can't you forget me, Molly Wingate?"

"I'm going to try, Will. I did try. Go on ahead, Will," she added. "You know what I mean. Do what I told you. I—why, Will!"

"My poor lamb!" said the strong voice of her mother, who gathered her in her arms, looking over her shoulder at this man to whom her child had made no vows. But Banion, wet eyed, was gone once more.

Jackson saw his leader out of the wagon gap, headed for a camping spot far apart. He stumbled up to the cot where Molly lay, her silent parents still close by.

"Here, Miss Molly, gal," said he, holding out some object in his hand. "We both got a arrer through the shoulder, an' mine's a'most well a'ready. Ain't nothin' in the world like a good chaw o' terbacker to put on a arrer cut. Do-ee, now!"

XXXIII

THE Missourians camped proudly and coldly apart, the breach between the two factions by no means healed, but rather deepened, even if honorably so, and now well understood of all.

Most men of both parties now knew of the feud between Banion and Woodhull, and the cause underlying it. Woman gossip did what it might. A half dozen determined men quietly watched Woodhull. As many continually were near Banion, although for quite a different reason. All knew that time alone must work out the answer to this implacable quarrel, and that the friends of the two men could not possibly train up together.

After all, when in sheer courtesy the leaders of the Wingate train came over to the Missouri camp on the following day there came nearer to being a good understanding than there ever had been since the first break. It was agreed that all the wagons should go on together as far as Fort Bridger, and that beyond that point the train should split into two or perhaps three bodies—a third if enough Woodhull adherents could be found to make him up a train. First place, second and third were to be cast by lot. They all talked soberly, fairly, with the dignity of men used to good standing among men. These matters concluded, and it having been agreed that all should lie by for another day, they resolved the meeting into one of better fellowship.

Old Bill Jackson, lying against his blanket roll, fell into reminiscence.

"Times past," said he, "the Green River rendyvous was helt right in here. I've seed this place spotted with tepees—hull valley full o' company men an' free trappers an' pack-train people time o' Ashley an' Sublette an' my Uncle Jackson an' all them traders. That was right here on the Green. Ever'body drunk an' happy, like I ain't now. Mounting men togged out, new leggin's an' moccasins their women had made, warriors painted up a inch o' their lives, an' women with brass wire an' calico all they wanted—maybe two-three thousand people in the rendyvous.

"But I never seed the grass so short, an' I never seed so much fightin' afore in all my life as I have this trip. This is the third time we're jumped, an' this time we're lucky, shore as hell. Pull on through to Bridger an' fix yer wagons afore they tumble apart. Leave the grass fer them that follows, an' git on fur's you kin, every wagon. We ain't likely to have no more trouble now. Pile up them braves in one heap fer a warnin' to any other bunch o' reds that may come along to hide around the wagon ford. New times has come on the Green."

"Can you travel, Jackson?" asked Hall of Ohio. "You've had a hard time."

"Who? Me? Why shouldn't I? Give me time to pick up some o' them bows an' arrers an' I'm ready to start. I noticed a right fine horn bow one o' them devils had—the Crows allus had good bows. That's the yaller-an'-red brave that was itchin' so long to slap a arrer through my ribs from behind. I'd like to keep his bow fer him, him not needin' it now."

Before the brazen sun had fully risen on the second day these late peaceful farmers of Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri were plodding along once more beside their sore-footed oxen; passing out unaided into a land which many leading men in the Government, North and South, and quite aside from political affiliations, did not value at five dollars for it all, though still a thousand miles of it lay ahead.

"Oh, then, Susannah!" roared Jed Wingate, trudging along beside Molly's wagon in the sand. "Don't you cry fer me. I'm going through to Oregon, with my banjo on my knee!"

Fair as a garden to the sun-seared eyes of the emigrants seemed the mountain post, Fort Bridger, when its rude stockade separated itself from the distortions of the desert mirage, whose citadels of silence, painted temples fronted with colossal columns, giant sphinxes, vast caryatids, lofty arches, fretwork façades, fantastically splendid castles and palaces now resolved

(Continued on Page 92)

Jesse L. Lasky presents

Gloria Swanson

in ELINOR GLYN'S

"Beyond the Rocks"

with

Rodolph Valentino

A Sam Wood Production *Scenario by Jack Cunningham*

Let down from this towering cliff in the mighty Alps, Lord Bracondale (Valentino) gains the ledge which has saved Theodora Fitzgerald (Gloria Swanson) from a terrible death, and then in the hours that pass before the rescue party arrives, Love lights its hottest fire in their hearts!

Here is *Gloria Swanson*, supported by *Rodolph Valentino*, in a great *Paramount* Picture by *Elinor Glyn.*

What more could you want for certainty of great entertainment than those four names?

You remember glorious Gloria in Elinor Glyn's "The Great Moment"! You remember her in "Her Husband's Trademark"!

You remember Rodolph Valentino in George Melford's "The Sheik"! You remember him in Rex Ingram's "Four Horsemen"!

Memories of these will be eclipsed by the still more thrilling memories of "Beyond the Rocks",

—the photoplay of passionate young love,

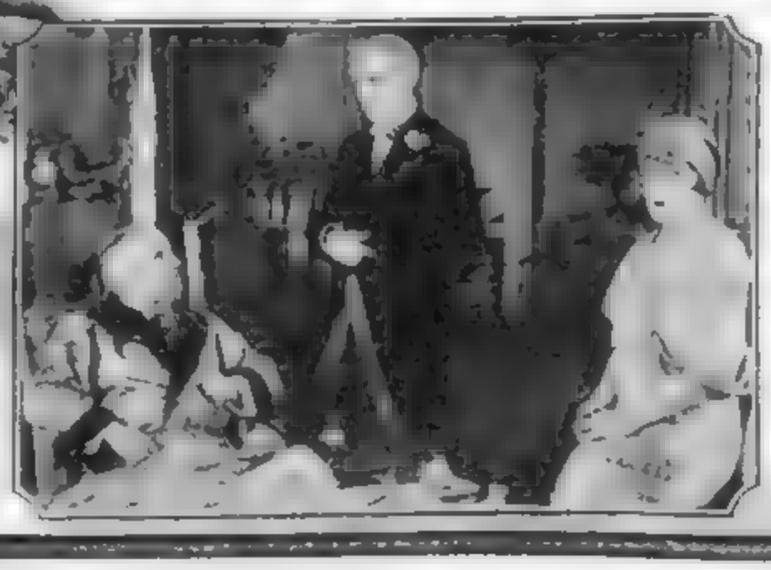
—and of luxurious life in a Paris setting with all the latest chic in gowns and coquetry!

Above all, don't miss the thrilling scenes of the rescue in the mighty Alps!

First showing next week at more than 200 leading theatres.
Is your favorite theatre showing it?

Amid luxurious scenes in gay Paris their love deepens. Theodora lures him on with all the arts of Paris plumage and eloquent glances

Dad knows his daughter's high- but he knows it so that Grant Circumstance is the only power to relieve it. See for yourself how Circumstance comes to the rescue!



"Oh to be free of this fat husband!" That was what Theodora (Gloria Swanson) found herself terribly wishing! And yet he had treated her well laid his wealth at her feet.

It's a Paramount

When are these coming?

Use the phone.

BETTY COMPSON
IN
"The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance-idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life.

From "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Jean Crawford Bern. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

"The Woman Who Walked Alone"
with
Dorothy Dalton
A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the madcap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"

From the story, "The Cat and the Woman Alone," by John Colton. Scenario by Will M. Ritchey.

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in
"The Bachelor Daddy"

Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet!

From the novel by Elsie Pell. Scenario by Clara Beranger. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
PRODUCTION
"THE MAN FROM HOME"
with
JAMES KIRKWOOD

An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Frances Marion.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
with
T. Roy Barnes
Lila Lee
Lois Wilson
Walter Hiers

In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal! There they are, sweethearting without regular licenses. Enough laughs in this tangle to make a dummy laugh!

From Lee Dougherty's adaptation of the play by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Kenneth Perkins. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods.

William de Mille's
PRODUCTION
"Bought and Paid For"
with
Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

WALLACE REID
IN
"Across the Continent"

Wallace Reid in a cracker-jack automobile picture! Gasoline perfume, pretty faces, a mile every minute—that's the mixture in this great show!

By Byron Morgan. Directed by Penrhyn E. Rosen.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President*
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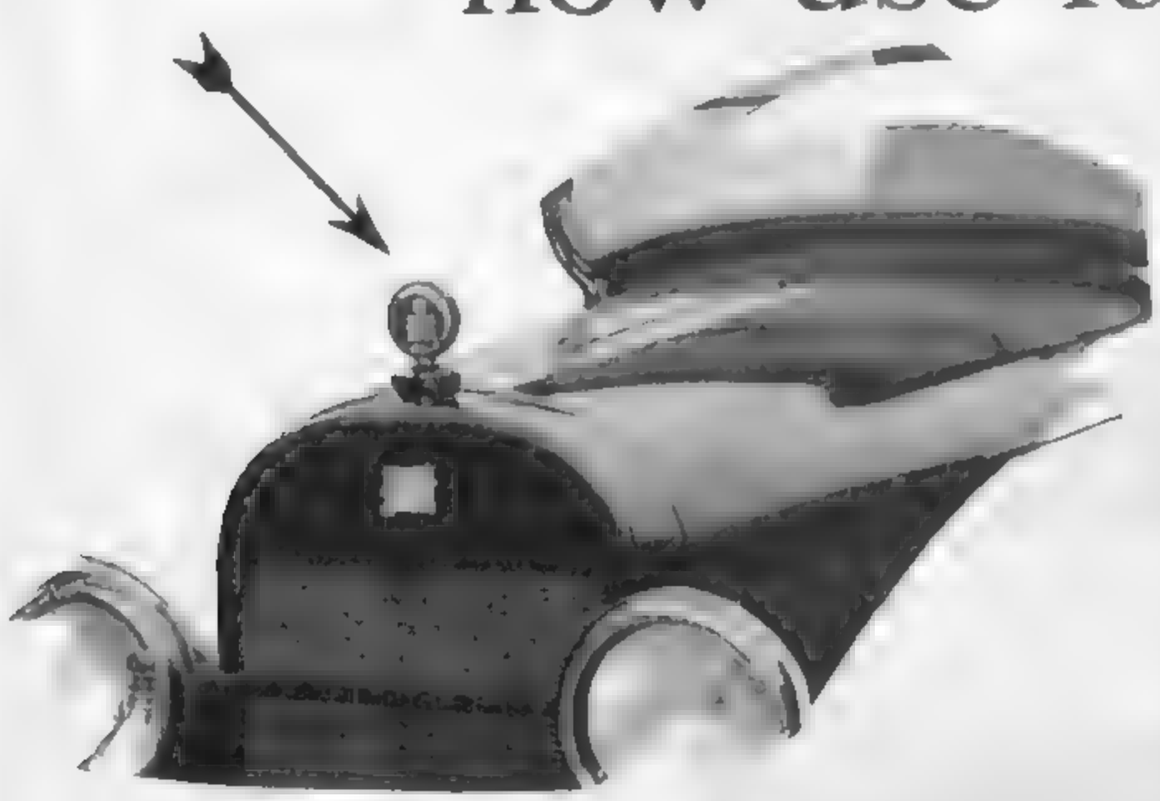

NO other automobile accessory has ever approached the enormous popularity of the BOYCE MOTO-METER.

The reason is obvious—

This instrument, unfailingly, detects approaching motor trouble ten to fifteen minutes before you can.

The BOYCE MOTO-METER prevents costly repairs by indicating approaching trouble in ample time to avoid it. It adds thousands of miles to the life of your car.

The more you know about your car, the more you need this instrument.

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Your car deserves one *today*—tomorrow may be too late.

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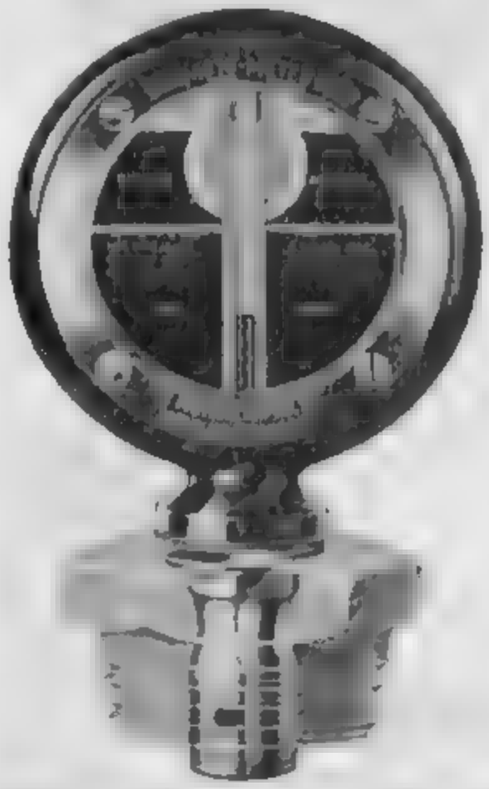
"Your Car Deserves One"

Your garage or dealer carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock, or can quickly obtain one for you.

Seven Models $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service. Look for the BOYCE MOTO-METER Service Sign.



The instrument shown on the right is the Standard Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

(Continued from Page 89)

themselves into groups of squat pole structures and a rude stock corral.

The site of the post itself could not better have been chosen. Here the flattened and dividing waters of the Black's Fork, icy cold and fresh from the Uintah Mountains to the southward, supported a substantial growth of trees, green now and wonderfully refreshing to desert-weary eyes.

"The families are coming!"

Bridger's clerk, Chardon, raised the new cry of the trading post.

"Broke an' hungry, I'll bet!" swore old Jim Bridger in his beard.

But he retired into his tepee and issued orders to his Shoshone squaw, who was young and pretty. Her name, as he once had said, was Dang Yore Eyes—and she was very proud of it. Philosophical withal, though smarting under recent blows of her white lord, she now none the less went out and erected once more in front of the tepee the totem Bridger had kicked down—the tufted lance, the hair-fringed bull-neck shield, the sacred medicine bundle which had stood in front of Jeem's tepee in the rendezvous on Horse Creek, what time he had won her in a game of hands. Whereupon the older squaw, not young, pretty or jealous, abused him in Ute and went out after wood. Her name was Blast Yore Hide, and she also was very proud of her white name. Whereafter both Dang Yore Eyes and Blast Yore Hide, female, and hence knowing the moods of man, wisely hid out for a while. They knew when Jeem had the long talk with the sick white squaw, who was young, but probably needed bitter bark of the cottonwood to cure her fever.

Painted Utes and Shoshones stood about, no more silent than the few local mountaineers, bearded, beaded and fringed, who still after some mysterious fashion clung to the old life at the post. Against the newcomers, profitable as they were, still existed the ancient antipathy of the resident for the nonresident.

"My land sakes alive!" commented stoical Molly Wingate after they had made some inquiries into the costs of staples here. "This store ain't no place to trade. They want fifty dollars a sack for flour—what do you think of that? We got it for two dollars back home. And sugar a dollar a tin cup, and just plain salt two bits a pound, and them to guess at the pound. Do they think we're Indians, or what?"

"It's the tenth day of August and a thousand miles ahead," commented Caleb Price. "And we're beyond the buffalo now."

"And Sis is in trouble," added Jed Wingate. "The light wagon's got one hind spindle half in two, and I've spliced the hind ex for the last time."

Jackson advanced an idea.

"At Fort Hall," he said, "I've seed 'em cut a wagon in two an' make a two-wheel cart out'n hit. They're easier to git through mountains that way."

"Now listen to that, Jesse!" Mrs. Wingate commented. "It's getting down to less and less every day. But I'm going to take my bureau through, and my wheat, and my rose planta, if I have to put wheels on my bureau."

The men determined to saw down three wagons of the train which now seemed doubtful of survival as quadrupeds, and a general rearrangement of cargoes was agreed. Now they must jettison burden of every dispensable sort. Some of the sore-necked oxen were to be thrown into the loose herd and their places taken for a time by cows no longer offering milk.

A new soberness began to sit on all. The wide reaches of desert with which they here were in touch appalled their hearts more than anything they yet had met. The grassy valley of the Platte, where the great fourfold tracks of the trail cut through a waving sea of green belly-deep to the oxen, had seemed easy and inviting, and since then hardship had at least been spiced with novelty and change. But here was a new and forbidding land. This was the Far West itself; silent, inscrutable, unchanged, irreducible. The mightiness of its calm was a smiting thing. The awesomeness of its chill, indifferent nights, the unsparing ardors of its merciless noons, the measureless expanses of its levels, the cold barrenness of its hills—these things did not invite as to the bosom of a welcoming mother; they repelled, as with the chill gesture of a stranger turning away outcasts from the door.

"Here resolution almost faints!" wrote one.

A general requisition was made on the scant stores Bridger had hurried through. To their surprise, Bridger himself made no attempt at frontier profits.

"Chardon," commanded the moody master of the post to his head clerk, "take down your tradin' bar and let my people in. Sell them their flour and meal at what it has cost us here—all they want, down to what the post will need till my partner Vasquez brings in more next fall, if he ever does. Sell 'em their flour at four dollars a sack, an' not at fifty, boy. Git out that flag I saved from Sublette's outfit, Chardon. Put it on a pole for these folks, and give it to them so's they can carry it on acrost to Oregon. God's got some use for them folks out yan or hit wouldn't be happenin' this way. I'm goin' to help 'em acrost. Ef I don't, old Jim Bridger is a liar!"

That night Bridger sat in his lodge alone, moodily smoking. He heard a shaking at the pegs of the door flap.

"Get out!" he exclaimed, thinking that it was his older associate or else some intruding dog.

His order was not obeyed. Will Banion pulled back the flap, stooped and entered.

"How!" exclaimed Bridger, and with fists smitten on the blankets made the sign to "Sit!" Banion for a time also smoked in silence, knowing the moody ways of the old-time men.

"Ye came to see me about her, Miss Molly, didn't ye?" began Bridger after a long time, kicking the embers of the tepee fire together with the toe of his moccasin.

"How do you know that?"

"I kin read sign."

"Yes, she sent me."

"When?"

"That was at Laramie. She told me to come on with you then. I could not."

"Pore child, they mout 'a' killed her! She told me she'd git well, though—told me so to-day. I had a talk with her." His wrinkled face broke into additional creases. "She told me more!"

"I've no wonder."

"Ner me. Ef I was more young and less Injun I'd love that gal. I do, anyhow, fer sake o' what I might of been ef I hadn't had to play my game the way the cards said fer me.

"She told me she was shot on her weddin' night, in her weddin' clothes—right plumb to the time an' minute o' marryin' then an' thar. She told me she thanked God the Injun shot her, and she wished to God he'd killed her then an' thar. I'd like such fer a bride, huh? That's one hell of a weddin', huh? Why?"

Banion sat silent, staring at the embers.

"I know why, or part ways why. Kit an' me was drunk at Laramie. I kain't remember much. But I do ree-colleck Kit said something to me about you in the Army, with Donerphan in Mayheeco. Right then I gits patriotic. 'Hooray!' says I. Then we taken another drink. After that we fell to arguin' how much land we'd git out o' Mayheeco when the treaty was signed. He said hit war done signed now, or else hit wan't, I don't ree-colleck which, but hit was one or t'other. He had papers. Ef I see Kit again ary time now I'll ast him what his papers was. I don't ree-colleck exact.

"All that, ye see, boy," he resumed, "was atter I was over to the wagons at Laramie, when I seed Miss Molly to say good-by to her. I reckon maybe I was outside o' sever'l horns even then."

"And that was when you gave her the California nugget that Kit Carson had given you!" Banion spoke at last.

"Oh, yeaspring no surprise, boy! She told me to-day she'd told you then; said she'd begged you to go on with me an' beat all the others to Californy; said she wanted you to git rich; said you an' her had parted, an' she wanted you to live things down. I was to tell ye that.

"Boy, she loves ye—not me ner that other man. The Injun womern kin love a dozen men. The white womern kain't. I'm still fool white enough fer to believe that. Of course she'd break her promise not to tell about the gold. I might 'a' knowed she'd tell the man she loved. Well, she didn't wait long. How long was hit afore she done so—about ten minutes? Boy, she loves ye. Hit hain't no one else."

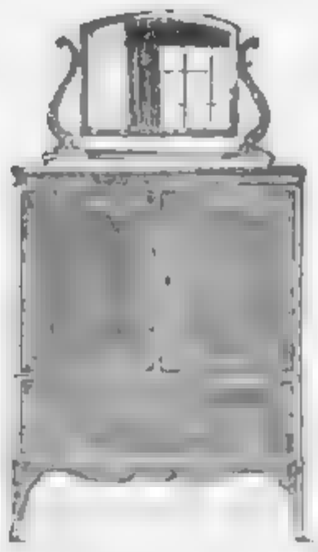
"I think so. I'm afraid so."

"Why don't ye marry her then, right here? Ef a gal loves a man he orto marry her, ef only to cure her o' bein' a fool to

(Continued on Page 95)

BERKEY & GAY *Furniture*

In the epoch that produced the Boston Tea Party, American artisans were creating the style of furniture known as Colonial. It was simple, substantial—eminently suited to the prim old homes where independence was the watchword; yet where false seeming was heartily despised and only true worth treasured



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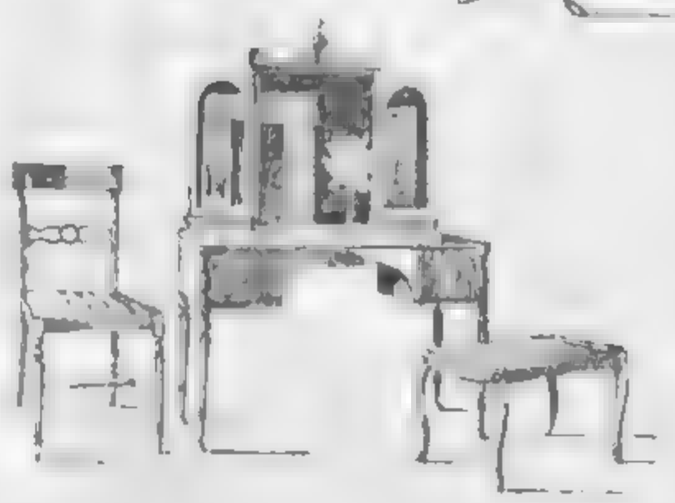

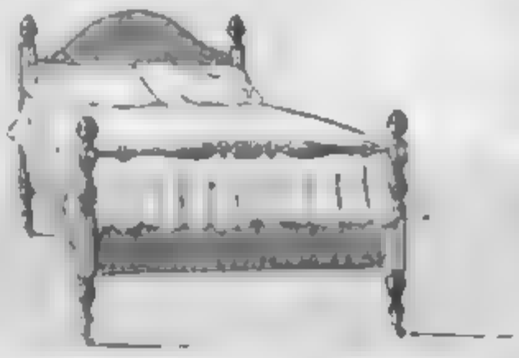

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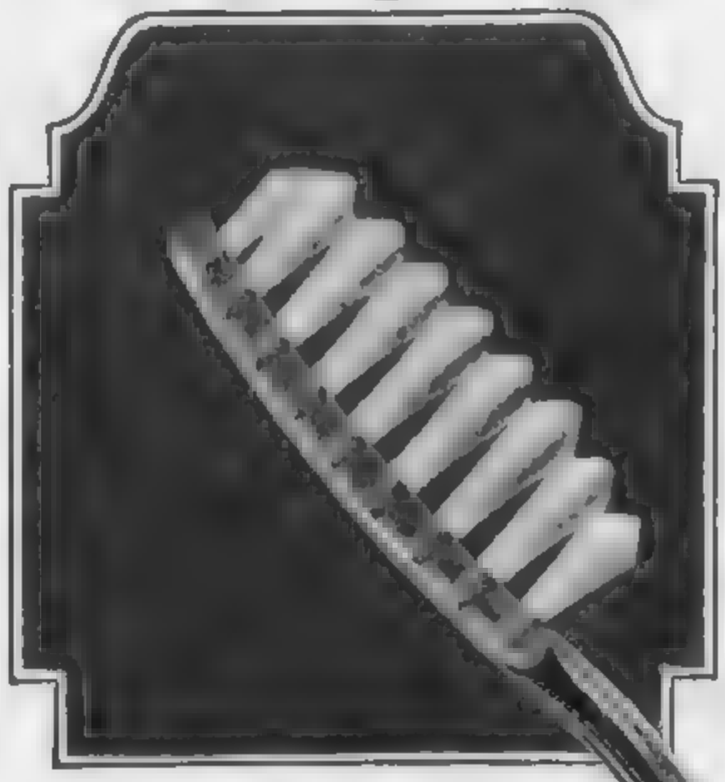

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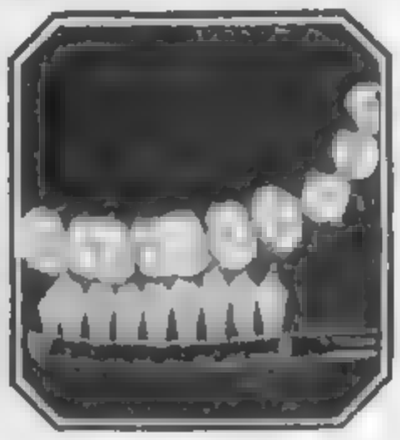

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4. *Brush lower inside up.*

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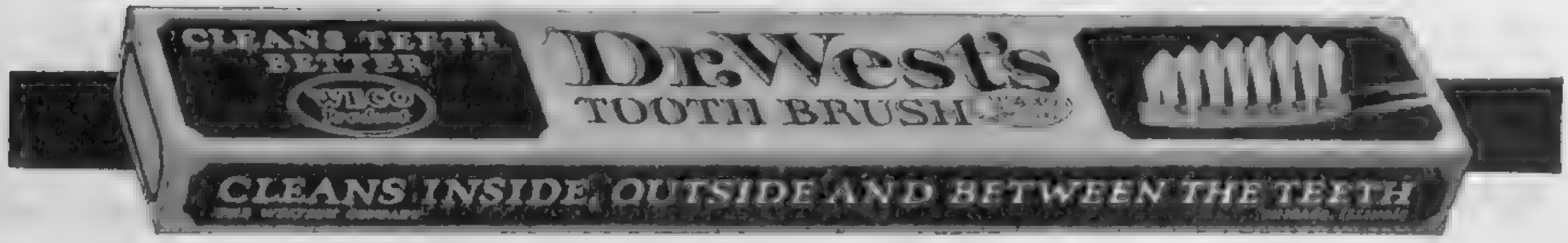

(Continued from Page 92)

love any man. Why don't you marry her right now?"

"Because I love her!"

Bridger sat in disgusted silence for some time.

"Well," said he at last, "there's some kinds o' fools that kain't be cured noways. I expect you're one o' them. Me, I ain't so highfalutin'. Ef I love a womern, an' her me, somethin's goin' to happen. What's this here like? Nothin' happens. Son, it's when nothin' happens that somethin' else does happen. She marries another man—barrin' Rapahoes. A fool fer luck—that's you. But there mightn't always be a Injun hidin' to shoot her when she gits dressed up agin an' the minister is a-waitin' to pernounce 'em man an' wife. Then whar air ye?"

He went on more kindly after a time, as he reached out a hard, sinewy hand.

"Such as her is fer the young man that has a white man's full life to give her. She's purty as a doe fawn an' kind as a thoroughbred filly. In course ye loved her, boy. How could ye a-help hit? An' ye was willin' to go to Oregon—ye'd plow rather'n leave sight o' her? I don't blame ye, boy. Such as her is not supported by rifle an' trap. Hit's the home smoke, not the tepee fire, for her. I ask ye nothing more, boy. I'll not ask ye what ye mean. Man an' boy, I've followed the tepee smokes—blue an' a-movin' an' a-beckonin' they was—an' I never set this hand to no plow in all my life. But in my heart two things never was wiped out—the sight o' the white woman's face an' the sight o' the flag with stars. I'll help ye all I can, an' good luck go with ye. Work hit out yore own way. She's worth more'n all the gold Californy's got buried!"

This time it was Will Banion's hand that was suddenly extended.

"Take her secret an' take her advice then," said Bridger after a time. "Ye must git in ahead to Californy. Fust come fust served on any beaver water. Fer me 'tis easy. I kin hold my hat an' the immigrints'll throw money into hit. I've got my fortune here, boy. I can easy spare ye what ye need, ef ye do need a helpin' out'n my plate. Fer sake o' the finest gal that ever crossed the Plains, that's what we'll do! Ef I don't, Jim Bridger's a putrefied liar, so help me God!"

Banion made no reply at once, but could not fail of understanding.

"I'll not need much," said he. "My place is to go on ahead with my men. I don't think there'll be much danger now from Indians, from what I hear. At Fort Hall I intend to split off for California. Now I make you this proposition, not in payment for your secret, or for anything else: If I find gold I'll give you half of all I get as soon as I get out or can send it."

"What do ye want o' me, son?"

"Six mules and packs. All the shovels and picks you have or can get for me at Fort Hall. There's another thing."

"An' what is that?"

"I want you to find out what Kit Carson said and what Kit Carson had. If at any time you want to reach me—six months, a year—get word through by the wagon trains next year, in care of the district court at Oregon City, on the Willamette."

"Why, all right, all right, son! We're all maybe talkin' in the air, but I more'n half understand ye. One thing, ye ain't never really intendin' to give up Molly Wingate! Ye're a fool not to marry her now, but ye're reckonin' to marry her sometime—when the moon turns green, huh? When she's old an' shriveled up, then ye'll marry her, huh?"

Banion only looked at him, silent.

"Well, I'd like to go on to Californy with ye, son, ef I didn't know I'd make more here, an' easier, out'n the crazy fools that'll be pilin' in here next year. So good luck to ye. Kit had more o' that stuff," he suddenly added. "He give me some more when I told him I'd lost that fust piece he give me. I'll give ye a piece fer sample, son. I've kep' hit close."

He began fumbling in the tobacco pouch he found under the head of his blanket bed. He looked up blankly, slightly altering the name of his older squaw.

"Well, damn her hide!" said he fervently. "Ye kain't keep nothin' from 'em! An' they kain't keep nothin' when they git hit."

XXXIV

ONCE more the train, now permanently divided into two, faced the desert, all the men and many women now afoot, the kine low-headed, stepping gingerly in their new rawhide shoes. Gray, grim work, toiling over the dust and sand. But at the head wagon, taking over an empire foot by foot, flew the great flag. Half fanatics? That may be. Fanatics, so called, also had prayed and sung and taught their children, all the way across to the Great Salt Lake. They, too, carried books. And within one hour after their halt near the Salt Lake they began to plow, began to build, began to work, began to grow, and made a country.

The men at the trading post saw the Missouri wagons pull out ahead. Two hours later the Wingate train followed, as the lot had determined. Woodhull remained with his friends in the Wingate group, regarded now with an increasing indifference, but biding his time.

Bridger held back his old friend Jackson even after the last train pulled out. It was midafternoon when the start was made.

"Don't go just yet, Bill," said he. "Ride on an' overtake 'em. Nothin' but rattlers an' jack rabbits now fer a while. The Shoshones won't hurt 'em none. I'm powerful lonesome, somehow. Let's you an' me have one more drink."

"That sounds reas'nable," said Jackson. "Shore that sounds reas'nable to me."

They drank of a keg which the master of the post had hidden in his lodge, back of his blankets; drank again of high wines diluted but uncolored—the "likker" of the fur trade.

They drank from tin cups, until Bridger began to chant, a deepening sense of his old melancholy on him.

"Good-by!" he said again and again, waving his hand in general vagueness to the mountains.

"We was friends, wasn't we, Bill?" he demanded again and again; and Jackson, drunk as he, nodded in like maudlin gravity. He himself began to chant. The two were savages again.

"Well, we got to part, Bill. This is Jim Bridger's last rendyvous. I've rid around an' said good-by to the mountings. Why don't we do it the way the big partisans allus done when the rendyvous was over? 'Twas old Mike Fink an' his friend Carpenter begun hit fifty year ago. Keel-boat men on the river, they was. There's as good shots left to-day as then, and as good friends. You an' me has seed hit; we seed hit at the very last meetin' o' the Rocky Mountain Company men, before the families come. An' nary a man spilled the whisky on his partner's head."

"That's the truth," assented Jackson, "though some I wouldn't trust now."

"Would ye trust me, Bill, like I do you, fer sake o' the old times, when friends was friends?"

"Shore I would, no matter how come, Jim. My hand's stiddy as a rock, even though my shootin' shoulder's a leetle stiff from that Crow arrer."

Each man held out his firing arm, steady as a bar.

"I kin still see the nail heads on the door yan. Kin ye, Bill?"

"Plain! It's a waste o' likker, Jim, fer we'd both drill the cups."

"Are ye a-skeered?"

"I told ye not."

"Chardon!" roared Bridger to his clerk. "You, Chardon, come here!"

The clerk obeyed, though he and others had been discreet about remaining visible as this bout of old-timers at their cups went on. Liquor and gunpowder usually went together.

"Chardon, ye git two fresh tin cups an' bring 'em here. Bring a piece o' charcoal to spot the cups. We're goin' to shoot 'em off each other's heads, in the old way. You know what I mean."

Chardon, trembling, brought the two tin cups, and Bridger with a burnt ember sought to mark plainly on each a black bull's-eye. Silence fell on the few observers, for all the emigrants had now gone and the open space before the rude trading building was vacant, although a few faces peered around corners. At the door of the tallest tepee two native women sat, a young and an old, their blankets drawn across their eyes, accepting fate, and not daring to make a protest.

"How!" exclaimed Bridger as he filled both cups and put them on the ground. "Have ye wiped yer barrel?"

"Shore I have. Let's wipe again."

Each drew his ramrod from the pipes and attached the cleaning worm with its twist of tow, kept handy in belt pouch in muzzle-loading days.

(Continued on Page 97)

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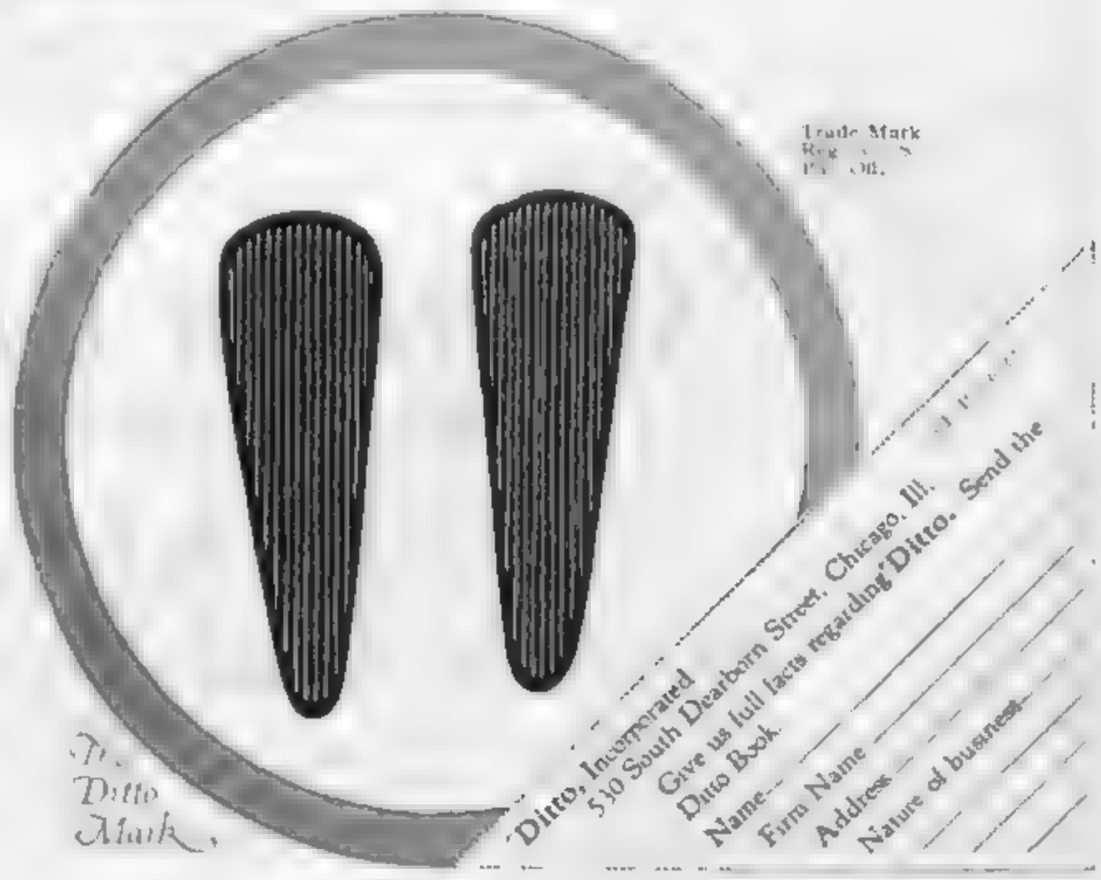

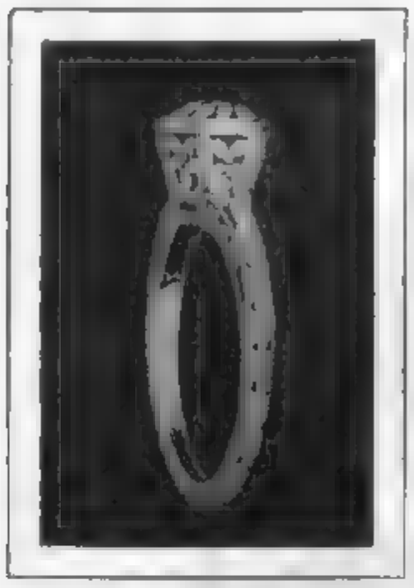

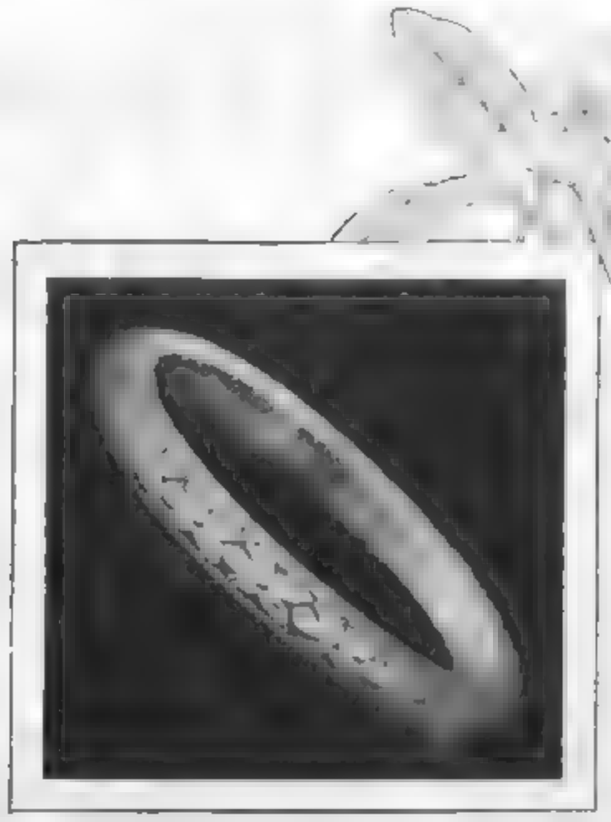

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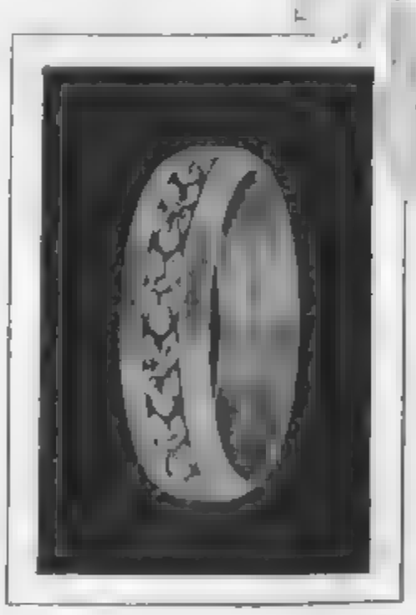

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(Continued from Page 95)

"Clean as a whistle!" said Jackson, holding out the end of the rod.

"So's mine, pardner. Old Jim Bridger never disgraced hisself with a rifle."

"Ner me," commented Jackson. "Hold a hair full, Jim, an' cut high the top o' the tin. That'll be safer fer my skelp, an' hit'll let less whisky out'n the hole. We got to drink what's left. S'pose'n' we have a snort now?"

"After we both shoot we kin drink," rejoined his friend, with a remaining trace of judgment. "Go take stand whar we marked the scratch. Chardon, damn ye, carry the cup down an' set hit on his head, an' ef you spill a drop I'll drill ye, d'ye hear?"

The *engagé's* face went pale.

"But Monsieur Jim ——" he began.

"Don't 'Monsieur Jim' me or I'll drill a hole in ye anyways! Do-ee-do what I tell ye, boy! Then if ye crave fer to see some ol'-time shootin' come on out, the hull o' ye, an' take a lesson, damn ye!"

"Do-ee ye shoot first, Bill," demanded Bridger. "The light's soft, an' we'll swap atter the fust fire, to git hit squar for the hindsight, an' no shine on the side o' the front sight."

"No, we'll toss fer fust," said Jackson, and drew out a Spanish dollar. "Tails fer me last!" he called as it fell. "An' I win! You go fust, Jim."

"Shore I will ef the toss-up says so," rejoined his friend. "Step off the fifty yard. What sort o' iron ye carryin', Bill?"

"Why do ye ask? Ye know ol' Mike Sheets in Virginia never bored a better. I've never changed."

"Ner I from my old Hawken. Two good guns, an' two good men, Bill, o' the ol' times—the ol' times! We kain't say fairer'n this, can we, at our time o' life, fer favor o' the old times, Bill? We got to do somethin', so's to kind o' git rested up."

"No man kin say fairer," said his friend.

They shook hands solemnly and went onward with their devil-may-care test, devised in a historic keel-boat man's brain, as inflamed then by alcohol as their own were now.

Followed by the terrified clerk, Bill Jackson, tall, thin and grizzled, stoical as an Indian, and too drunk to care much for consequences, so only he proved his skill and his courage, walked steadily down to the chosen spot and stood, his arms folded, after leaning his own rifle against the door of the trading room. He faced Bridger without a tremor, his head bare, and cursed Chardon for a coward when his hand trembled as he balanced the cup on Jackson's head.

"Damn ye," he exclaimed, "there'll be plenty lost without any o' your spillin'!"

"Air ye all ready, Bill?" called Bridger from his station, his rifle cocked and the delicate triggers set, so perfect in their mechanism that the lightest touch against the trigger edge would loose the hammer.

"All ready!" answered Jackson.

The two, jealous still of the ancient art of the rifle, which nowhere in the world obtained nicer development than among men such as these, faced each other in what always was considered the supreme test of nerve and skill; for naturally a man's hand might tremble, sighting three inches above his friend's eyes, when it would not move a hair sighting center between the eyes of an enemy.

Bridger spat out his tobacco chew and steadily raised his rifle. The man opposite him stood steady as a pillar, and did not close his eyes. The silence that fell on those who saw became so intense that it seemed veritably to radiate, reaching out over the valley to the mountains as in a hush of leagues.

For an instant, which to the few observers seemed an hour, these two figures, from which motion seemed to have passed forever, stood frozen. Then there came a spurt of whitish-blue smoke and the thin dry crack of the border rifle.

The hand and eye of Jim Bridger, in spite of advancing years, remained true to their long training. At the rifle crack the tin cup on the head of the statuelike figure opposite him was flung behind as though by the blow of an invisible hand. The spin of the bullet, acting on the liquid contents, ripped apart the seams of the cup and flung the fluid wide. Then and not till then did Jackson move.

He picked up the empty cup, bored center directly through the black spot, and turning walked with it in his hand toward Bridger, who was wiping out his rifle once more.

"I call hit mighty careless shootin'," said he, irritated. "Now look what ye done to the likker! If ye'd held a leetle higher, above the level o' the likker, like I told ye, she wouldn't have busted open thataway. It's nacherl, thar warn't room in the cup fer both the likker an' the ball. That's wastin' likker, Jim, an' my mother told me when I was a boy, 'Willful waste makes woeful want!'"

"I call hit a plumb-center shot," grumbled Bridger. "Do-ee look now! Maybe ye think ye kin do better shootin' yerself than old Jim Bridger!"

"Shore I kin, an' I'll show ye! I'll bet my rifle aginst yourn—ef I wanted so sorry a piece as yourn—I kin shoot that close to the mark an' not spill no likker a-tall! An' ye can fill her two-thirds full an' put yer thumb in fer the balance ef ye like."

"I'll just bet ye a new mule agin yer pony ye kain't do nothin' o' the sort!" retorted Bridger.

"All right, I'll show ye. O' course, ye got to hold still."

"Who said I wouldn't hold still?"

"Nobody. Now you watch me."

He stooped at the little water ditch which had been led in among the buildings from the stream and kneaded up a little ball of mud. This he forced into the handle of the tin cup, entirely filling it, then washed off the body of the cup.

"I'll shoot the fillin' out'n the handle an' not out'n the cup!" said he. "Mud's cheap, an' all the diff'runce in holdin' is, ef I nicked the side o' yer haid it'd hurt ye 'bout the same as ef what I nicked the center of hit. Ain't that so? We'd orto practice inderstry an' 'conomy, Jim. Like my mother said, 'Penny saved is er penny yearned.' 'Little drops o' water, little grains o' sand,' says she, 'a-makes the mighty o-o-ocean an' the plea-ea-sant land.'"

"I never seed it tried," said Bridger, with interest, "but I don't see why hit hain't practical. Whang away, an' ef ye spill the whisky shootin' to one side, or cut ha'r shootin' too low, your *caballo* is mine—an' he ain't much!"

With no more argument, he in turn took up his place, the two changing positions so that the light would favor the rifleman. Again the fear-smitten Chardon adjusted the filled cup, this time on his master's bared head.

"Do-ee turn her sideways now, boy," cautioned Bridger. "Set the han'le sideways squar', so she looks wide. Give him a fa'r shot now, fer I'm interested in this yere thing, either way she goes. Either I lose ha'r er a mule."

But folding his arms he faced the rifle without batting an eye, as steady as had been the other in his turn.

Jackson extended his long left arm, slowly and steadily raising the silver bead up from the chest, the throat, the chin, the forehead of his friend, then lowered it, rubbing his sore shoulder.

"Tell him to turn that han'le squar' to me, Jim!" he called. "The damn fool has got her all squegeed around to one side."

Bridger reached up a hand and straightened the cup himself.

"How's that?" he asked.

"All right! Now hold stiddy a minute."

Again the Indian women covered their faces, sitting motionless. And at last came again the puff of smoke, the faint crack of the rifle, never loud in the high, rarefied air.

The straight figure of the scout never wavered. The cup still rested on his head. The rifleman calmly blew the smoke from his barrel, his eye on Bridger as the latter now raised a careful hand to his head. Chardon hastened to aid, with many ejaculations.

The cup still was full, but the mud was gone from inside the handle as though poked out with a finger!

"That's what I call shootin', Jim," said Jackson, "an' reas'nable shootin' too. Now spill half o' her where she'll do some good, an' give me the rest. I got to be goin' now. I don't want yer mule. I fust come away from Missoury to git shet o' mules."

Chardon, cupbearer, stood regarding the two wild souls whom he never in his own more timid nature was to understand. The two mountain men shook hands. The alcohol had no more than steadied them in their rifle work, but the old exultation of their wild life came to them now once more. Bridger clapped hand to mouth and uttered his old war cry before he drained his share of the fiery fluid.

"To the ol' days, friend!" said he once more; "the days that's gone, when men was men, an' a friend could trust a friend!"

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"To the ol' days!" said Jackson in turn. "An' I'll bet two better shots don't stand to-day on the soil o' Oregon! But I got to be goin', Jim. I'm goin' on to the Columby. I may not see ye soon. It's far."

He swung into his saddle, the rifle in its loop at the horn. But Bridger came to him, a hand on his knee.

"I hate to see ye go, Bill."

"Shore!" said Jackson. "I hate to go. Take keer yerself, Jim."

The two Indian women had uncovered their faces and gone inside the lodge. But old Jim Bridger sat down, back against a cottonwood, and watched the lopping figure of his friend jog slowly out into the desert. He himself was singing now, chanting monotonously an old Indian refrain that lingered in his soul from the days of the last rendezvous.

At length he arose and, animated by a sudden thought, sought out his tepee once more. Dang Yore Eyes greeted him with shy smiles of pride.

"Heap shoot, Jeem!" said she. "No kill-um. Why?"

She was decked now in her finest, ready to use all her blandishments on her lord and master. Her cheeks were painted red, her wrists were heavy with copper. On a thong at her neck hung a piece of yellow stone which she had bored through with an awl, or rather with three or four awls, after much labor, that very day.

Bridger picked up the ornament between thumb and finger. He said no word, but his fingers spoke.

"Other pieces. Where?"

"White man. Gone—out there." She answered in the same fashion.

"How, cola!" she spoke aloud. "Him say, 'How, cola,' me." She smiled with much pride over her conquest, and showed two silver dollars. "Swap!"

In silence Bridger went into the tepee and pulled the door flaps.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A.E.F.

(Continued from Page 11)

decisive effect in forcing a withdrawal of German troops from northern France. The military and economic situation of the enemy, therefore, indicated Lorraine as the field promising the most fruitful results for the employment of our armies."—Pershing's report to Baker.

So the winter dragged along and the A. E. F. remained a feeble growth. Small wonder that our Allies took alarm and lost patience. Where was the American help on which they had counted? So far it had consisted merely of the appearance of certain small forces of troops and then their disappearance into training areas; no Americans had engaged in the fighting in units. The French became openly skeptical and scornful. They dubbed Americans "boy scouts."

The French and British authorities pressed their efforts to have the American troops incorporated in their armies instead of waiting to build up an American Army. They kept pleading the emergency, even when no possible emergency could arise before two or three months.

"My conclusion was that, although the morale of the German people and of the armies was better than it had been for two years," reported Pershing, "only an untoward combination of circumstances could give the enemy a decisive victory before American support as recommended could be made effective, provided the Allies secured unity of action. However, a situation might arise which would necessitate the temporary use of all American troops in the units of our Allies for the defensive, but nothing in the situation justified the relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own Army under our own flag."

The chief trouble at this time was Allied morale. They were in the dumps. "Well, here's the war; you take it," was a common salutation from individuals in the Allied armies when our troops arrived from overseas, and the losses and sufferings they had gone through rendered this state of mind easy to understand. But their depression had the effect of confining their efforts and plans to defensive trench warfare, whereas the Germans were then practicing for open warfare and concentrating the pick of their men in shock divisions. The American command felt that only offensive methods and open warfare could end the war, and decided that any sort of permanent amalgamation of United States troops with the French and British would have a disastrous effect on their usefulness in attack.

Some American troops went into the line in the middle of January, and discussions were held with the British authorities on their renewed proposals for bringing over troops from the United States for incorporation in the British armies for training and experience. The outcome of these negotiations was the six-division plan, which provided for the transportation in British tonnage of six entire divisions, without interference with the American shipping program. The infantry and auxiliary troops were to be given experience with British divisions, the artillery was to be trained under American direction, using French *matériel;* and it was agreed that when these battalions of infantry had received sufficient training they should be united for service in American divisions under their own officers. It was planned that the period of training should cover about ten weeks. By this arrangement the American commander in chief secured the stipulations for which he had held out in the conferences described in a previous article.

The Supreme War Council approved this agreement and adopted a memorandum which concluded "that France would be safe during 1918 only under certain conditions: (a) that the strength of the British and French troops in France are continuously kept up to their present total strength and that they receive the expected reinforcements of not less than two American divisions per month."

And then came disaster. On March twenty-first the Germans opened an offensive against the British with the most formidable military machine the world had ever seen. They crashed through the British line, crossed the old Somme battlefield, took 90,000 prisoners, and swept forward in an irresistible flood, clearing everything before them to a depth of fifty-six kilometers. The railroad center of Amiens appeared to be doomed; French and British reserves were eaten up in a vain effort to stem the onrush. A plan adopted—in lieu of a supreme command—by which each of the Allies was to furnish a certain number of divisions for a general reserve to be held under direction of the Supreme War Council chiefs failed tragically; these reserves were not available in the crisis, and three hundred thousand first-class troops in excess of the country's requirements had been held in England. A. F. Pollard, professor of English History in the University of London, writes: "Those hundreds of thousands of troops shown to be superfluous in England by the subsequent dispatch to France were kept at home because persons in authority believed they were needed to defend our shores against a German invasion."

The blow to Allied morale was shattering. It looked like the beginning of the end and something had to be done instantly. The lack of complete coöperation among the Allies was proving fatal. The French and British representatives got together at Doullens on March twenty-sixth and named Foch to coördinate the operations of the Allied armies, but they did not confer on him supreme command in all its interpretations. Just why reservations were made in his appointment is explained in a cable from Secretary Baker to President Wilson under date of March thirtieth:

"The situation seems to be that Lloyd George is personally in favor of a supreme commander, but fears British opinion will be the other way because such a commander could sacrifice the Channel ports to the defense of Paris. The arrangement therefore is that General Foch is to be supreme enough to coördinate, but without being called Supreme Commander. . . . I venture to suggest that in replying to that part of Lloyd George's message you might go further than he asks and say that we are willing to accept a general supreme command whenever the French and British are. Perhaps the relative smallness of our present force and our having no immediate defensive object in France would make it unwise for us to urge the point, though the

(Continued on Page 101)

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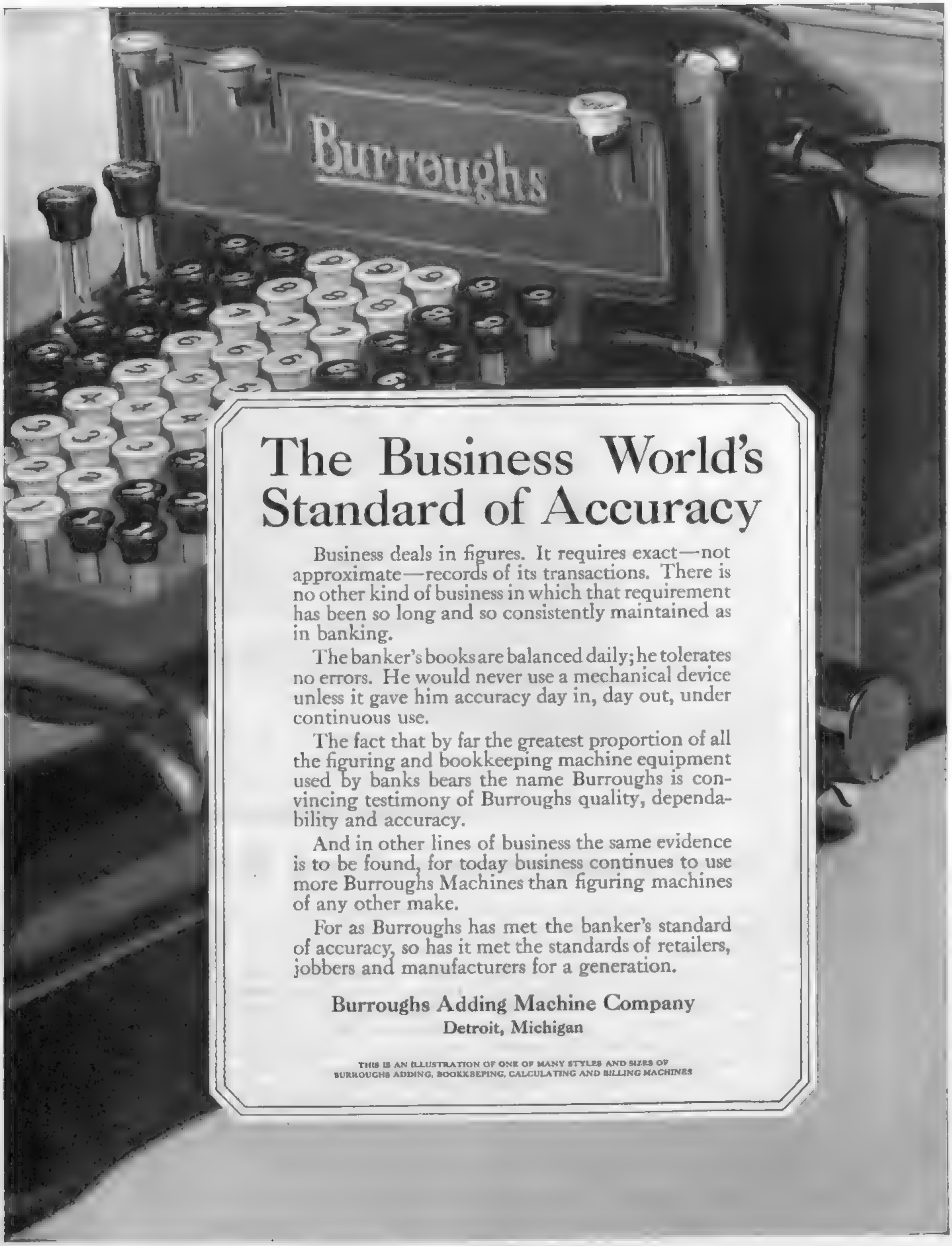

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(Continued from Page 98)

present events would seem to have demonstrated the need."

Meanwhile the American commander in chief took action to meet the crisis. He had striven steadfastly for the building up of an American army; no pressure, no arguments, no coercion, no declarations of "emergency" had turned him from that purpose so long as the project did not imperil the outcome of the war but seemed necessary to insure it. He had weighed the many "emergencies," and he had consented to such sacrifices of American aims as each required; but beyond that he would not go.

But here was real peril. It was no longer a question of each nation's seeing its own special interests in the light of a crisis for all the Allies. Defeat confronted the common cause; Germany seemed destined to triumph. And in this dire emergency he did what he had promised that the United States would do, and what American sentiment overwhelmingly sanctioned. He went to Foch and put all the American resources at his disposal without restriction. That was on March twenty-eighth.

Pershing hastened to Clermont, the headquarters of the Third French Army. Nobody seemed to know at headquarters whether or not Foch was in the vicinity, but in a house on the edge of town, set among trees well back on a hill, he located Foch, who was engaged at the moment with M. Clemenceau, General Petain and M. Loucheur.

General Pershing walked in the garden while waiting to see the marshal. When he entered the house the American commander in chief found M. Clemenceau there with Foch, Petain and Loucheur. They explained the military situation to Pershing—the French had started counter-attacking against Montdidier. Presently Clemenceau and Petain went out into the yard, and General Pershing told Foch what he had come for.

The French newspapers of the day quoted him thus: "I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle. I ask you for this in their name and my own. Infantry, artillery, aviation—all that we have is yours. Use it as you wish. More will come, in numbers equal to requirements."

A Dramatic Moment

"I have come especially to tell you that the American people will be proud to take part in the greatest battle of history."

Foch was manifestly touched. He grabbed the American commander by the arm and said that M. Clemenceau must hear of this at once. The two hurried into the garden, where they perceived the French Prime Minister in conversation with Petain. Holding Pershing by the arm Foch strode across the lawn and briefly told them the news.

The Tiger's eyes lighted; even Petain, who possesses what is known in America as a poker face, reflected appreciation. They discussed what arrangements should be made, and Foch said that the details for putting this offer into effect could be settled between Petain and Pershing.

In his published final report the American commander in chief has only this comment to make on the incident: "The acceptance of this offer meant the dispersion of our troops along the Allied front and a consequent delay in building up a distinctive American force in Lorraine, but the serious situation of the Allies demanded this divergence from our plans."

At the end of eight days the German drive lost its impetus, but a couple of days before it was spent the military representatives with the Supreme War Council prepared a note, which ran in part as follows:

"The battle which is developing at the present moment in France, and which can extend to the other theaters of operations, may very quickly place the Allied Armies in a serious situation from the point of view of effectives . . . and the new situation requires new decisions.

"The Military Representatives are of opinion that it is highly desirable that the American Government should assist the Allied Armies as soon as possible by permitting in principle the temporary service of American units in Allied Army corps and divisions. Such reinforcements must, however, be obtained from other units than those American divisions which are now operating with the French, and the units so temporarily employed must eventually be returned to the American Army.

"The Military Representatives are of the opinion that from the present time, . . . and until otherwise directed by the Supreme War Council, only American infantry and machine-gun units, organized as that Government may decide, be brought to France, and that all agreements or conventions hitherto made in conflict with this decision be modified accordingly."

Commenting on this note after a conference with Pershing and Bliss, Secretary Baker cabled to the President:

"This ought to be conceded only in view of the present critical situation and continued only so long as that situation necessarily demands it. The question of replacements will continue to embarrass the British and French governments, and efforts to satisfy that need by retaining American units assigned to them must be anticipated, but we must keep in mind the formation of an American army, while at the same time we must not seem to sacrifice joint efficiency at a critical moment to that object." He recommended that the preferential transportation for infantry and machine-gunners should be approved, and added: "He"—the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces—"will use these and all other military forces of the United States under his command in such manner as to render the greatest military assistance, keeping in mind always the determination of this Government to have its various military forces collected, as speedily as their training and the military situation permits, into an independent American Army, acting in concert with the armies of Great Britain and France, and all arrangements made by him for their temporary training and service will be made with that end in view."

These recommendations were accepted, and preliminary arrangements were made with the French and British for training and early employment of such infantry units as might be assigned to each.

The Wishes of Our Allies

By now, however, the Allies were clamoring for indefinite continuation of priority for the infantry, and urging complete incorporation of these American troops in the French and British divisions. They demanded, in other words, entire absorption of the American forces to make up French and British losses and give them sufficient numbers to combat the Germans. So the A. E. F. commander found it necessary to cable the War Department on April third that the priority of infantry should be limited to four divisions, plus 45,500 replacements, and that the necessity for any priority in the future should be determined later.

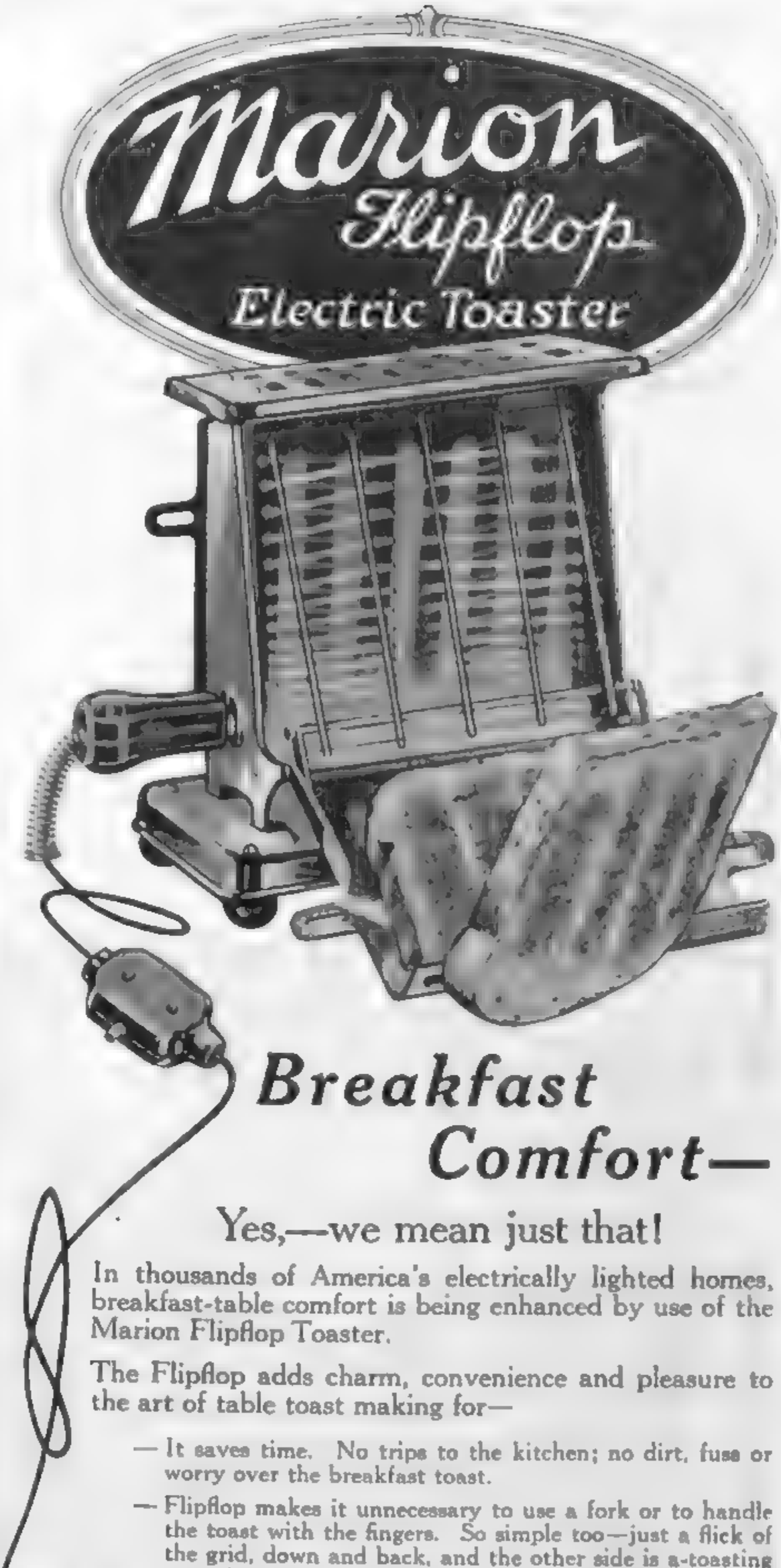
The efforts made to obtain the employment of America's troops varied considerably. The British proposed to Secretary Baker late in March that engineer and other American troops employed in making the communications for the American Army should suspend that work and be drafted behind the Allied Front to construct defensive lines. They also asked for American batteries in excess of our divisional requirements, and wanted American artillerymen to be sent to British batteries to replace losses among the British artillery personnel through the recent German offensive. Also, they suggested that one of the American divisions reported to be complete with transport should be employed to increase the infantry in British combat divisions.

On the French side, in a conversation between Petain and Pershing about the same time, the French general asked for American divisions to relieve some French in the line, which he wanted to use elsewhere in the battle front. The American commander in chief agreed to this proposition, but wanted his troops united on the front as an American corps.

Petain objected that they had not had sufficient experience to justify this, never having functioned as a corps. He considered the plan too hazardous.

This gave Pershing the opportunity to emphasize the need of following a policy looking to the building up of an American corps and army. General Petain approved of the idea, but said he could not at present fix a date for the organization of an American corps. In asking for the incorporation of American troops in the French Army he wished to drive home the extreme urgency of the crisis.

General Pershing agreed that American divisions should take their place as soon as possible in quiet sectors of the line, and the



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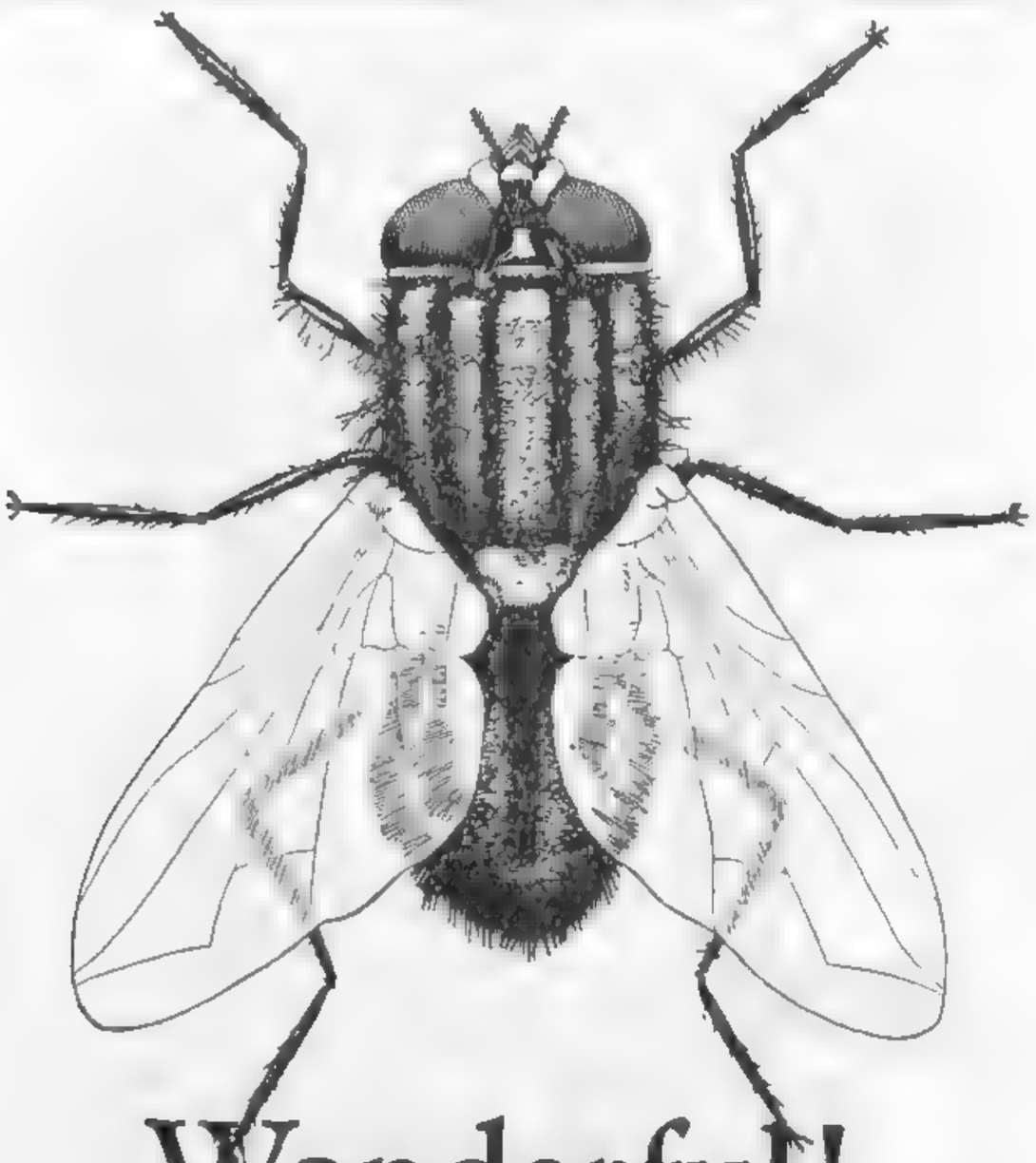

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conversation turned on the American divisions being trained with the British. The commander in chief wanted to withdraw them for use with his other forces. Petain did not oppose withdrawing them from the British, but remarked he could use these American divisions advantageously in service with depleted French divisions. Perhaps, he said, it could eventually be arranged to have two French regiments and one American regiment per division.

Later—on April tenth—General Petain wrote to General Pershing as follows:

"No matter how appreciable it may be, the aid which you will be able to bring us will necessarily be limited and will be very far from making up the wearing out of our units in the battle. On the other hand, the effectives which we have available are also limited; thus, as I told you, it is necessary for us to plan for the suppression shortly of a certain number of our divisions . . . This depression is of a kind to have a considerable influence in the result of the campaign of the year 1918. I can see only one way of escaping it, which is to obtain from America—which alone has the necessary resources in men—a sufficient support to compensate for our losses.

"It is for the infantry that our needs are imperious and urgent; it would therefore be advisable that priority be given to the transportation of American infantry during the approaching months, so that the effective strength of our divisions during the battle, which may be prolonged during the whole of the summer, may be maintained."

General Petain then proceeded to recommend that the shipping allotted to the transport of the American Army be devoted to transport of infantry, instead. "I allow myself to make this suggestion to you because I see the solution of the grave problem of effectives in the present campaign only in American coöperation in infantry."

Evidently the restrictions placed upon Foch's elevation to commander in chief of the Allied armies had provoked friction and difficulties, because another conference was found necessary to straighten out the misunderstanding. It was held in Beauvais on April third. Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Foch, Haig, Sir Henry Wilson, Bliss and Pershing attended.

Clemenceau opened proceedings by explaining that there existed some disagreement in the understanding of Foch's powers as conferred on him at the Doullens conference of March twenty-sixth.

Foch stated that the powers conferred by the Doullens conference were limited to coördination of action between the Allies. They were conferred while the action was in progress, and the power to coördinate had been construed to be limited to the time the Allies were in action. That step was taken on March twenty-sixth. It was now April third, and since the armies were no longer in action, but were facing each other, there was nothing to coördinate. He thought there should be authority to prepare for action and direct it. "We are right back where we were before," declared Foch.

Unity of Action

Mr. Lloyd George said they had had three years of war and had not had unity of action during that time. During the year just gone they had seen two kinds of strategy, one by Haig and another by Petain, and nothing had really been gained. The only thing the Allies had accomplished occurred while General Nivelle was in supreme command.

The Germans, continued Lloyd George, had done exactly what General Nivelle tried to do. Recent happenings had stirred the British people very deeply, and such things must not happen again, as the people would demand why they had happened and somebody would be called to account. The British wanted some sort of unity of command. General Foch was at present empowered to coördinate the action of the Allied Armies, but this did not go far enough, as he had no authority to control except by conferring with the respective commanders in chief. He needed authority to prepare for action, and Mr. Lloyd George thought that the resolution adopted at Doullens should be modified so that they might have a better understanding.

General Pershing remarked that the principle of unity of command was undoubtedly the correct one for the Allies to follow.

"I do not believe it is possible to have unity of action without a supreme commander," he said. "We have already had experience enough in trying to coördinate the operations of the Allied Armies, without success. There has never been real unity of action. Such coördination between two or three armies is impossible, no matter who the commanders in chief may be. Each commander in chief is interested in his own army, and cannot get the other commander's point of view, nor grasp the problem as a whole. I am in favor of a supreme commander and believe the success of the Allied cause depends upon it. I think the necessary action should be taken by this council at once. I am in favor of conferring the supreme command upon General Foch."

The British Prime Minister expressed warm approval. "I fully agree with General Pershing. That is well put." He then turned to Sir Douglas Haig and asked him for an expression of opinion.

Sir Douglas declared that the Allies had had practically complete unity of action. He had always coöperated with the French, whom he regarded as in control of the strategical questions of the war, and when placed under the command of General Nivelle and General Petain he had always worked well with them. Sir Douglas agreed with Pershing's general idea that there should be unity of command, but considered that they already had it.

Foch in Supreme Command

After some further talk a resolution was adopted to confer the supreme command on Foch, but it referred only to the British and French armies.

Pershing said this resolution should include the American Army, which would soon be ready to function as such, and should therefore be included as an entity, like the French and British armies.

Petain said: "There is no American Army yet as such—its units are either in training or are amalgamated with the British and French."

General Pershing replied: "There may not be an American Army in force functioning now, but there soon will be, and I want this resolution to apply to it when it becomes a fact. The American Government is represented here at this conference, and in the war, and any action as to the supreme command that includes the British and French armies should also include the American Army."

An agreement was reached as follows: "Gen. Foch is charged by the British, French and American Governments with the coördination of the action of the Allied Armies on the western front; to this end there is conferred on him all the powers necessary for its effective realization. To the same end, the British, French and American Governments confide in Gen. Foch the strategic direction of military operations.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the British, French and American Armies will exercise to the fullest extent the tactical direction of their armies. Each Commander-in-Chief will have the right to appeal to his Government, if in his opinion his Army is placed in danger by the instructions received from Gen. Foch. (Signed) G. Clemenceau; Petain; F. Foch; Lloyd George; D. Haig, F.M., Henry Wilson, General; Tasker H. Bliss, General and Chief of Staff; John J. Pershing, General, U. S. A."

The tail of the agreement was the tail of the devil of distrust which lurked in all the Allied dispositions throughout all the years of war. The curious reservation that each commander in chief had the right to appeal to his government if he deemed any of Foch's orders endangered the existence of his army was inspired by the British dread that the French might, in a pinch, sacrifice the Channel ports to protect Paris. The French lived in constant fear that their British allies would permit the fall of Paris in order to save the Channel ports. This feeling had a very injurious effect on the early conduct of the war.

The British assumption that the preferential shipment of American infantry for employment in the British and French Armies was to be continuous developed at a meeting in Paris between Secretary Baker and Pershing, and Major Generals Whigham and Hutchison. At that meeting General Whigham stated that the British would be able to ship 60,000 troops per month and the Americans 60,000, making a total of 120,000 per month.

These figures seemed to puzzle Secretary Baker. He pointed out that no figures had

(Continued on Page 104)

Why do athletic trainers advise their men to wear knit underwear?

ASK an athletic trainer or physical director or physician which kind of underwear he considers best. The majority will say *knit underwear*

—and those who know the varied styles of Lawrence Knit Underwear—light-weight athletic cut for summer and full length for winter—recommend it as ideal all-season underwear.

Says an eminent authority on physical training, who was largely responsible for the excellent condition of our troops in the recent war:—

"*I should advise knit underwear for men who are engaged in physical activities of any kind. It is much more absorbent, better protection against cold and its elasticity makes it possible to act with greater freedom.*"

This does not mean that the athletic trainer advocates heavy underwear, for he doesn't. Knit underwear may be as light in weight as any other kind—and *cool*, because it *absorbs perspiration.*

Lawrence light-weight garments have been especially designed for warm weather comfort. Loose-fitting, elastic, they are the *most advanced type of summer underwear*—the result of over 50 years' development by the largest knitting mill in the world.

Lawrence Underwear is made of the finest quality long staple cotton, soft and silk-like—and porous. It keeps you cool and dry—no stickiness. It stretches at every point—it doesn't break at the crotch—and the buttons are on to stay.

Every Lawrence garment is cut individually to pattern by hand instead of by the dozen by machine. This means accurate sizing and perfect fit. When you ask for a size 40, you get a 40, not a 38 or 42.

When you think of Lawrence don't think of the old-fashioned kind of knit underwear. Take home a couple of the light-weight, up-to-date garments shown below and see what comfort is yours at moderate cost:—

Athletic Union Suit	Sock Length Union Suit
Athletic Shirt and Trunk Drawers	Full Length Union Suit
	Full Length Shirt and Drawers

There are two qualities of Lawrence garments:

1—Blue Label—combed yarn—finest quality.
2—Red Label—the same durability and finish—not quite the softness.

Lawrence Union Suits, Under-vests and Bloomers for women—perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish

Look for the Lawrence Label and write us if your dealer hasn't the style you want.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass.

Established 1831

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

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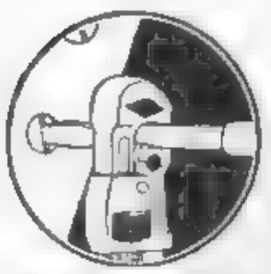
LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

Being "handy" is just owning the right tool

For clogged drain

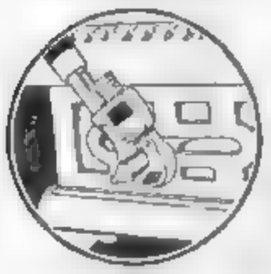
As emergency clamp or vice

On any nut or bolt (a cloth will prevent scratching)



To turn screw-driver when screw is rusty

To turn or grip anything—any shape; as furnace shaker



DO you qualify as a "handy-man-round-the-house"? Do you flinch when she pleads "Can't you fix it?"? When a rusted screw sticks, when the stove shaker hides, when a nut on the baby carriage gets loose, do you putter at it with a makeshift tool, bung your knuckles and bungle the job? When a faucet drips, or the radiator leaks, do you quit cold and call the plumber?

The plumber doesn't want "piker" jobs. He has more profitable work to do. He'll advise you to save time and money by owning a genuine WALWORTH Stillson Wrench. "Take your Stillson to it" has been a by-word with two generations of mechanics. Now it is getting into the household, because it will turn things that an ordinary wrench can't hold on to—such as a pipe.

Dan Stillson invented it in the Walworth plant over forty years ago. It is the best known wrench in the world. The working parts are drop-forged from the best tool steel, finely finished, and heat-treated to give strength and toughness, combined with hardness, without brittleness.

Ask your hardware dealer for a 10-inch genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench (be sure to look for the diamond trade-mark). Also write for descriptive folder.

Walworth Mfg. Co. Boston-Kewanee, Ill.

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WALWORTH

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If this diamond mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

(Continued from Page 102)

been mentioned in the Versailles agreement, and he would like to know the origin of those given by General Whigham. Mr. Baker emphasized the fact that there had been no obligation on the part of the United States to send any given number of troops per month or for any particular period. He did not think it was clear that the Versailles agreement annulled the original six-division plan adopted at British behest. The Versailles agreement provided that priority of shipping for infantry should be given only until further orders—and those orders might come to-morrow.

Whigham said the British War Office interpreted the Versailles agreement as wiping out all previous agreements.

Baker replied: "What is pertinent to the present discussion is that American troops are going to the British for training. I don't want the British public or army, or the French public or army, to get an exaggerated idea that this scheme provides, or will provide, a means by which their losses are to be made up in future. I want no feeling of disillusionment when General Pershing calls for the return of the troops intrusted to them for training."

General Whigham replied that this was perfectly understood.

However, I venture to remark in passing that this arrangement Mr. Baker warned against was precisely what the British and French were trying to bring about. They had an uncanny knack of interpreting any concession made to help them out in a pinch as a fixed policy to be followed indefinitely, and their honest indignation knew no bounds when checked in their disposition of American resources among themselves.

Hardly had the battle lines of the March offensive by the Germans become stabilized when they delivered another crushing blow against the British in the vicinity of Armentières and along the Lys River. Passchendaele Ridge, whose capture had cost the British such a fearful toll of lives in 1917, had to be evacuated. The German attack was launched on April ninth on a forty-kilometer front, and losses were so heavy that the British were hard put to it for replacements.

Consequently they put forth extraordinary efforts to increase the shipping available for American troops. General Pershing went to London on April twenty-first to reach some agreement, and while there was shown a copy of a note which had been handed to Lord Reading, the British Ambassador in Washington, on April nineteenth. This note recognized the principle of priority of shipment of infantry and machine-gun personnel throughout the months of April, May, June and July. It was another instance of the Allies going over Pershing's head to Washington.

The Program Adopted

But the note assumed a shipping capacity of only 120,000 men per month, whereas the London authorities saw in sight enough British tonnage alone to carry 130,000 in May and 150,000 in June, with a greatly increased capacity for July. Finally an arrangement was arrived at providing that American troops should be sent over in the following order: Infantry, machine guns, engineers and signal troops, and headquarters of divisions and brigades, during May, for training and service with the British Army in France; but only up to six divisions. Any excess shipping was to be used for transporting troops necessary to make the American divisions complete.

It was stipulated that the artillery personnel of these divisions and the corps troops requisite to build up American corps organizations should follow immediately thereafter, and that the artillery personnel should receive its training with French *matériel* and join its own divisions as soon as trained.

Upon completion of this program, if the military situation made advisable the further shipment of infantry of American divisions, "then all the British and American shipping available for transport of troops shall be used for that purpose under such arrangement as will insure immediate aid to the Allies. . . . (d) That it is contemplated American divisions and corps when trained and organized shall be utilized under the American Commander-in-Chief in an American group. (e) That the American Commander-in-Chief shall allot American troops to the French or British for training, or train them with American units, at his discretion, with the understanding that troops already transported by British shipping, or included in the six divisions mentioned in paragraph (a), are to be trained with the British Army."

Of course the French chose to see in this agreement an indefinite assignment of American infantry to British units; so, implying that the United States had accepted this principle, they wanted it applied to France. Therefore, at the opening of a meeting of the Supreme War Council at Abbeville on May first, they started with a statement that the first business was the allotment of American troops to the Allies.

This calm assumption of American acceptance of the rôle of replacement reservoir was rather bewildering, and their manner of introducing the subject left little doubt that the American commander in chief, in their opinion, had no longer any voice in the matter. That they jumped to a hasty conclusion seems evident from the wording of the agreement reached after prolonged debate:

"It is the opinion of the Supreme War Council that, in order to carry the war to a successful conclusion, an American Army should be formed as early as possible under its own commander and under its own flag. In order to meet the present emergency it is agreed that American troops should be brought to France as rapidly as Allied transportation facilities will permit, and that, as far as consistent with the necessity of building up an American Army, preference be given to infantry and machine-gun units for training and service with French and British Armies; with the understanding that such infantry and machine-gun units are to be withdrawn and united with its own artillery and auxiliary troops into divisions and corps at the discretion of the American Commander in Chief after consultation with the Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies in France." The remainder of the agreement was practically an indorsement of that concluded in London, for it carried the same provisions.

Mr. Baker's Cablegram

Apparently the arrangements made for priority of infantry were not so extensive as the Allies wanted, because a little later they were pressing further demands. The Secretary of War cabled Pershing on May twelfth:

"The President asked me to say to you that he has been much impressed and disturbed by representation officially made to him here by French and British Ambassadors showing the steady drain upon French and British replacements and the small number of replacement troops now available. He feels that you on the ground have full opportunity to know the situation, and fully trusts your judgment as to how far we ought to give additional priority to infantry and machine-gun units, in view of the fact that such troops seem to be the most immediately serviceable and urgently needed. The Abbeville agreement, of course, provides less priority for infantry and machine-gun units than was recommended by the Supreme War Council, but with shipping at present in prospect will result in practically 120,000 infantry and machine-gun units, signal corps, and engineer corps per month during May and June. It has been suggested to the President that General Foch may reopen this subject with you, and the President hopes you will approach any such interview as sympathetically as possible, particularly if the suggestion as to replacements which has been presented to him is as critical as it seems."

Orders were issued on May second by the Eighth French Army for withdrawal of the American Twenty-sixth Division from one sector for service in another. This move called forth the following comment from General Pershing in a note to the Chief of the French Military Mission: "Inasmuch as the final decision as to the American divisions to be sent to the battle front must be made by these headquarters, it is suggested that in the future I be informed as to the proposals of the French command before any action is taken."

The French opinion of the Americans under training at this time is of interest. In a memorandum issued May 1, 1918, by Petain's headquarters, on instruction of American units attached to large French units, these observations occurred:

"It should be borne in mind that they have an extremely highly developed sense

(Continued on Page 107)

See which kinds she likes best

—and give another evidence of your thought and care to please

THE gift of *any* Johnston Box is always a subtle compliment. It suggests that only the finest obtainable is worthy of her. And it distinguishes you in her eyes as a keen judge of fine candies.

But the Johnston Choice Box goes farther. It makes it easy for her to choose her favorite varieties.

It contains 22 kinds—the most delicious of all that we have made in 74 years of fine candy making. And a booklet in colors, the Johnston Choice Book, listing the various combinations found in 6 other popular Johnston boxes.

Swiss chocolate creams, chocolate French cherries, honey nougats and Dutch bitter sweets, in one. Cherry cordials, nuts in cream and nougat-caramels in another. And so on.

But *all* of these and 15 others are in the Johnston Choice Box. Each piece is plainly identified by name.

Why connoisseurs prefer Johnston's

Chocolates differ greatly. Johnston's are noted for the extra *thick*, rich chocolate coating. As this coating costs more than the center, makers are sometimes tempted to thin it.

We make our own chocolate. Thus we control its quality. We use only the finest of the 110 grades of cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made.

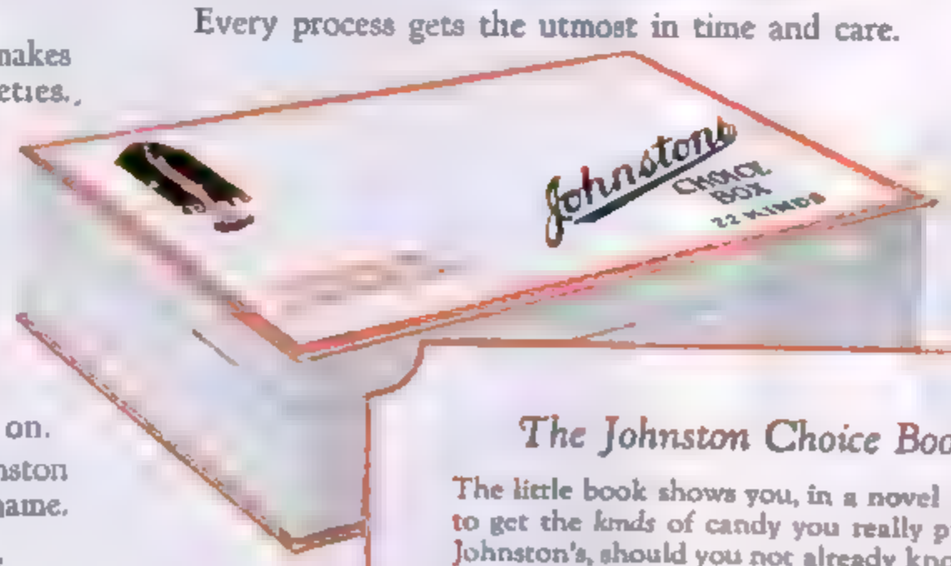
Every process gets the utmost in time and care. For instance, the longer chocolate is whipped, the better it becomes. Ours is worked four times as long as the average. It costs more, but is worth it.

We make our own syrups. Also our cream fondant—the inside of chocolate creams. We use only the costliest Cuban cane sugar—much finer than ordinary sugar. We accept only whole nuts and fruits. Thus we are sure of luscious fruit centers. Of nut centers full flavored and tasty.

All Johnston's chocolates are dipped and packed in rooms where the air is washed.

We have never compromised on quality. A Johnston confection must be the finest of its kind that can be made.

JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee



The Johnston Choice Book is in this box

The little book shows you, in a novel and interesting way, how to get the *kinds* of candy you really prefer. We ask you to try Johnston's, should you not already know them. Once you have tasted them, no lesser candies will satisfy. At good stores everywhere. But if any dealer can't supply you, send us the coupon, with one dollar, and the name and address of the dealer.

Johnston's
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

This is not a pound box, but a special introductory assortment—22 kinds—of our finest chocolates and other confections

MAIL TO
JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee

Enclosed find $1, for which send me one Johnston Choice Box.

Name _____

Street No _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Street No _____

THE SIGNATURE THAT BECOMES THE MARK OF A PRICELESS CRAFTSMANSHIP

YOU have heard of the craftsmen of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers, and of the great love they bore their guild.

Ofttimes, beneath the arched windows of the old guildhall, a worthy guildsman toiled for half a year over a watch which one day would weight the pocket of some European nobleman.

Proud of the skill which made possible his fine achievements, he was prouder still of the guild spirit and traditions. They were ever with him as he worked, lending a greater deftness to his hand, a greater beauty to his masterpieces.

And when he had completed a timepiece worthy of his name and a credit to his guild, he would sign it, even as Raphael signed a painting or Cellini a golden vase.

Centuries have passed since first a master's signature became the symbol of a priceless craftsmanship.

But today descendants of the old-time guildsmen labor in a modern guild, building for the name Gruen a prestige greater even than that of the most famous of the ancient masters.

It is natural that the name Gruen, reflecting as it does the ideals and traditions of fine craftsmanship, should be found in a watch of greater perfectness, and that in the mind of every American this name should have come to stand for beauty and endurance, for timekeeping accuracy.

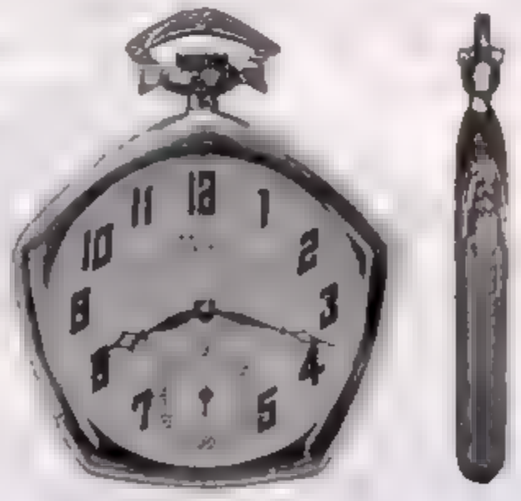
Announcing the new Gruen Pentagon

The Gruen Pentagon — the newest genuine Verithin — is a striking example of that craftsmanship which has made Gruen Guild Watches pre-eminent among today's finest timepieces.

Of unique design, it is so formed that it won't tip over in the pocket. It is fitted with the famous Gruen Precision Movement, and guaranteed to come within railroad time requirements.

You may see the Pentagon and other Gruen Watches at the best jewelry stores in each community, to which their sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch equally thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen



32—The Pentagon 14 kt. solid green gold engraved center edge—$100 and up. It won't tip over in the pocket. This shape is patented and will be protected

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

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GRUEN

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 104)

of *amour propre*, based on their pride in belonging to one of the greatest nations of the world. Consequently an attitude of superiority over them should be assiduously avoided, a fact which in no way prevents the absolute subordination required by the service, nor carrying out the rules of hierarchy. . . . In case of necessity, French officers should not hesitate to exercise their authority. . . . Americans dream of operating in open country, after having broken through the front. This results in too much attention being devoted to this form of operations. . . . The American soldier, as did ours formerly, resents manual labor."

God bless him, he surely did!

In an interview between Petain and Pershing at Chantilly on May nineteenth, the old fight to get an American sector designated was renewed. The American commander in chief favored a sector of the Woevre, and insisted that the American divisions with the British should be concentrated there as soon as their training was completed.

At this meeting they agreed to pool their resources of supplies of all kinds, and also means of transport, whatever reservations to this arrangement the British might make.

The Germans next attacked between the Oise and Berry-au-Bac, on May twenty-seventh, against the French this time instead of the British, as had generally been expected. It caught the French completely by surprise, and the initial push over a thirty-five-kilometer front carried the enemy fifty kilometers in four days. That is tolerably good marching, without a fight.

The Germans reached the Marne and, using it as a defensive flank, directed their advance toward Paris. Allied morale was strained to the breaking point; the armies were battle weary, worn, with no heart for further attack; the reserves were almost exhausted; German victory seemed imminent. During those days of whispers, when the Big Bertha was shelling Paris and half the people thought that it meant the Boches were close, nearly 1,000,000 people left the capital, heading for points south.

But help was now on the seas. It took a series of catastrophes to wake the American people to the dire need of haste and its home officials to speed; it took defeats unparalleled in British military history to rouse that nation to the necessity of making supreme sacrifices of shipping for the transport of American troops.

On March twenty-first, the date of the first German offensive, only 300,000 American troops had reached France. A number of divisions were in line in quiet sectors, but nothing occurred to stimulate our Allies' hopes until the brilliant exploit of the First Division in capturing Cantigny, on May twenty-eighth. As that was a purely local attack, undertaken for its moral effect, the military results were not important except so far as they raised morale.

Operations Near Château-Thierry

Then the Second Division, in reserve northwest of Paris and about to relieve the First in the Montdidier sector, was thrown into the battle near Meaux to help check the German advance. Deploying across the Château-Thierry-Paris road early on the morning of June first to fill a gap in the French line it stopped the German onrush. At the same time the partially trained Third Division went with the French to hold the crossings of the Marne and its motorized machine-gun battalion assisted in successfully defending the river crossing at Château-Thierry.

Fine as these performances were, they did not compare in their effect with the sudden swelling of American reënforcements. The ports were jammed with American infantry, now arriving at the rate of 10,000 men a day; all night and all day trains loaded to the guards with doughboys went shrieking and clanking across the face of France. In every town, from every roadside, American soldiers on their way to the battle areas grinned at the French spectators; afoot and in trucks, they moved by thousands along every highway. By the end of May there were 600,000 American troops in France.

The French population saw these things and wondered. A new hope stirred in them. Underneath all these activities—in the tramping of countless feet, the ceaseless rumble of troop trains—they could feel the mighty power of a roused nation flowing in resistless flood. So they gave a cheer and knocked off to follow the marching troops; and the poilu took a hitch at his breeks, lit a cigarette, and decided to take another fall out of Heinie.

Meanwhile the Germans, checked in their advance on Paris, were organizing for another effort. The prospect gave the British and French commands intense concern. Where would the new blow fall? How could it be met? Where were replacements to come from?

The whole question of man power was threshed out at a conference in Versailles on June second. Present at this meeting were Prime Minister Lloyd George, Viscount Milner, Gen. Sir Henry Wilson, Sir M. P. A. Hankey and Maj. Gen. Sir H. A. Lawrence, representing Great Britain; Clemenceau, Foch, General Weygand and General Mordacq, representing France; Pershing, General McAndrew, Colonel Connor and Colonel Boyd, representing the United States. Professor Mantoux acted as interpreter.

The announced subject of debate was the June and July transport program. General Foch opened it by saying that he and General Pershing had been unable to agree at a meeting the previous evening, and he inquired of the American commander in chief if he had any proposal to make.

General Pershing's Position

General Pershing suggested that, in view of the emergency, preference should be given in shipping during July to such infantry and machine gunners as were trained and ready, but he was emphatic in declaring that the United States must not be denuded of trained men. He was just as strongly opposed to bringing green, untrained men who would be unable to get into the fight within thirty days after landing, anyhow. The point he particularly stressed was that at the end of June there would be only a small proportion of infantry scattered among the eighteen divisions left in the United States.

In reply to this General Foch urged that every infantryman in the United States should be brought over, after sufficient instructors for the new levies had been excepted. It wasn't necessary to leave riflemen for instructional purposes, he argued.

The American commander in chief reminded the conference that this was a matter for the War Department at Washington to decide. He reiterated his opposition to any attempt to drain the United States of trained men, because it would oblige America to improvise an entirely new army.

At this point Mr. Lloyd George took part in the discussion. He remarked that they must be quite clear what General Pershing's proposal meant—that is, the Allies would receive practically no infantry from the United States in July. If President Wilson really intended this, they could understand, but he, Lloyd George, had not hitherto understood anything of the kind. He quite realized that the number of men to be retained in the United States was entirely a matter for the War Department at Washington to decide, he said, and he referred with his customary tact to the debt the Allies owed to President Wilson for generous and chivalrous aid in the manner in which he had agreed to meet their needs; but Mr. Lloyd George understood that 50,000 men were to be left in the United States as a nest egg, and if such a nest egg were left there they would have nothing but new levies to bring to France.

General Pershing replied that he did not say no part of these 50,000 would come, but the question must be left to the American War Department to determine. Upon which the British Prime Minister remarked that all they could do was to represent to President Wilson their needs and hopes, and make an appeal to him to come to the rescue—more especially of France—at a time of the most terrible necessity in which that country had ever been placed. The Allies were, of course, in the hands of the United States of America, he added.

General Pershing stated, "But in July there will be very little left in the United States except troops of one or two months' training."

Mr. Lloyd George's comment on this was that even these partially trained troops should be brought over, as a month's training on the spot would be worth more than three months' in America, and by training in France the American drafts would come into contact with their own men and would get the atmosphere of the war, which was an infinitely better atmosphere for training.

General Pershing said the troops should certainly have some training after they arrived, but in July they would be still too green. Drafts were being called up in June, and consequently in early July they would have had only one month's training, he said.

M. Clemenceau broke in with "In the meantime, what is to happen to the war?"

General Foch added: "They should bring over every available man, leaving only a certain number of instructors." His information was that ample tonnage would be available in July, and he urged that it be devoted to bringing infantrymen, filling the ships with the most advanced recruits.

The American commander in chief remarked that the question seemed to have become more or less complicated. The previous day he had explained his desire to ship more men for the railroads and ports, but the conference appeared altogether to ignore this, and he felt he was receiving short shrift. Generals Foch and Weygand knew the enormous difficulties under which the United States was forming an army in France, and they surely realized the impossibility of running an army without sufficient ports and railways. Owing to the necessity of bringing over infantry during the past month, in order to meet a grave emergency, these matters had been lost sight of; he was of opinion that a settlement could easily be arrived at if the matter were left to Lord Milner, General Foch and himself for arrangement.

M. Clemenceau said, "For the first time I understand to-day that the United States of America is short of men. At Abbeville the discussion proceeded on the basis that this could never happen." He went on to say that Lord Milner had spoken the previous day of 200,000 men arriving from America in June and July. Now he learned that only 50,000 instructed men could be brought.

General Pershing replied, "Not as many as 50,000. If you ship 170,000 in June, as contemplated, there will be only 40,000 trained troops in July."

After some further discussion of the number of available men Clemenceau remarked that he was terribly disappointed. Could General Pershing tell him when the embarkations would recommence?

General Pershing said, "In August." He mentioned, also, that 484,000 men had been called up in the United States during the month of May.

Mr. Lloyd George's Proposal

At this juncture Foch proposed that the June program should be allowed to stand and a plan worked out for July shipments on the basis of sending as many men as possible.

The French Premier wished to supplement this suggestion. He agreed with Lloyd George that the situation should be explained to President Wilson.

Mr. Lloyd George then addressed the conference. He opened by saying that he quite realized, of course, the importance of sending the supplementary troops mentioned by General Pershing; but they were confronted with a pressing need; and he proceeded to read the following message which he proposed should be cabled to President Wilson by Generals Foch and Pershing:

"We recommend that the reinforcements to be sent from America in the immediate future should come in the following order: During the month of June, infantry and machine-gunners should have absolute priority to the number of 170,000. During the month of July the same arrangement should hold good as far as possible. Inasmuch as this would exhaust all the infantry and machine-gunners recruited before May, the numbers of men of these classes should, if possible, be made up to the figure contemplated by sending some of the May levies. It is recognized that it is undesirable in principle to send out men having so short a period of training at home, but we consider that the present emergency is such as to justify a temporary and exceptional departure from this principle.

"In making this recommendation we base ourselves upon the assumption that combined American and British tonnage will render possible the shipment of at least 250,000 in each of the months of June and July, so that even if a maximum of 170,000 infantry and machine-gunners

(Continued on Page 109)

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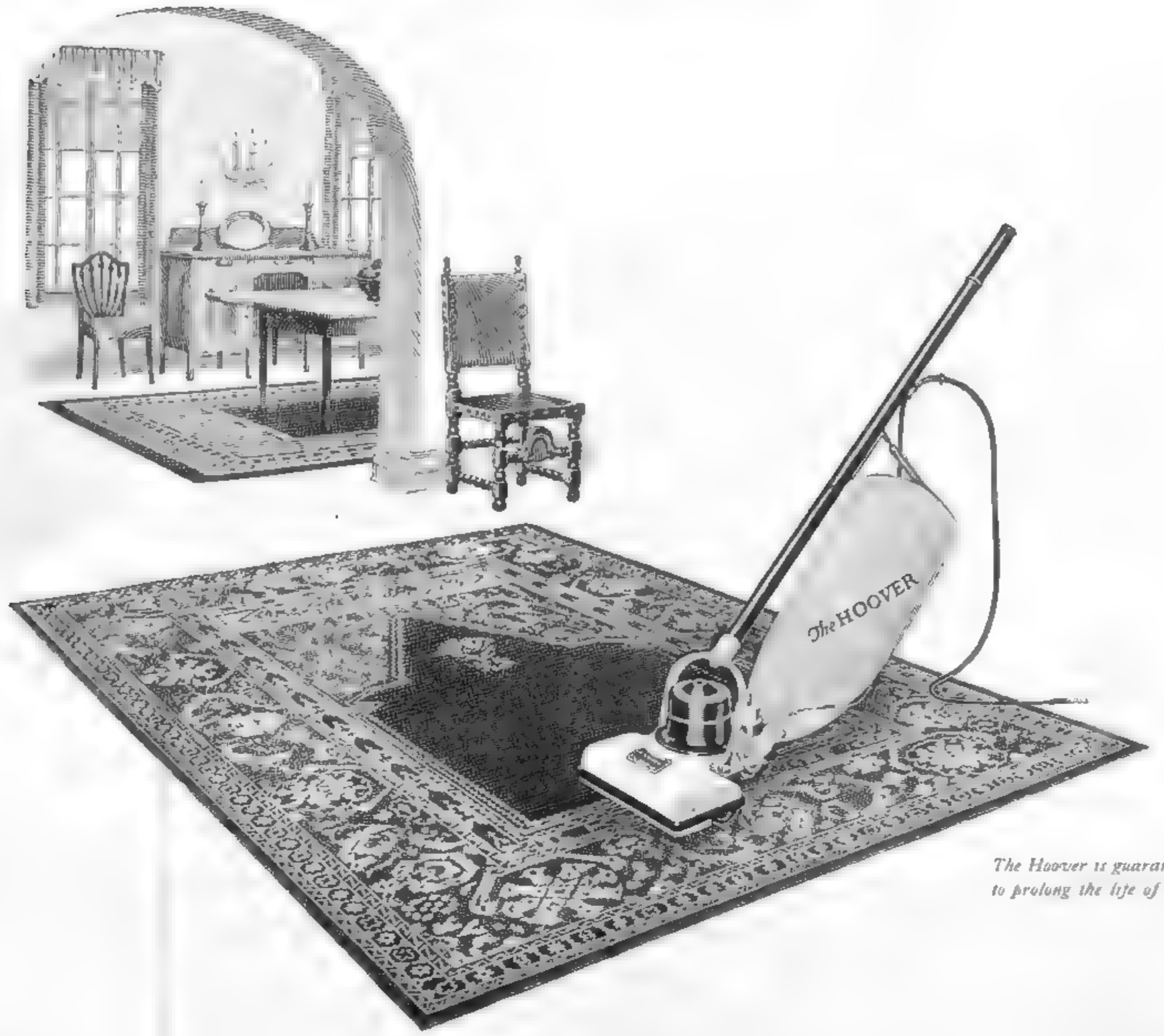

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The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 107)

each month were attained, at least 160,000 men of the categories required by General Pershing can be sent over during June and July. We agree that this arrangement should now be adopted in substitute for that made at Abbeville the beginning of May."

General Pershing said: "I cannot agree to bring over American troops of only one month's training. They could not be used for fighting."

Viscount Milner undertook to pour oil on the troubled waters. He made an earnest plea for "some small concession" on the part of General Pershing, pointing out that they were all members of a coalition and ought to meet one another's wishes to some extent; General Foch was surely making a concession in agreeing to the draft telegram Mr. Lloyd George had read, so why couldn't General Pershing make a corresponding small concession?

The difficulty was, answered the American commander in chief, that what they asked of the United States was not a small concession—it was much more. Moreover, the French and British were not in a position to supply the troops they asked for, in the present state of the railroads and supplies. The Americans must therefore plan to supply their own men. The United States troops with the British Army had not received, and were not then receiving, all the supplies they ought, owing to congestion at the ports. This proposition of theirs, by omitting to bring over men for the railroads and ports, was bound to lay up trouble for them in the future. General Pershing recommended postponement of the July program until August, preference being given meanwhile to building up the railroads and railroad personnel; the only postponement involved would be the embarkation of troops of one month's training who could not be expected to fight so soon anyway.

Clemenceau remarked, "But the German will not postpone his attacks."

Pershing replied, "Untrained troops cannot be relied on to fight."

What the Proposal Involved

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Lloyd George presented the most daring of the British proposals. Through the British Mission in Washington they had felt out the American government on a plan to send 500,000 American troops for incorporation in the British armies under British command, but that was on our entry into the war early in 1917, and it progressed no further than a feeler; next had come their request for 150 battalions of infantry to meet the emergency caused by British losses; but the proposition which the Prime Minister read to the conference as coming from the British Government dwarfed all previous demands in the scope of its expectations.

"In view of the critical situation created by the concentration of the French reserves to cover Paris, and the consequent urgent need for further divisions to replace the French divisions withdrawn from the British front," it ran, "and having regard more particularly to General Foch's considered opinion that if the number of British divisions is not maintained we shall lose the war, General Pershing agrees, as an emergency arrangement, that the British Commander-in-chief shall be the judge of the amount of training required and of the appropriate moment when the American troops shall be put into the line."

Let us get a clear understanding of what this proposition involved. The British were urging that even fresh American levies should be brought over; this proposal provided that, no matter how green these troops might be, no matter how unfit for fighting, these American troops could be thrown into the battle any time the British commander in chief decided they were needed. It aimed at taking control of his own men out of the hands of the American commander in chief.

It seems hard to reconcile this proposal with Mr. Lloyd George's usual common sense; probably he would look on it to-day as preposterous, and chuckle; for I venture to say that no government in the world would have the hardihood to make any such proposition to the government of Great Britain or the government of France, no matter how desperate "the emergency."

The American commander in chief declared emphatically that he could not possibly accede to this proposal. He himself must be the authority to say when the American troops should go into the line. This proposal had never been discussed at all with him; it was thrust on him for the first time. And he wanted it distinctly understood that he could not have matters taken out of his hands as proposed.

The Prime Minister retorted that present arrangements were such that the American troops would very likely never be available for the battle.

This remark of Mr. Lloyd George's exemplifies a faculty the French and British possess of making it appear that you aren't playing the game whenever you decline to play it the way they want. Each government had its mind set on utilizing American aid for its own effort, and so each made continual demands on the plea of emergency, and if the United States refused to recognize that an emergency calling for such measures existed, then our ally tried to make it appear that the United States was not doing its share in the war.

General Foch's Memorandum

The tactics were probably familiar to General Pershing, for he merely replied to Mr. Lloyd George that he was ready to put the United States Army into the line whenever it was required, but in the case of troops in training he must preserve his own right to say when the moment had arrived. Moreover, he considered this matter was not one for the conference to decide, but he would be glad to give careful consideration to General Foch's recommendations for urgency. After some further talk it was agreed to leave the question of the July shipping program to Foch and Pershing for discussion.

The next thing on the program was a memorandum read by General Foch appealing to General Pershing to increase the American effort to 100 divisions, which would entail the calling up of more than 300,000 men a month. Now 100 American divisions would be numerically equal to 200 French or British, and so the proposed effort aimed at an American Army in France superior in size to the French and British armies combined—more than 4,000,000 men.

General Pershing readily agreed to this. He assured the conference that the sentiment of the American people would approve such an effort if it were required to win the war, and he heartily approved of General Foch's opinion being forwarded to Washington.

At this point Orlando and Sonnino, of Italy, entered the room, and then M. Clemenceau abruptly switched the discussion. He wanted to know how many British divisions could be maintained in France.

Prime Minister Lloyd George replied that it would be best not to discuss that question until the return of the expert M. Clemenceau had promised to send to England to determine the man power available there.

General Foch informed the conference that the Allies had only 150 divisions against 204 German divisions. If these 150 could not be maintained at strength, then the Allies would be bankrupt. No matter what the reply of M. Clemenceau's expert on their man power, the British must make a strong effort to maintain their fifty-three divisions. If they failed to do so he could see nothing but disaster. It was impossible for him, Foch, to carry on the war in behalf of the Allies against an enemy whose numbers increased whilst the Allies' diminished.

Here Viscount Milner expressed concern over some of the figures he had heard bandied about. He deplored their use. For instance, General Foch's figures of 150 Allied divisions—he wanted to correct those. He pointed out that the Allies had 169 divisions. This slip on the part of General Foch appeared to occasion the British representative considerable chagrin, because he referred to it again later. As regards British divisions, said Lord Milner, their reduction was due to the fact that losses had been out of all proportion to what they had anticipated. They had taken steps to replace the losses, but those measures would hardly produce the troops before August. Viscount Milner was referring to the new levies.

General Foch accepted Lord Milner's correction: the Allies had 169 divisions. But he wanted to point out that eleven Belgian divisions were being opposed by only seven German divisions, so the Allies lost in balance there. And it was incontestable that the Allies had a great numerical

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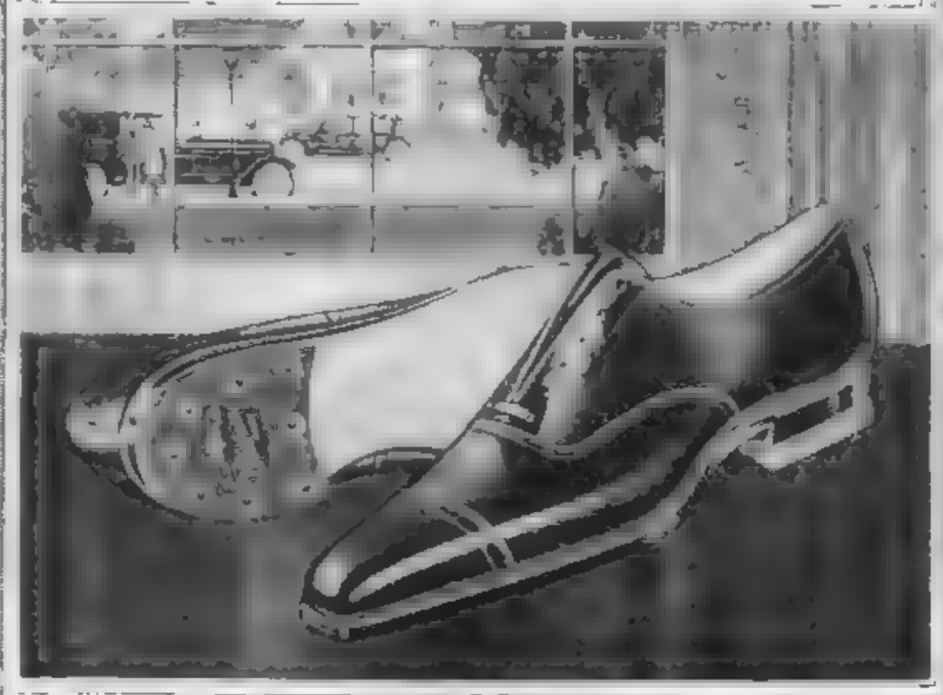

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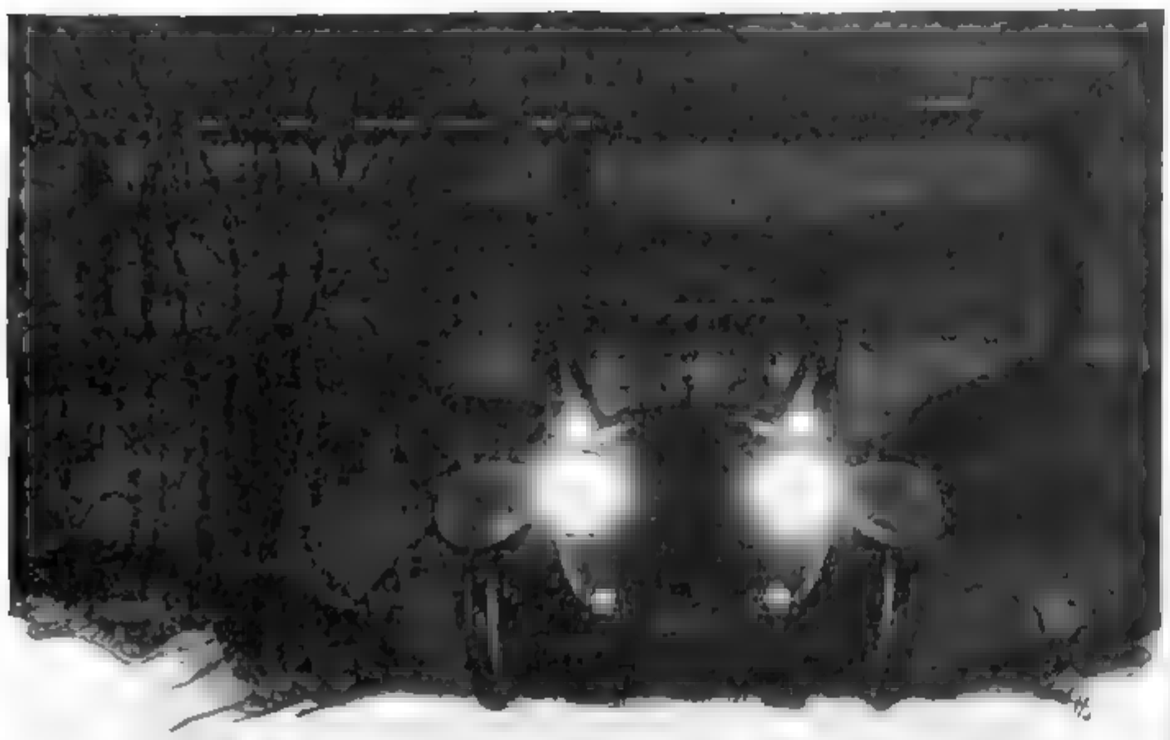

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inferiority, and he was not prepared to conduct the war on the part of the Allies if the British divisions were further reduced. He demanded again to be told the British intentions as to the number of divisions they would maintain.

Gen. Sir Henry Wilson said that it was impossible to give an absolute guaranty that they would not reduce below the present number. Only the last week or so they had had to reduce two more divisions General Wilson hoped the British would not have to reduce below forty-seven divisions, of which ten would be American as regards infantry.

Once more Lord Milner drew attention to the fact that figures were being recklessly used, and many of them were incorrect. He said he could not accept Sir Henry Wilson's statement. General Foch persisted in his query. He demanded to know of General Wilson the minimum number of divisions the British would maintain.

Sir Henry Wilson replied that it would be forty-seven instead of fifty-three. The British had recently been maintaining fifty-three divisions. He hoped to increase the number later.

Foch asked, "Then that means that if the American troops with the British are withdrawn, the British Army will actually drop to thirty-seven divisions?"

By way of explanation the American commander in chief informed the conference that, according to their arrangement, the American troops were being put into British divisions on the understanding that the American infantry would be withdrawn as soon as the auxiliary troops arrived. However, he thought that by that time the new British drafts ought to be ready.

Mr. Lloyd George said the whole business seemed to simmer down to the assumption that no German divisions were being done away with. Were the German drafts like the widow's cruse, he asked, the oil of which was always maintained? The Prime Minister pressed General Foch to explain why it was that, before the recent fighting, only 400,000 German drafts were reported by the Allied Intelligence as available, yet now, after months of fighting and heavy reported German losses, there still remained to the Germans 300,000 drafts. He wanted to know how that could be.

Further Negotiations

General Foch made no attempt to explain. He said he was talking of British divisions, and of a fact, not a hypothesis. Out of fifty-three British divisions, ten would be completed with American troops; if the British reduced the number of their divisions to forty-seven, then only thirty-seven of them would be British. He pointed out that Germany, with a population of 68,000,000, was able to maintain 204 divisions. Great Britain, said General Foch, with a population of 46,000,000, could maintain only forty-three—excluding the American troops with her armies—and was considering cutting down the number to thirty-seven.

These remarks naturally produced some slight temperature, and Mr. Lloyd George apparently sought to create a diversion by returning to the problem of how Germany could possibly maintain 204 divisions on the Western Front with only 300,000 men in her depots. He urged that the British Government was entitled to a reply on this point. The Prime Minister then went on to offer a possible solution—he suggested that perhaps the Allied losses were much heavier than the Germans'.

General Foch agreed that such was possible, and again Lord Milner protested against bringing these figures into the discussion. Foch replied by demanding to know when the British would reconstitute the ten divisions mentioned as having been laid up. He reiterated his warning that if the British armies were not maintained at strength the Allies would head for disaster.

Finally M. Clemenceau closed the incident by remarking that he was sending an expert to England to determine British man power and to make proposals. The conference thereupon referred to Generals Foch and Pershing the matter of reconstituting the ten broken British divisions with American infantry.

Lord Milner, General Foch and General Pershing subsequently concluded the following agreement as to shipping program, based on the assumption that 250,000 men could be transported in each month—June and July—by combined British and American shipping: Priority for 170,000 combatant troops in June, infantry and machine gunners; also 25,400 men for the railway services, of which number 13,400 had been asked for by the French Minister of Transportation; balance to be of categories to be determined by General Pershing. In July, priority for 140,000 combatant troops—our divisions minus artillery, or 84,000 men, plus 56,000 replacements—balance of the 250,000 to consist of troops designated by General Pershing.

"We recognize," the agreement set forth, "that the combatant troops to be dispatched in July may have to include troops which have had insufficient training, but we consider the present emergency is such as to justify a temporary and exceptional departure by the United States from sound principles of training, especially as a similar course is being followed by France and Great Britain."

The Premiers' Message

It will be seen that this agreement contains practically all the points for which the American commander in chief contended.

Out of the Versailles meeting above described came the following:

"The Prime Ministers of France, Italy and Great Britain, now meeting at Versailles, desire to send the following message to the President of the United States:

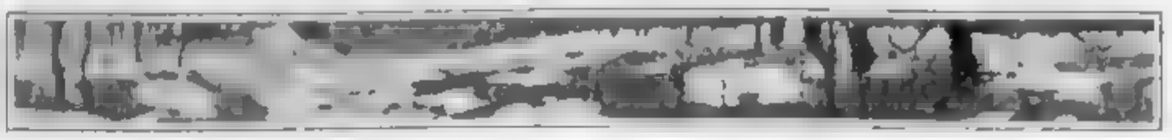
"We desire to express our warmest thanks to President Wilson for the remarkable promptness with which American aid, in excess of what at one time seemed practicable, has been rendered to the Allies during the past month to meet a great emergency.

"The crisis, however, still continues. Gen. Foch has presented to us a statement of the utmost gravity, which points out that the numerical superiority of the enemy in France, where 162 Allied divisions are now opposed to 200 German divisions, is very heavy, and that, as there is no possibility of the British and French increasing the number of their divisions (on the contrary, they are put to extreme straits to keep them up), there is a great danger of the war being lost unless the numerical inferiority of the Allies can be remedied as rapidly as possible by the advent of American troops.

"He" [Foch] "therefore urges with the utmost insistence that the maximum possible number of infantry and machine gunners, in which respect the shortage of men on the side of the Allies is most marked, should continue to be shipped from America in the months of June and July, to avert the immediate danger of an Allied defeat in the present campaign, owing to the Allied reserves being exhausted before those of the enemy. In addition to this, and looking to the future, he represents that it is impossible to foresee ultimate victory in the war unless America is able to provide such an army as will enable the Allies ultimately to establish numerical superiority. He places the total American force required for this at no less than 100 divisions, and urges the continuous raising of fresh American levies, which in his opinion should not be less than 300,000 a month, with a view to establishing a total American force of 100 divisions at as early a date as this can possibly be done.

"We are satisfied that Gen. Foch, who is conducting the present campaign with consummate ability, and on whose military judgment we continue to place the most absolute reliance, is not overestimating the needs of the case, and we feel confident that the Government of the United States will do everything that can be done, both to meet the needs of the immediate situation and to proceed with the continuous raising of fresh levies, calculated to provide, as soon as possible, the numerical superiority which the Commander-in-chief of the Allied Armies regards as essential to ultimate victory."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appear in an early issue



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Interwoven Socks

THE LONG-DISTANCE TRAVELERS

THE KEEPER OF THE BULLS

(Continued from Page 17)

the task of working the mammals back to their picket line.

For Mom and for Alice it was comparatively easy. For the rest it was a far more difficult task. Alispaw could not be every place at once, and the moment the herd became strung out to the slightest degree there would be a concerted rush to be near the lead elephants and the keeper who guided them. In vain the assistants strove to drive them back, and at last one of the men, losing his head, struck violently at one of the beasts with an iron-tipped tent stake, only to miscalculate. The blow struck Alispaw, and he dropped unconscious, and the note of fright in Old Mom's bellow brought a new spasm of fear and a resumption of the milling to the rest of the herd.

Once more they circled and crowded—all but one. That one was Old Mom, half crouched over the prostrate trainer, whimpering and touching him with her trunk, and through her frightened curiosity forming a bulwark against the rest of the surging herd. For a full five minutes this continued; then, dizzy and reeling, the keeper crawled to his feet and renewed his calls of assurance. The storm lessened. Slowly Old Mom wheeled into place at the picket line and submitted to her chains. Alice came beside her; then, still trembling, still grunting and squealing and protesting, the rest followed. Daylight found the picket line again a thing of comparatively peaceful elephants, and all because of one man!

Nor is this at all unusual. Strictly otherwise. With the Barnum and Bailey Circus is a quiet gentle-voiced man who has been the keeper of the show's big herd of elephants for more than a quarter of a century, while his aide at the head of the herd is an ancient lady of some eighty-five summers who can read his every intonation, his every command, and who forces her will upon the rest of the herd—or knows the reason why! In elephantdom there appears to be a certain respect for superiority; the leader of the herd attacks with impunity any beast under her control, no matter how fierce it may be, how big or how favored in fighting proclivities. In the winter quarters of one of the Western circuses is a glaring patch of cement work which a few years ago stopped up a gaping hole of some ten feet in diameter where a leader elephant butted a recalcitrant member of her herd through an eighteen-inch brick wall! When the keeper of a herd has the allegiance of that herd's leader he has fought half his battle. But even then the show isn't safe. That keeper may be forced to leave suddenly, and what then?

That's exactly the question every circus owner asks when there is a sudden shift in the superintendency of the elephant line, and in which there is no time to work in a new keeper gradually as the person in command. More than once it has meant trouble, not only to the circus but to the elephant. In view of which, enter Snyder.

Snyder Gets Temperamental

They called him the biggest elephant in captivity. Whether he was or not, he was one of the best performers, one of the most intractable, and at the same time one of the most valuable. When Snyder departed this life it meant that a twenty-five thousand dollar performing tusker, trained to walk on his hind hoofs about the whole circumference of the hippodrome track, at the same time carrying his trainer on his three-foot tusks, left the circus world forever, with the result that his trainers were selected with care and that the slightest evidence of must, or badness, in his eyes was the signal for instant and various activities to hold him from a stampede. Far better to keep a valuable elephant out of parades and performances—even to imprison him day after day in the bull cars—than to run the risk of a rampage which may end in the necessity for an execution.

Consequently Henry Boucher, a trainer, was eased into Snyder's life with all the care of the launching of a yacht when his old keeper resigned a few years ago. The elephant gradually accepted his new master, then came to love him. Two years passed, in which Boucher held the big performer safe from runaways, stampedes and temperamental outbreaks. Then, a year ago, in Salina, Kansas, the trainer became violently ill and was forced to leave the circus on short notice.

The next day Snyder grunted and snorted and trumpeted in vain. His trainer was gone. That afternoon the beast was kept out of performance, and he weaved uneasily at his picket chain, slapping his trunk viciously at every passing candy butcher—how every elephant hates them—even refusing food. His eyes began to cloud slightly, the first indication of must. The matinée performance ended, and an assistant, assigned to the position of substitute trainer, released the chain which held the betusked brute and led him into the empty big top, or main tent, for a first rehearsal under new management.

Snyder listened to just one command. Then with a rush he knocked the substitute from his path, splintered the quarter poles which crisscrossed before him, smashed a path through a tier of seats, broke through the side walling, lowered his head, then with a great butting lurch overturned the first wagon he saw, headed back through the side walling of the menagerie, seized the monkey cage at its tongue base with his trunk and threw it from him like a boy throwing a baseball. The cat animals began to roar and screech; he made for the dens, one by one, and overturned them. The hippopotamus grunted excitedly in his five-ton den, and Snyder rushed for it like the maddened thing he was; an impact followed like the crashing of runaway engines, and the den with its bulky freight catapulted through the side wall and ten feet clear of the tent.

Kas and Mo Start Something

They tried to surround him by peaceful elephants, to mingle him with the rest of the herd and thus return him to captivity. It was useless. Snyder had turned renegade; he recognized no superior and he fought the leader of the herd with the same frenzy that he fought any inanimate object which blocked his path. So at last they sent for rifles; nor was it long before twenty-five thousand dollars in elephant flesh became only an object for a museum. Four steel bullets in his brain had ended the career of an elephant which had refused to recognize anyone but the master of his choice.

So you see there are grounds for that circus saying regarding inconsistency. Once an elephant becomes thoroughly angry, little else than death can block his path. Yet in the regular course of events that same elephant actually can be afraid of his own shadow!

On one of the big shows are Kas and Mo, named respectively and respectfully for Kansas and Missouri. Both are what are known to the bull men as agitators, both flighty, unreasoning, seemingly always anxious to find something that will serve as an excuse for trouble. Both also are punks, the circus name for anything not yet full-grown, and the lack of maturity in age may account for the equal absence of steadiness in character. In any event their course has been a stormy one. Their first day on the show, when they arrived fresh from India in the care of a Singhalese, ended with a general stampede of the entire herd when the two punks decided to run straight through it without an introduction; the panic, although it lasted only the length of a city block, resulted in nearly a thousand dollars in damages. The first windy day after their arrival brought a breakaway on their part, and the danger of a like action on the part of the adult members of the herd. The first parade was one of constant attempts at runaways and the smashing of a two-hundred-dollar plate-glass window. Finally there came the time when, at the slightest hint of any unusual happening, Kas and Mo were loaded hurriedly into the first available wagon and sent unceremoniously to the cars. This continued during the entire first season.

However, elephant trainers are persistent beings, and all that winter the keeper of the herd labored with Kas and Mo to bring them to a condition of dependability. To every possible noise, action and circumstance that might cause fear on their part were they subjected, until the flighty brutes were considered proof against anything that might occur on a circus lot. Then they were turned over to Lucia Zora, wife of the menagerie superintendent, for a novelty in elephant training—the driving of the diminutive pachyderms in tandem style before a flower-bedecked two-wheel cart. It really seemed that Kas and Mo had reformed. They learned quickly; they obeyed every command.

Springtime came and the show went forth to its first exhibition stand, rehearsing, as is usual, for three days before the opening date. Everything was lovely. Kas and Mo, garlanded and festooned with strands of paper flowers, took their place in the grand entrée like veterans. Zora was pleased. So was the keeper of the bulls. So was the owner of the show. So was everyone. The past was forgotten.

The opening day arrived. Kas and Mo went into parade with their woman trainer, their garlands of roses and their high-wheeled cart, looking neither to the right nor to the left. At the afternoon performance they moved into their position in the elephant section of the grand entrée in a manner both joyous and faithful. Night arrived, the chandeliers gleamed, the signal to prepare for entrée sounded from the whistle of the equestrian director, and the punks took their place at the head of the section, awaiting the time when the rest of the entrée should emerge from the flags, or performers' entrance, that they, with the remainder of the menagerie exhibits, might enter at the other end of the tent, thus filling the hippodrome track simultaneously. At the head of the tandem was Kas, somewhat anxiously awaiting the signal to start. At the left was a low-hung chandelier which caught the beast's body and silhouetted it against the near-by side wall of the menagerie tent. Beyond was a main tent filled with gaping spectators, staring vapidly toward the empty rings and stages and hippodrome track, waiting for the show to begin. And just then Kas saw its shadow on the side wall.

The punk grunted and raised its trunk. Over at the side wall that mysterious thing raised its trunk also. Kas fidgeted. So did the shadow. The big ears of Kas distended in fright. Over there a pair of black ears moved in unison. Everything that Kas did was immediately aped by that thing on the wall. It was too much.

A squeal, a snort, then suddenly the crowded tent saw a tandem team of elephants pitch through the gay dividing curtain and swing into the hippodrome track at full speed, the rose-bedecked cart careening behind them on one wabbling wheel, and behind this the entire elephant herd, following excitedly and without a reason save the fact that Kas and Mo were leading the way. A moment later the cart hit a ring curb, while the bespangled Lucia Zora dived gracefully and far through the air to a dazed position on a pile of canvas—and the runaway elephant parade went on!

Back in Line

Around the hippodrome track they thundered, two squealing baby elephants in the lead, ten excited, bewildered adult beasts in the rear, and the whole shouting, panting menagerie force trailing vainly in their dust. The first curve came and the punks left their cart leaning in drunken, awry fashion where it had collided with a center pole. The second, and they tangled in their flower-decorated harness, but they went on! A third curve, a fourth, then straight through the dividing curtain they plunged again, the rest of the herd after them, and back to their places in the picket line! Meanwhile out there in the main tent a dazed crowd stared again at an empty hippodrome track, not knowing whether the whole thing had been an accident or some new form of elephant race! So swift do breakaways happen sometimes in the circus, especially if the culprit be an elephant!

In fact there is more than one breakaway, more than one panicky, dangerous minute or hour in which the very persons whose lives are threatened stand by without fear, without even the knowledge that a stampede is in progress!

Naturally it is an impossibility for any man or set of men to maintain an unbroken record of halting panics. Their charges are too big, too possessed with temperament, too prone to become frightened at the most puerile things for a keeper always to outguess them and outmaneuver them. However, the number of panics on the part of

Keeps Out the Germs

Big infections result from little germs. A break in the skin—no matter how small it may be—should be attended to at once.

Keep out the germs that cause infection. Protect the wound with an antiseptic dressing, under which nature can do the healing undisturbed. Use New-Skin promptly.

In the home, keep New-Skin on hand, in the larger sizes. In your pocket, carry the convenient vest-pocket package with you. Have New-Skin always ready for emergencies.

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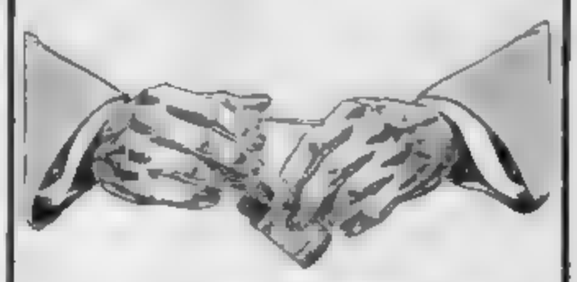

Be sure it is New-Skin, not an inferior substitute.

NEWSKIN COMPANY

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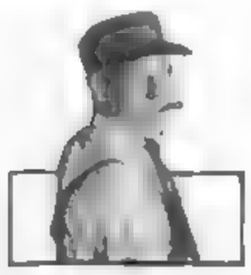
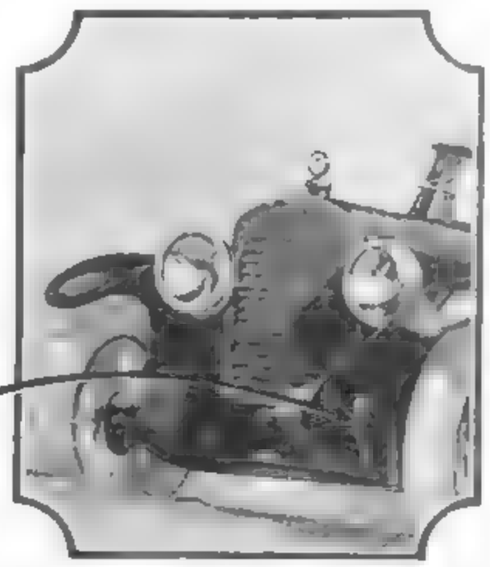
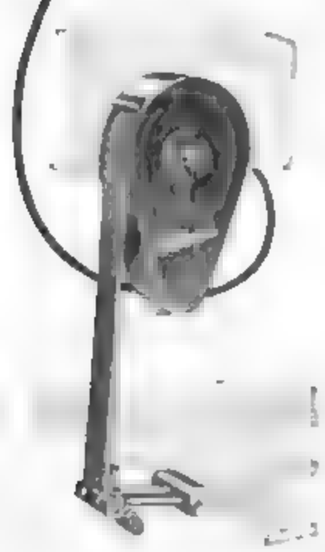


"It's Quick Action that Counts"—

says Happy Van



A shock absorber that needs time to get into action is all right for a big bump. But it is mighty little help against the countless little jars and vibrations you meet on the average road. That's where you need lightning quick action.



The Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorber is the quickest absorber you ever saw or heard of. Its simple mechanism requires no time to get set. It takes up all bumps as quickly, smoothly and easily as a good brake checks the forward motion of a car.

Gilmer costs less and lasts longer. It is easy to install. It is instantly adjustable to any weight of car, any stiffness of spring and any driver's preference. It requires no oiling or care.

Let your dealer explain the Gilmer principle to you. Or write us direct.

L. H. Gilmer Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gilmer BULL DOG BOUNCE ABSORBER

"They got it all!" he managed to say, and sank into a chair

And Now Their Cashier Carries a Colt

SATURDAY A.M. Pay day! At eleven o'clock precisely, methodical John Morse, cashier for Keith & Company, took the small, black bag in which he carried his payroll and hurried over to the Merchants' National Bank.

"One hundred and fifty tens, one hundred and fifty fives, one hundred twos and fifty ones this time, please."

"There you are, Jack," said the teller as he placed the various piles of greenbacks under the wicket, "twenty-five hundred dollars."

John Morse dropped the package into the black bag as he had done on a hundred Saturday mornings before and left the bank.

Five minutes later, breathless, speechless, pale and disheveled, he burst into Mr. Keith's office *minus the bag*.

"They got it all!" he managed to say, and sank into a chair. "I did my best to save it, but they got it all!"

"Only last night when I read about that Everett robbery," said Mr. Keith, glumly, "I was thinking 'it might happen to us.' It might happen to anyone—*once*. But we'll take no chances again. Here, John, run over to Stevens' right now and get the best Colt Revolver they carry. Hereafter you and the payroll will come back together—safe."

The newspapers are full of stories of payroll robberies. It happens every day—everywhere. Yet you need not fear. You can go and come in safety protected by a trusty Colt.

A Colt Revolver may save your money and your life. A small investment for a great protection.

Your dealer will gladly show you various models of Colt's Revolvers and Automatic Pistols.

If you write to the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Connecticut, they will send you "The Romance of a Colt," an interesting book sent free for the asking.

the various elephant herds in which damage is caused or the big brutes actually succeed in getting away is so far overshadowed by the attempts at revolt which are broken up in their inception that there is not an opportunity for comparison. Hardly a day passes among the various circuses that at least one elephant does not decide to pit his will against that of the man in charge. But actual panics, with consequent damage, happen only a few times a year. One hears of the latter through newspapers and damage suits; the other events, in which a cool-headed human outgenerals an assorted tonnage of elephant flesh, is neither heralded nor announced; it's only a part of the game. In the life of the keeper of the bulls his failures become public property; his successes are reflected in his pay envelope only, and the crowd often goes home without even the thrill of knowing that an elephantine revolution was nipped in the making.

For instance, few persons in Berkeley, California, remember an elephant stampede in that city. The very persons who saw it probably would be willing to take oath that nothing of the kind ever happened.

Yet there was a stampede, and one that for at least five minutes threatened the lives of hundreds of persons, to say nothing of the property damage that might have ensued. If the street had not been long and straight ——

Berkeley, in the circus dictionary, is a rah-rah town—a feared thing to a menagerie department. It means a college, and the traditional enmity that has grown up between tent shows and student bodies through long years of fights and troubles occasioned by the overexuberance of youth, and the disturbances that almost invariably follow the attendance at a performance of a large body of students with their class yells, their chain steps and snake dances. Circuses are composed of high-strung persons who risk their lives as a part of their daily work, and of equally high-strung horses and other animals. Disturbances during the performances are not to their liking.

But on this particular morning in Berkeley things apparently were going exceeding well.

The parade had started on time from the lot, and now was traversing the longest and most crowded street of the whole route. The bands were blaring happily. The bull section, numbering some twelve animals, was shuffling along the asphalt in peace and contentment.

The Stampede in Berkeley

Suddenly from around a corner there swung into line with the parade a lock-step crew of some three hundred students, their feet stamping the pavement in unison, their lips chanting a monotonous college song, joining the procession directly behind the bull section. The elephant keepers spurred up their horses and attempted to stop the demonstration. The college men simply grinned at them and tramped steadily on. Time after time the bull men gave warning of what the result of the monotonous chant and still more monotonous tramp-tramp-tramp of hundreds of stamping feet might be. The parade marshal searched wildly for police. They were somewhere else. He strove to block the marching line with his horse. They circled him and went on, still beside the shuffling bull line.

Now ears were distending. Piglike eyes were rolling in their too small sockets. Heavy skins were beginning to wrinkle.

At last there came a call from Shorty, the head keeper, and the elephant men gave up their task. "Don't try to break up that line. If they won't stop let 'em go. These bulls'll break at the first rough-house. Stand by to tail 'em down!"

Into position shot the assistants, each ready to dig his spurs into his horse at the first sign of a break. Far ahead went Shorty, taking his position just behind the gigantic trembling Mary, bearing the Ten Thousand Dollar Queen of the Harem at the head of the section, a harem beauty who, incidentally, just at that moment wished she was back in Coshocton; in fact, anywhere except in that bobbing howdah. Leader Mary was beginning to shimmy slightly with increased fright, and her shuffle on the hot asphalt carried a new wiggle of impending danger. Then the marching three hundred broke into a weird class yell—and the stampede began.

Straight forward went Leader Mary, to scrape a lion's cage, to swerve slightly to one side, then, with the Ten Thousand Dollar Queen of the Harem squawking aimlessly in the howdah, to lead off in a wild scramble straight down the street, with the rest of the herd smashing along in her rear. Then it was that the preparations of Shorty, the keeper of the bulls, went into execution.

At the first move of the elephant section the horses of keepers moved also—into a furious pace, for the speed of an elephant is a deceptive thing, and it is a good horse that can keep abreast of him, once he unlimbers into full steam ahead. The stamping college men were left behind now—even the front section of the parade with its suddenly hushed band and blank-faced clowns was passed almost in an instant. Out of them all only the Ten Thousand Dollar Queen of the Harem was left, still bouncing in her howdah, still squealing and squawking, while, spurs deep in their horses, the elephant men strove their best to keep abreast of the fast-traveling bull section, echoing and reëchoing the shout of Shorty at the head of the line:

"Hi there! Mule up! Mule up there, Mary! Frieda Frenchy Sultan tails! Tails there—tails!"

Elephant Psychology

It was a double command, which traveled along the line and back again as fast as men could voice it, the order to run, and at the same time for each elephant to grasp the tail of the beast before him. Blocks passed while throats grew hoarse, and while the thick-packed throngs of the curbings stared vacuously, wondering why the circus should be in such a hurry to get its elephants out of the line of march.

But never a warning sounded, never a hint that a panic was in progress—only that repeated and rerepeated command: "Tails there! Mule up, you! Tails—tails!"

All of it meant an experiment in elephant psychology—and one that had been tried many times before. At last the command sank in. The second elephant of the line grasped the tail of Leader Mary—and continued to run. The third elephant obeyed; the fourth, the fifth, and on through the whole section.

But the command continued: "Mule up there—mule up! Tails!"

Another two blocks and the command changed; more, the elephant line obeyed. A block after that, and the whole section was peacefully shuffling along again, simply through the fact that the frightened beasts had been made to believe that their trainer really desired them to run, and that in their breakaway they were merely carrying out orders. Nor could they know that in obeying the command of tails, they handicapped themselves so that the speed of one could be no greater than that of another, and that as long as the leader kept to a straight line, so must the rest.

Further, the occupation of their single-track minds in the execution of an order which coincided with their natural tendencies had wiped out in forgetfulness the fact that something had threatened them, and brought to them the belief that their trainer merely was running them away from an obnoxious thing. Therefore, when the command came to slow down they did so in confidence, and in the assurance that any danger was over. Many a person went that day from watching the parade, wondering perhaps why the elephant trainer should desire to put his beasts through their paces. But few of them realized that the little play of speed had saved not only the circus but the downtown section of Berkeley, with its thronged sidewalks, from disaster.

The trick works time after time—it is the stand-by of the elephant keeper, his first hope at the beginning of a breakaway. A few years ago, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, a circus had just arrived on the lot, with the consequent confusion of setting up, of yowling caged animals, of lumbering, truckling wagons, and trotting ring stock as the various elements of the show traveled into position. Standing near the menagerie tent were two elephants, secured side by side with neck chains, which fastened one to the other. The keeper of the herd was within the tent, superintending the staking out of the picket line, and leaving the two big beasts in the care of an assistant until he should

(Continued on Page 117)

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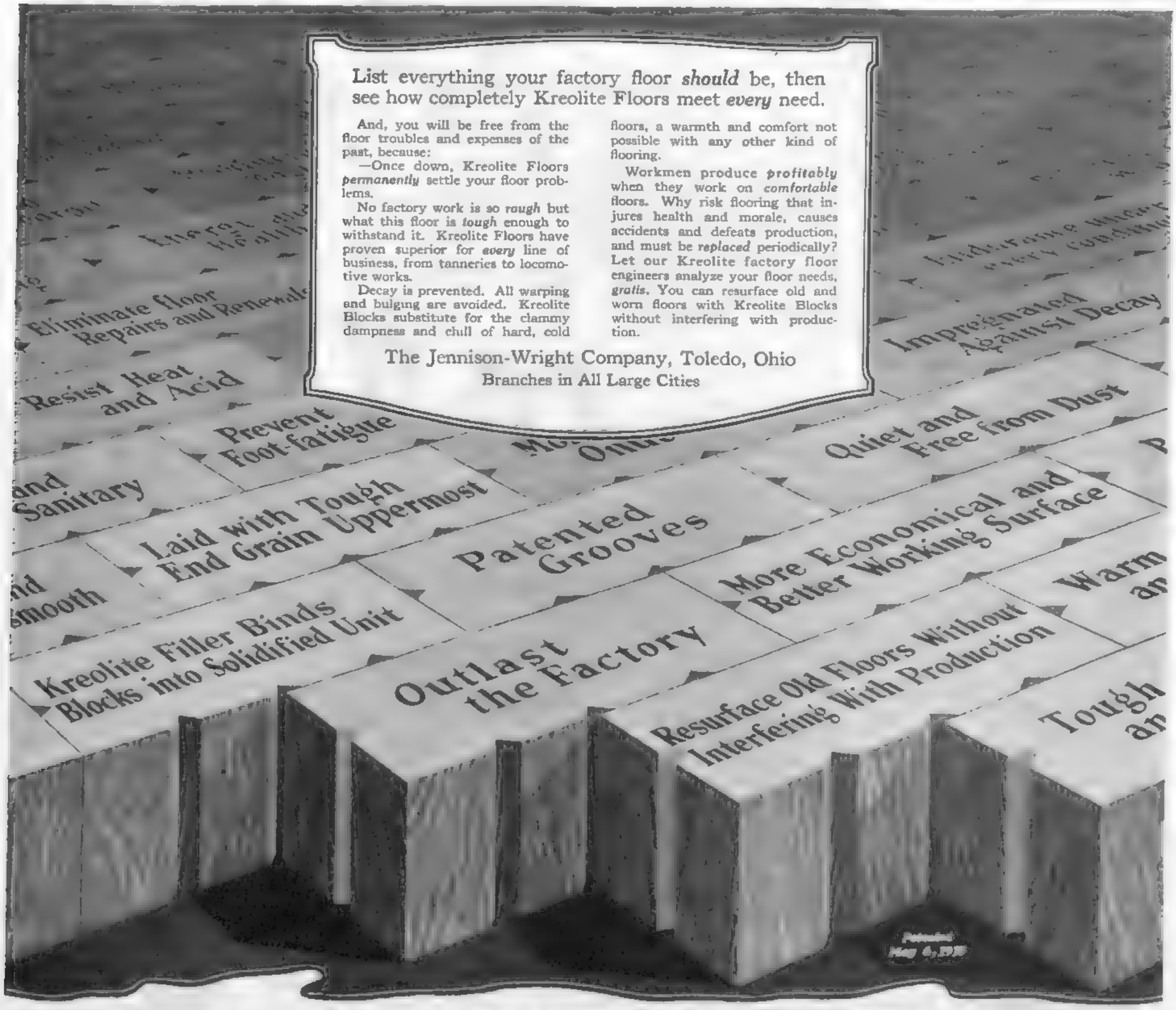
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Kreolite Filler Binds Blocks into Solidified Unit
Outlast the Factory
Resurface Old Floors Without Interfering With Production

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

(Continued from Page 114)

call for them. But a second later he was outside the tent and in action. The chained bulls had gone on a stampede!

As usual, the most innocent thing in the world had caused it—simply the bucking of a hippodrome, or race horse, as he had passed on the way to the stable tents. But that had been enough, and neck and neck the two elephants had started across the lot. A collision with a wagon, and the assistant, clinging until this moment to a bull hook fastened in an elephantine ear, ceased to trouble or impede their flight. Over went the wagon—on went the bulls. Another wagon blocked their path, and with a sideswipe they capsized it, then swerving slightly in their course they straddled, quite by accident, the rear of a heavy pole wagon with their connecting chains, and began to twist madly in their efforts to free themselves and travel onward to more destruction. But just then a new element entered—the keeper of the bulls.

"Pick it up there!" he shouted. "Sandow! Morgan! Pick it up—pick it up!"

It was the command to push, and without realizing that they were yielding their freedom the elephants strained forward. A poler hurried into position at the tongue of the wagon to guide it, while from the rear came in ever-increasing forcefulness:

"That's right—pick it up! Pick it up there—let's go now—pick it up! Morgan—Sandow! Shake a leg there—pick it up!"

The elephants picked it up. With the poler guiding the way they took that wagon on a half trot across the circus lot and back again, around the big top and up to the midway, and finally for a trip of a few blocks down the street and return, the keeper still commanding them, still prodding them with his bull hook, still obsessed with the desire that they pick it up. At last, panting and wabbly, the two recalcitrant elephants brought the wagon back into the exact position where it had rested at the time of their collision, and were allowed to slow their pace. A bull hook caught in a fanlike ear.

"Now you two come over here and straighten up this damage!" commanded the keeper, and meekly the twain obeyed, to set their trunks under the sides of the wagons they had capsized, and unprotestingly raise them into position again. Five minutes later they were in place at the picket line, peaceful and calm, their fright effaced, ready for the bugle call of parade.

With it all, the life of a bull keeper is a thing of constant gambling. He has none of the assurances with which the performers of other beasts are blessed; the lion or tiger trainer has his cages, and the knowledge that even should a vicious cat escape, a bullet or two from a heavy-calibered revolver at close range can finish him. It takes a steel-jacketed army bullet to make an elephant even realize he's being shot!

More, the beasts are too big to be caged. They are too strong for anything except a perfect network of drop-forged chains. Even then, nothing short of a pile driver can set wood deep enough into the ground to hold them when they really desire to run. It's wholly a matter of a good leader of the herd, good princesses working under her, the hope that there are few agitators or revolutionists in the rest of the monarchy—and a strong trust in fate and the breaks of circumstance. For even the elephant keeper never knows what may start the rampage. An invasion of fleas in the sandy districts of the West can do it; an elephant's hide can turn a leaden revolver bullet, but it can't stand fleas! There's danger even from mosquitoes.

Pesky Mosquitoes

For the flea and the mosquito evidently have more judgment regarding the points of vulnerability in an elephant's hide than does a bullet. They select the soft spots behind the ears, the eyelids and tender mouth and flanks for their work, and once they arrive in numbers, trouble begins. It is not at all unusual to see elephants being dosed with flea preventives. The mosquito cure is far more rare, but at least one stampede is chargeable to this cause.

Incidentally, the instance formed another credit mark in the career of Old Mom, and another example of at least one elephant with common sense. The show was making a Sunday run in Canada by which it bridged a long expanse of territory between money-making stands, heading far into the north of the Dominion, where few shows had exhibited and where the natives would be glad to part with a double admission price for the pleasure of seeing a bigger circus than usual. The run had been preceded by several days of moist, mosquito-breeding weather, with the result that when the show train made a feed stop at a small prairie settlement, and the elephants were unloaded for a trip of a half mile to the nearest water, the insects swarmed in such millions that they almost obliterated the lettering of the railroad cars. About the railroad tracks several hundred smudges were lighted, thus freeing that exact territory from the pests, but the elephants weren't fortunate. They were forced to travel out into the country for water, and the mosquitoes went with them.

By the time the watering process was finished every elephant was crusted with stinging, poisonous insects and squealing with discomfort. They pulled from their keepers; in vain Old Mom, obeying the commands of Alispaw, strove to hold them in line. She bellowed, she butted, she lashed with her trunk—but to no purpose. A moment more and an inveterate agitator made the break, followed by two others, and instantly the rest of the herd rushed after them. More, Old Mom broke from the bull-hooked grasp of her keeper, and with Alice, her handmaiden, beside her, swung madly into flight also!

It seemed that at last the ability of Old Mom to command a situation was lost. Faster and faster she went, passing the slower members of the herd, and at last forcing her way to the very front of the stampede, Alice puffing along in her wake. For a full eighth of a mile she led the rush straight out into the prairie; then the pursuers, far in the rear, noticed that she was beginning to turn in her course. Soon she had made a semicircle and was leading the plunging herd straight back in the direction of the cars.

Old Mom's Leadership

Thundering on they went, the workmen and clustered performers parting spasmodically as they approached the runs, Old Mom still in the lead, and heading, it seemed, on a straight path for the sleeping cars and the crash which seemed inevitable. Once an elephant loses its head it takes no cognizance of what may be before it—its mentality knows a bee line only, no matter if the obstruction be a stone quarry.

Nearer, nearer—then it suddenly became evident that Old Mom evidently was in full possession of her faculties—and a bright idea. At the tracks she swerved, and while horses and workmen scurried for safety she led the way straight to the elephant cars—and climbed in!

The runs, or running board by which the beasts usually made their entrance and exit had been removed in preparation for the switching of the cars. So the climbing operation was a literal one. With the rest of the bulls behind her Old Mom, grunting and squealing, made the ascent, and Alice followed.

Then in the semidarkness of the smudge-filled car she trumpeted happily, and the rest of the herd crowded in after her. A stampede of nearly a mile was over without a cent of damage.

In fact, Old Mom, with her faith and her level-headedness, has meant salvation in many an instance. I once saw this sensible old elephant lead her herd across the cable bridge which connects Wheeling, West Virginia, with the Ohio side, with a storm in progress, the surroundings inky black, the rain pelting, the keepers almost as terrified as the brutes, with the beams of the bridge cracking from overweight, and the structure itself swinging fully eight feet from side to side! Below was a sheer drop to the Ohio River; two elephants had become panic-stricken and had broken from the bull man in attendance, rushing frantically forward to the protection of their leader. The rest of the herd had begun to mill, with only a thirty-foot width of bridge as their arena; bull men were befuddled and nearly blinded by the pelting rain. Yet Old Mom held true to the commands of her trainer, and with weird trumpetings which sounded sharp above even the rush of wind and crackling of thunder, someway, somehow reassured her herd. Then with the ever-present Alice at her side she began to lead the way, slow step after slow step to the opposite side.

That very slowness was the salvation of the herd; instinctively they knew that she was testing the bridge, and by some sort of

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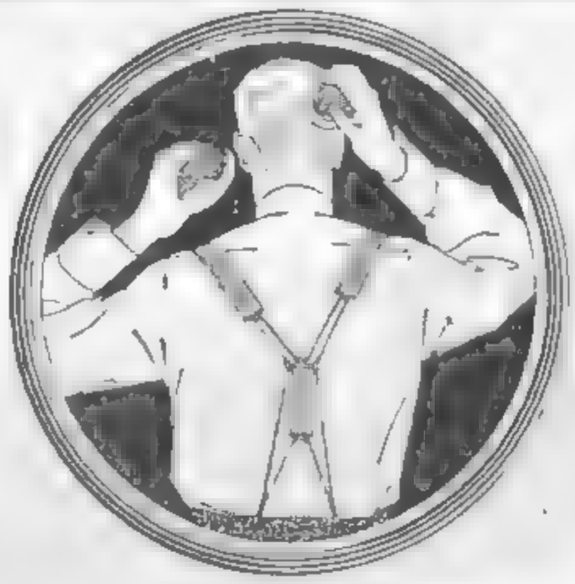

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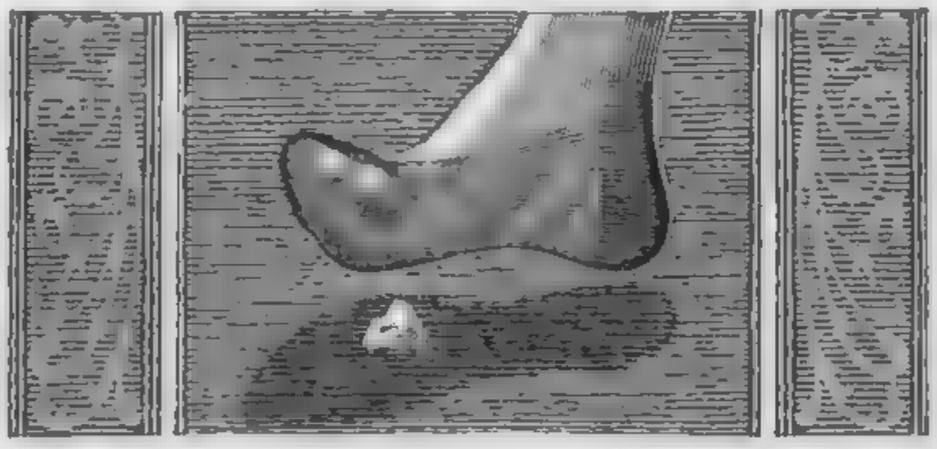

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Wizard Lightfoot System OF FOOT CORRECTION

animal understanding, did likewise. The rocking lessened. A half hour later Old Mom brought her charges safe out at the other side, every elephant walking in comical, gingerly fashion for a full block after leaving the structure, for all the world like overgrown fat boys trying to negotiate an area of eggshells.

Yet even Mom has her failings, her likes and dislikes; and once, at least, her discipline has ended in tragedy. Woeful is the life of the subject elephant that defies Old Mom, ancient though she may be. Well past the hundred-year mark in age, dependable when every other bull of the picket line is frantic, there is one failing—Old Mom is a disciplinarian to the point of being a martinet. More than that, she is as foolish in her likes as a person in second childhood, and her favorite is the worst trouble maker of the whole herd!

Long ago they named him Billy, a quarrelsome, anobby little runt of an elephant that spends half his time in winter quarters striving to slap the daylights out of the hoglike old hippopotamus that wallows in his permanent tank near the picket line, and the remainder of his existence in stealing feed from the rest of the elephants. Nor does one of that bull line dare to protest! Immediately there comes a squeal from Billy, and from farther down the line a bellow of anger from Old Mom, where, eyes glaring, trunk twisting, ears wide, she wheels forward toward her picket pin and prepares to free herself that she may punish the offender. For in addition to her other accomplishments Old Mom is an elephant Houdini. There never has been a man on the circus who has been able to invent a chain tie that Old Mom has not been able to loosen. With her a chain is only a formality, to be discarded from a stake at will and with only a few swift movements of her trunk. As to the ordinary half hitch, Old Mom can not only release herself from it but with a quick twist she can put that half hitch on a stake again!

So bondage means nothing to her, especially when a squeal of rage comes from the piggish Billy, and punishment is swift and sure to those who offend her by offending her pet. Billy, to Old Mom, is a little angel. He can do no wrong. To the rest of the herd he is an obnoxious, selfish, obtrusive little devil that can do no right. They hate him. But they submit—rather than feel the thump of Old Mom's trunk, or the pile-driver impact of her hard skull. Winter quarters or the road, it is all the same. Old Mom has taught her little angel her secrets of escape, with the result that he wanders the elephant line at will in spite of stakes, bonds or even keepers. Old Mom's protection of Billy extends even to humans, and the runt does as he pleases.

Floto, the Rebel

For eight years had this continued when the tragedy came. For eight years, Floto, the stodgiest, most amiable male member of the herd, had submitted to every indignity one elephant can heap upon another. Billy had stolen his feed. Billy had edged forward when visitors arrived with peanuts, and literally taken them out of Floto's trunk. Floto had protested and been punished, and so Floto had endured. But all during those eight years the hatred was being stored against a day of judgment. And near the end of last season, at Orange, Texas, it came.

The press services which carried the story of that day's event announced that someone had given Floto a chew of tobacco and that he had gone mad because of it. But that was only tradition—and a guess. Floto was one of the best tobacco eaters of the picket line. And Floto had something more on his mind than a bad taste. The story of his death is one of rebellion and revenge.

Old Mom was out on the lot busily pushing the wagons into position for the loading of the night. The matinée was over. The menagerie tent was drowsing in that calm which intervenes between the afternoon show and the gleaming chandeliers of night. Floto was at his picket pin, glorying in his portion of hay. Then came Billy.

He rooted in as usual and began to gobble Floto's feed share, even as he had done for eight years. But this time Old Mom was not there to protect him, and more, Floto had in his eyes the slight cloud which indicates the badness that comes to nearly every male elephant in the autumn. He snorted and warned the runt out of his way. But the fat little Billy only grunted and reached for another trunkful. It was the final insult.

A weird trumpet blast, and the three-ton Floto rose high on his haunches. Then with a sudden thumping drop he came to all fours again, and seizing his piggish enemy in his trunk raised him squealing over his head, only to throw him, breathless, to the ground, and then breaking his stay chains to leap upon his pudgy enemy before the smaller elephant could regain his feet. A moment of mauling followed, in which thundering hoofs knocked resistance from the fallen beast, and then, using his head for a combination roller and battering ram, the angered elephant scraped the body of the beleaguered animal along the hard sandy ground until the heavy flesh was torn from the runt's body in great patches, and the blood flowed from fully a dozen wounds.

Animal men with bull hooks strove futilely to pull him away. He shook them off and began to pound the prostrate Billy with flail-like blows of his trunk—suddenly to halt and wheel, trembling, yet defiant. Old Mom, with Charles Churchill, her present keeper, at her head, was swinging under the side wall to restore order. But the time for that was past.

A Solo Performance

Floto was in the position of a cornered criminal. He had disobeyed the every law of the mistress of the herd—and now he defied her. He did not even wait for Old Mom to approach him. Head lowered, trunk tightly curled, he swung forward to the attack, butted her out of the way and plunged through the side wall, out into the sparsely peopled circus lot, an outlaw at last.

Wagons tumbled out of his way as he crashed into them. Ticket boxes turned to matchwood when he caught them and crushed them with swift stamping blows of his heavy forefeet. Ropes parted like strings before his plowing progress. A workman crossed his path; the elephant caught him in his trunk and threw him thirty feet into an irrigation ditch. Back to the menagerie he went, to butt every elephant that faced him, to overturn cages, to seize frightened, screaming ponies and break their backs. Then they called for the rifles.

Only thirty-thirties were in the ticket wagon, equipped with leaden bullets. But the animal men felt that enough shots from them might suffice; at least they might be able to hold the maddened beast at bay until a rushing automobile, already sent townwards, could return with army rifles. Hurriedly the guns were distributed and the magazines filled. Then as fast as hands could work the levers thirty shots were fired at the head of the outlaw, every one striking its mark.

But the bullets did little more than pierce the heavy flesh; some of them dropped to the ground without even breaking the thick armor of skin that covered the elephant's skull.

He stood and took the shots, one after another, hardly seeming to notice their impact. Then suddenly, as though bewildered, as though seeking a reason for it all, he whirled for a moment in aimless circles, then headed straight for the empty big top. The bullets had not entered the animal's thick skull, but something akin to a thought had. The stinging of the speeding lead in some way seemed to convey an idea to the brute that the humans who had commanded him now were striving to force him to do a certain thing, and in a hazy moment of obedience he hurried to its execution as swiftly as possible—the only thing he knew!

Into the center ring he rushed, to halt, a single elephant in the middle of a deserted circus tent. There, alone, *sans* the music, *sans* the crowds, *sans* the brilliance and the brightness which usually accompanied the performance, Floto the outlaw, the blood streaming from thirty bullet holes, without guidance, without even a cue, went through the every figure of his act, while at the connections the men of the circus stood and watched, unable to cope with him, unable to kill him, unable to conquer him—watched while he waltzed about the ring, while he knelt over an imaginary trainer, while he walked on his hind hoofs; and while, with a sudden change of thought, he crashed across the stages, tore down a

(Continued on Page 121)

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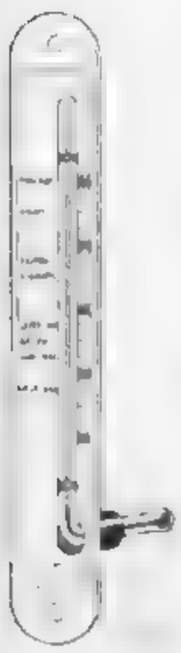
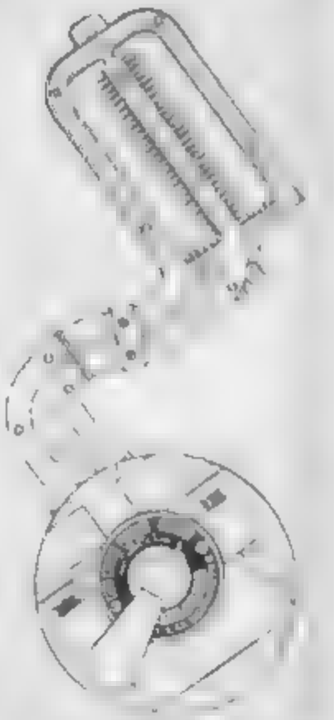


New-type mercury thermometer inset in front for easy reading



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(Continued from Page 118)

section of seats, and then, bursting through the side wall, ran for the open country.

All that night they trailed him, a trail of wreckage, of broken fences, of wrecked chicken yards, of wide swaths through growing crops. Coincidentally enough, the worst-wrecked place of the whole countryside was the ranch of the county sheriff, who was leading the circus posse! The next morning they found Floto a bare half mile from town, where he evidently was circling back to the circus. But he still was the outlaw, still the renegade. He sighted the armed men, and trumpeted. Then with a swift movement he turned toward a telegraph pole and wrapped his trunk about it. There was a sharp crackle. Wires spit and sang as they popped. Floto had snapped the pole off clean at its base and, swinging it even as an angered man would swing a club, had headed straight toward his hunters! There they killed him, with three swift volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, even as he charged them—Floto who had feared discipline enough to become a renegade!

From all of which may be gathered that the life of the keeper of the bulls is far from a bored existence. From one minute to the next it is a gamble, from one day to another the game of life and death is played, with one man standing between a tremendous line of potential destruction and the safety of a show, of people and of property.

Nor is it always a matter of a spasmodic breakaway or a single bad animal that must be feared. Sometimes the whole herd must be fought, not only for a day but for a whole season. Such was the misfortune of the Ringling Circus a number of years ago—a stampede that began in the spring at the opening of the season and which did not end until winter quarters had come again! The life of an elephant man that year ——

But to the story: There had been a change in the men commanding the herd, a sudden change, and one which the elephants did not like. At least, they gave evidence of a displeasure that was not only keen but lasting. The show, as was usual, opened its season in the Coliseum, in Chicago, and according to the ordinary custom held its rehearsals for three days before the beginning of the regular performance.

The day for dress rehearsal came—the final time of practice, in which the whole show, from spectacle to races, is run through—and twelve elephants of the herd of twenty-two, each with its heavy velvet blankets, its trappings and its howdah, were led into position to await the signal for entrée. Which was also the signal for trouble.

The acoustics of a building are far different from those of a tent. The minute the band started, so did the elephants. Some arrived at the arena by the front entrance. Some shot down the chutes into the basement, some headed straight for the horse stalls, crippling a number of the ring stock, and six became wedged in another chute, and for a time threatened the safety of that portion of the building. At last sweating, shouting bull men corralled them and prepared for the only possible thing—to rehearse their charges all night if necessary to make them ready for the next afternoon's show.

Specialties in Noises

The program was followed; dawn found the elephants still being forced through their entrance and their tricks. But even after twelve hours of practice only four of the big beasts were found sufficiently tractable to risk in entrée.

Show time came, with the blankets again, the trappings and the howdahs. The elephants made their entrance. The audience applauded enthusiastically. All of which was another new noise to the nervous beasts. Off went the four, heading for their picket line in the basement, and starting a panic among the pachyderms that had been left behind. Three hours later the tired elephant men reported peace again—but only for a short time. The night show brought another near-panic, and the "preposterous poundage of ponderous pachyderms" was eliminated from the program of the circus—at least as far as the Coliseum was concerned.

In the two weeks of the show's engagement which followed, the trainers prepared for the future. Every unusual noise, every possible thing that might be the cause of fright on the part of the beasts, was provided for. Horses dragging sacks were ridden up and down in front of them; guns were fired behind them, tin cans dropped in a pile in front of them; they were even entertained every few hours by a pair of fighting dogs! Whenever an animal trainer thought of a noise or thing that might frighten an elephant, the picket line immediately was introduced to it, with trimmings.

On the last day of the engagement the trainers reported that they believed they had made progress sufficient to allow the presentation of one elephant act. The presentation was all. The only action was that of the entire herd stampeding wildly for that dearly beloved basement and its comparative safety.

The Futile Cow-Punchers

But now there came a new chance—the show left the indoors and went into the open, back to the land of canvas. Therefore at the first stand, Danville, Illinois, the doors of the bull cars were opened confidently, and out came the entire herd, except two, one of these being the chief agitator, of which every herd, it seems, has the misfortune to possess from one to three.

Never, incidentally, could there be a better comparison for the agitator of an elephant herd than that of the man who yells "Fire" in a crowded theater or the revolutionist who throws a bomb at a Sunday-school picnic. The elephant agitator occupies as much of a place in a herd as the nihilist occupied in Russia, or an anarchist in America. There is only one difference: With humans, the rest of the nation or state promptly does its best to squelch the alarmist or the trouble breeder. In elephantdom, the agitator, once he gets started, all too often has the following of the entire herd. This was the case in Danville.

The agitator started the trouble by refusing to come out of the car. Then he changed his mind and came forth on a run, milling the rest of the herd and starting a stampede of the entire twenty-two which lasted until late afternoon and which resulted in two things—a damage bill of close to fifty thousand dollars in the city of Danville, and a city ordinance which barred all elephants until five years later, when the herd of another circus, bearing many recommendations for sense and sobriety, were, under heavy police guard, allowed to parade.

The result of this sortie was that all the herd, save twelve working elephants, was confined to the cars for the next three weeks, when they again were brought forth, apparently pacified and evidently repentant. For three months there was nothing more dangerous than minor breakaways and lone recalcitrants, and it was believed that trouble at last was over. Then, at Rawlins, Wyoming, where the cow-puncher population of the entire surrounding country had congregated to watch the unloading of the big circus, the bulls were led forth as usual—and a dog fight started!

A rampage began less than a minute later. Five minutes more and the railroad yards were filled with wandering, frightened elephants; a passenger train was stalled at the station, the engineer fearing to pull out lest his coaches be overturned by an elephant galumphing forth from a hiding place behind a box car; the passenger station filled with refugees; and the cow-punchers eagerly volunteering to rope the darned critters an' bring 'em in, draggin' behind a saddle pommel. More, when six of the bulls took to the open prairie the offer was accepted—anything that looked like aid was a welcome thing to the circus just then—and the strangest roping contest in Wyoming's history began. Also the greatest defeat that a bunch of Western cow-punchers ever knew.

Not that they didn't succeed in roping the big beasts—for they did. But that was the end of the capture. The minute a rope settled about an elephant's neck the pachyderm decided to go elsewhere, taking rope, horse and cow-puncher with him until the lariat snapped. As a last resort some thirty of the cow hands decided upon a form of elephant round-up, an attempt to force the elephants to submission by the usual methods of a cattle round-up. It lasted only until the six recalcitrants decided to move on. Whereupon they lowered their heads, pushed the horses and riders out of the way and loped gayly

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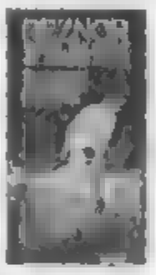

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forth to new fields and broader prairies. Late that night a new relay of cow-punchers, accompanied by a half dozen of the captured elephants which had been thoroughly pacified, and headed by the bull keepers, found the truants a full twenty-five miles from town, and by mingling them with the passive beasts finally returned them to the cars. After which another full three weeks passed in which the elephants were missing from performance, followed by another period of passivity.

This lasted, however, only until the show reached Bakersfield, California, and a canvas man chased a frightened rabbit, which had bobbed up about the show grounds, under the side walling and into the menagerie tent. The rabbit went out the other side of the tent. So did twelve of the parade elephants, wrecking everything from the menagerie to the side show, and heading for an irrigation canal at the other end of the lot. Here they were dragged from the water, the parade paraphernalia muddy and ruined, and brought back to the picket line once more—where they remained peaceful for a whole twenty-four hours. The next day, at Santa Barbara, an agitator chirruped—a queer, almost bird-like call which precedes a panic—and away they all went again! Some chose town and the wrecking of fences and small buildings. Others made the outer circle, disrupting the garden hopes of residents for weeks to come. Two more made for the fish market—and ruined it. Another struck an automobile, wrecking it and injuring two persons. The remaining six of the runaways, smelling the open water, made for the bay and hopelessly mired themselves in the salt marshes, with the result that forty horses and nearly three thousand feet of rope were required to pull each of them from the mud.

A few days later, at Tucson, Arizona, the bull cars were run fifteen miles out of town, and the agitators were put to death.

But even with the agitators out of the way it was impossible to take chances. Every bull that remained was hobbled until it was weighted with chains to a point of uselessness. At New Orleans, a few weeks later, they were brought forth, assembled, appraised—and taken back into their cars, not to leave for the rest of the season. The risk was too great; it had cost the show nearly a fifth of a million dollars already for a herd of elephants that did nothing but cause trouble.

The Herd Goes Swimming

All of which has its antithesis in another stampede which stands alone in circus history, for it actually made money. Usually the toll is in the other direction, with the circus treasury wagon closed on the night of the stampede, and with the ticket takers receiving cash at the gate to guard against attachments until such time as the legal adjusters of the show can ferret out the damage—human or property—and make proper amends. But the gods sometimes favor even a keeper of the bulls, and such was the case in the stampede of the Sells-Floto herd at Idaho Falls.

The day had been hot. The elephants came out of the performing ring of the matinée tired and "juggy," as a bull man terms lassitude, to be led quite indifferently to a near-by irrigation ditch to drink. There, by their straining against the elephant hooks, they indicated that a mere drink would not satisfy.

"What're we goin' t' do?" inquired an assistant as he scrambled at the end of a bull hook. "They want in an' they're goin' t' have in!"

"Hold them bulls!" came the curt reply of the keeper. "Sink that hook deeper an' hold them bulls."

"What's the matter?" It was a new voice. "They just want a swim, don't they?"

"Yeh." The keeper touched his cap to the owner of the show. "Yeh—that's what they're after."

"Then why don't you let 'em have it?"

"Afraid. Snake River's just over this hump here, and they might make for it. It's deep an' swifter'n 'ell. Been a half a dozen horses drowned right here; nothing's ever come out of it alive."

"But," argued the little owner, "that isn't this ditch, is it? Why should they want to go over to a river they can't see when there's all this water right here?"

The keeper grinned in sickly fashion.

"You don't know bulls. They'll——"

"Quit your kidding. Let 'em go. The poor things are hot."

"All right." The keeper sighed—a sigh with a good-by in it. "You're boss. Hey, men! Turn 'em loose!"

There was a rush, a splash of water—then shining bulky forms that flopped and scrambled out of the water at the other side of the irrigation ditch. The herd, in its entirety, had smelled broader expanses of water, and almost abreast they went for it—all but Old Mom, who trumpeted wildly, who squealed and bellowed and roared, but who for a moment remained alone. Even her faithful Alice deserted her, running wildly with Snyder and Trilby over the edge of the hump and sliding down a proclivity of solid rock into the raging waters of the Snake River rapids. Behind them the two remaining members of the herd halted, stood a moment in fear, then whimpering returned to the side of Old Mom, while the circus owner, believing he had sent a valuable elephant herd to its death, hurriedly decided to move elsewhere than the range of the baleful eye of the keeper of the bulls.

A Good Publicity Stunt

Down in the rapids, with its falls and dangerous suck holes below, the three elephants floundered a moment, then splashed out in different directions. Alice, her common sense aroused at last, swam with all her strength straight for the opposite shore, finally landing in safety just above the falls. But Trilby and Snyder, forgetting the swiftness of the current in their enjoyment of the water's coolness, drifted lazily along—until too late. A moment more and the hundreds of excited sightseers who had gathered atop the banks saw the rolling, tossing, suddenly frantic beasts plunge over the falls and into the suck holes and whirlpools beneath, from which no living thing ever had emerged.

By this time the owner was far away, and seeking even more speed. A man in an automobile hastened to overtake him and to break the news that his elephants were in the Snake River death trap. He nodded glumly and went on, while below there in the whirlpools ——

The elephants now were in a suck hole which formed the main amusement of the boys of the town who, when the lure of other games had faded, were wont to push large logs over the edge into the swirling waters and watch them churned to bits by the fierce action of the boiling waters. Trilby had vanished. Only the edge of Snyder's trunk showed at long intervals. Atop the bank the keeper of the bulls breathed another good-by to two of his best elephants.

Then a shout. Fully three hundred feet below the suck hole Trilby, immersed for what had seemed hours, had come to the surface and was fighting valiantly toward shore. Finally she gained it, to crawl to a rocky ledge, to stagger, then to fall exhausted. Five minutes later Snyder lay beside her, equally fatigued. And there they remained, moaning with almost human intonations, until their keeper, with Old Mom, came to their rescue.

All through the town the word spread that a living thing—two living things, in fact—had survived the death trap. The crowds gathered; it was as though conquering heroes had returned from a war. The townspeople even forgave Alice and refused damages when it was learned that she had ambled from her landing point to a livery yard and caused a panic among the horses stabled there. That night the tents were unable to contain the crowds that thronged to see the elephants which had braved the whirlpools. And in the years to come, the simple announcement of the coming of the circus was enough to insure the influx of thousands of dollars—as long as it contained the assurance that the death-trap elephants would be a part of the performance.

But such a happy thing as this in the life of a bull keeper is almost too good to be true. His usual lot is a succession of mishaps, of plunging fights against every conceivable odd, of the fear of what each day may bring, and all too often the fulfillment of every foreboding. In the circus world the young man seeking adventure is never told to go West, nor to become a prospector, nor to drive in motor-car speed events, nor to aspire to the Northwest Mounties. It is merely suggested that if he's really in earnest and doesn't care what happens, it might be a good idea to learn the rudiments of being a keeper of the bulls. After that if he isn't satisfied he's hopeless!

Why do women "shop" better than men?

They do. Once a woman knows what she wants, she gets it. A man is more likely to accept a substitute.

Women who have had experience with products made of "Armco" Ingot Iron know precisely what they want. They insist that the enameled refrigerator or the stove they are buying bear the blue and gold "Armco" trademark.

There *is* a difference in appearance between enameled refrigerators and stoves made with "Armco" Ingot Iron and those that are not. The difference is a richer gloss, a smoother surface, and no "pinholes" or rough spots. You cannot see the real value of "Armco" Ingot Iron. It is hidden beneath the enameling—but the enameling will give many years of service because of the pure iron base which holds it.

Some women—many women—insist on buying refrigerators and stoves of "Armco" Ingot Iron when they know of its beauty and long life.

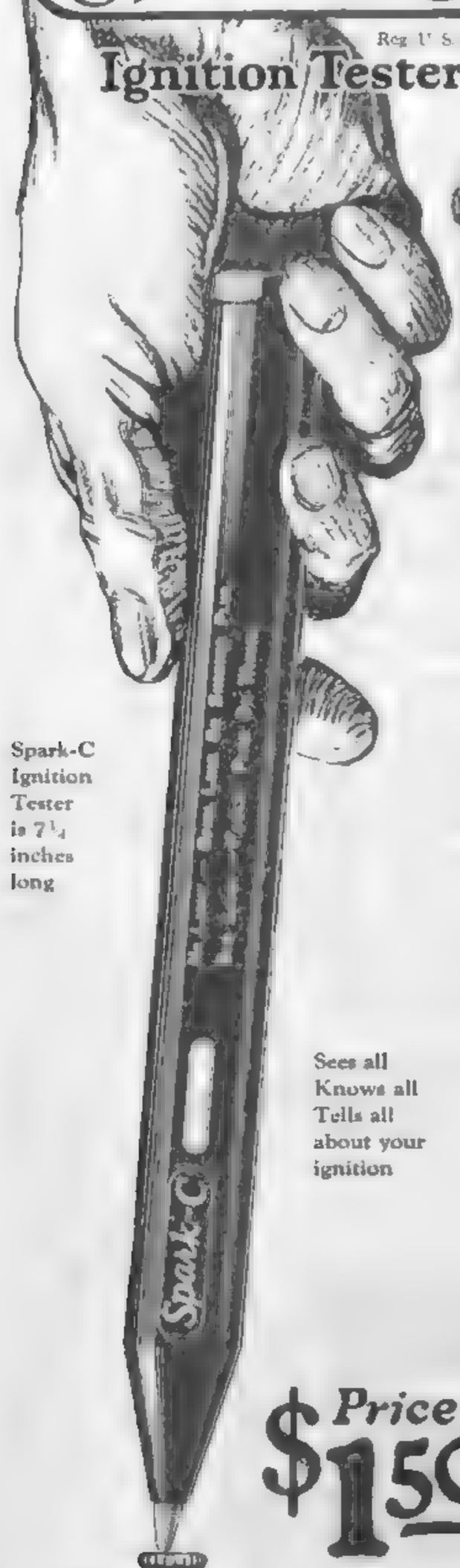
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Middletown, Ohio

Look for this blue and gold label on Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Stoves, Enameled Table Tops, and other household utilities

Spark-C

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ignition Tester



Spark-C Ignition Tester is 7¼ inches long

Sees all
Knows all
Tells all
about your ignition

$1.50 *Price* in the United States

Does your car make a hill of a level road?

It does if the ignition system is faulty

IF every cylinder does not fire properly every time, the effect is to rob the engine of power—to make it climb on level ground.

The live cylinders must drag the dead or crippled cylinder and fight against the unfired compressed gas. It is like an invisible air-brake holding back the car.

Many cars have faulty ignition due to trifling things. The spark gap is too wide or not wide enough; the plug points are dirty; the contact surfaces in the distributor need wiping with a cloth or a little rubbing with sandpaper; the insulation on a wire is oil-rotted or cracked, causing current leaks.

Spark-C Ignition Tester will tell you almost instantly whether or not every plug is firing properly every time. Anyone can use it. You simply touch the spark plug with the point of Spark-C and read the result in the little window in the side.

You can only be sure of getting the most power from the gas you use if you know that every plug is firing right.

If you have a car, a motor boat, an airplane, or an electrically ignited stationary gas engine, get a Westinghouse Spark-C Ignition Tester from your dealer or garageman.

It is made by Westinghouse—a name that is a guarantee in itself.

Westinghouse Lamp Company

Executive Offices: 165 Broadway, New York

District Sales Offices in principal cities

W Spark-C

Westinghouse

PEPPER

(Continued from Page 27)

pockets, and keeps his tailor in a state of constant exasperation. Any newspaper that lacked a picture of George Wharton Pepper could make an answerable substitute out of a picture of Cecil Rhodes by painting out a few of the harsher lines. He walks with a long, catlike stride that may come from his passion for snowshoeing. For years—except during the years of the war—he went up into the Maine woods in the winter and made tracks over the unblemished surface of the entire northern part of the state. Then the war came along.

Pepper's legal activities have been such as to make the busy little bee look as though it were suffering from hypnosis. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School in two years, after winning the Sharswood prize, which is the greatest reward that the University of Pennsylvania Law School has to offer for unusual brilliance. While he was in the law school one of the fifty-seven things in which he took an interest was the problem of legal education. At that time practically all law-school teaching was done by what is known as the forensic method, in which the lecturer does all the talking, and the class frequently does some heavy dozing. Langdell, of Harvard, however, was developing what is known as the Socratic method of teaching, in which the students are made to do all the talking, so that none of them feel inclined to take cat naps in the classroom. Pepper advocated the adoption of the Socratic method. He was elected a teaching fellow of the law school on his graduation, in 1889, and at once went up to Harvard for a few months to study Langdell's classroom methods. On his return the law school adopted the methods he advocated, and has retained them ever since. In 1893 he was made Algernon Sydney Biddle professor of law, and held the position until he resigned, in 1910. He is a member of the board of trustees of the University of Pennsylvania and of Carnegie Institute, so that he has had an opportunity to study the educational system from the administrative as well as the teaching end—from both ends and the middle.

Mr. Pepper's Interests

One of the great drawbacks in speaking of Pepper lies in the fact that any mention of any of his activities is bound to distract the mind of the hearer from his other activities. He is interested in missionary work, labor troubles, people, road making, Americanization, children, ethnology, baseball players, porterhouse steaks, preparedness, hunting, the square deal, people, biology, straight thinking, immigration, wood chopping, book writing, foreign relations, fish propagation, philosophy, people, swimming, laws, highbrows, lowbrows, prison reform, crime, theology and people, to say nothing of countless other matters too numerous to mention, among which people might be prominently mentioned. Nothing bores him. Many things make him hot under the collar—things like pacifism and Bolshevism and sloppy law drafting and the political hot air that is known as hokum; but nothing makes him tired. With these many interests, therefore, it should not be thought that Pepper is a lawyer to the exclusion of other things, or a professor to the exclusion of other things, or anything to the exclusion of anything else.

Everything that Pepper says is crystal clear. His thoughts flow out smoothly and in regular order, and they are clothed in language so simple that a child can understand them. Simplicity, he has been taught, is elegance. He has always retained it in his memory. One of his passions is the clothing of abstruse thoughts in simple language. It is his belief that there is great uncertainty in American law, and that this uncertainty is due solely to the slovenly draftsmanship of the laws. He holds the income-tax act to be a thing of loathing and a horror forever, for the simple reason that the people who drafted it used inapt and obscure English. Having obtained hazy and meaningless clusters of words, the well-intentioned folk in the Treasury attempted to clarify them by writing interpretations; but unfortunately the interpretations were frequently couched in even more obscure language than the laws they purported to interpret. Thus the entire country was plunged into confusion.

Pepper gave an excellent demonstration of a simple but airtight legal document when he wrote the uniform player's contract now in use in the American and National Leagues. There are no whereases in it, no parties-of-the-first-part, no to-wit's, no hereinbefore-mentioned's. It is as simple as a telephone bill; and the player who signs it "pledges himself to the American public to conform to high standards of fair play and good sportsmanship." When he had written this contract he proceeded to write a little contract for all the hard-boiled club owners to sign, so that all the promising shouldn't be on the part of the players.

"We, the undersigned," ran this contract or pledge, "earnestly desirous of insuring to the public wholesome and high-class baseball, and believing that we ourselves should set for the players an example of the sportsmanship which accepts the umpire's decision without complaint, hereby pledge ourselves loyally to support the Commissioner in his important and difficult task; and we assure him that each of us will acquiesce in his decisions, even when we believe them mistaken, and that we will not discredit the sport by public criticism of him or of one another." This was signed by twenty-nine club owners, but not until some of them had emitted a plaintive howl of protest.

Some Big Cases

No Pennsylvania law library is complete without one little trifle for which Pepper is responsible, together with Prof. William Draper Lewis. The title of this bit of hammock literature is Digest of Decisions and Encyclopedia of Pennsylvania Law. It contains a digest of every case in every court in the state of Pennsylvania from 1754 to 1898, and is in twenty-two volumes. Each volume contains about a thousand pages. It was an eight-year job, and may be regarded as one of Pepper's after-hour relaxations.

Pepper represented Gifford Pinchot in the famous Ballinger-Pinchot struggle between the Forest Service and the Department of the Interior in 1910. He represented Pierre Du Pont in the litigation respecting the purchase of stock of the Du Pont de Nemours Company. Sixty million dollars were involved, and Pepper won the case. He represented the United Fruit Company in the longest jury trial ever held in Philadelphia, when Fruit was sued by the Bluefields Fruit and Steamship Company for alleged restraint of foreign commerce; and won the case after a twelve weeks' fight. He tried the case for organized baseball when it was sued by the Federal League for being a combination in restraint of trade. He lost the case in the District of Columbia, but the verdict was reversed in the Court of Appeal. He argued it before the Supreme Court a short time ago. And it was Pepper who drew up the documents under which Landis was made commissioner of baseball. He is as persistent a lawyer as he is a mountain climber; in one day, not long ago, he argued four cases before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

He is frequently cursed fluently by the labor people as being the pal of the plutocrats and the lambaster of labor; yet from time to time he has been chosen as arbitrator in disputes between capital and labor, and he has refused to take cases against labor unions where the question involved was a dispute between an employer and employes. He has taken cases against labor unions—and always won them—where the unions were undertaking what is technically known as a secondary boycott. If you, for example, are building an office building, and the union notifies all laborers on the job to walk out unless you break your contract with a heating man who refuses to discharge nonunion laborers, you would be the victim of a secondary boycott. Since he won these cases Pepper's position would seem to be less that of a lambaster of labor than that of one who remembers the basic principles of the square deal.

When the Great War began he campaigned with General Wood in an effort to make the country realize that we were going into it eventually, and that we weren't prepared. When the first Plattsburg camp was started, in 1915, Pepper

Archer
an ARROW
COLLAR
entirely new in style
and in construction

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. Inc. Makers Troy, N Y

HAVE you ever wondered why quick fortunes are never made by funeral directors and why you never hear of millionaire undertakers?

Public need for broader service and improved facilities has resulted in large investments in motor cars, scientific equipment, funeral homes and chapels. These bring about a heavy and continuous operating expense.

Another reason is that the funeral director has taken over all the tasks formerly looked after by neighbors and friends. He also performs scores of additional services which modern conditions and modern sensibilities demand.

In the funeral director's bill, the cost of this service and overhead (often a large proportion of the total cost) usually is included in the charge for better understood items. Such charges should be judged with this fact in mind.

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

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The Madbury Lavatory

Perhaps the convenience of a washroom on the first floor of your home may be had for much LESS than you think. Ask your plumber.

This message in the interest of the plumbing contractor, is published by a firm that has devoted the energies of three generations to the development of sanitary fixtures for the home—

MADDOCK

THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS CO., TRENTON, N. J., U. S. A.

Exploring—*1922 Style!*

Prospecting strange waterways—seeking new fishing grounds and camping places—seasons at the waterside offer scores of added joys when there's an Evinrude in the family.

Just a twirl of the flywheel and away you go. Swiftly, too, for only heavy, built-in engines equal Evinrude's famous power and speed.

Two Evinrude models—the Standard, for rugged, year 'round service; and the sportsman's Lightweight, weighing only 50 pounds complete—are on display at your sporting goods and hardware dealers'.

See them, or write for free catalog describing the Built-in-Flywheel Magneto, Tilt-up Attachment and other Evinrude features.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY

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DETACHABLE MOTORS FOR WATERCRAFT

Evinrude Outings No. 1—Hunting the wild water lily

went up as a rookie and was made color sergeant of the First Provisional Training Regiment. He went back on the following year and took the training course again. He not only wanted the training but he wanted to stimulate younger men to do likewise. He made an attempt to get into the army bill a provision that men over military age, if bodily sound, could be accepted for line duty. Failing in this he signed up with Colonel Roosevelt's provisional division. Pepper is driven by the same type of internal engine that drove Roosevelt, and the sight of him was always enough to make Roosevelt click his teeth together in approval and delight.

During the war he was chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense. After the war he started a fight on the League of Nations. He decided at once that our participation in that league meant that we would be a party to the settlement of every boundary dispute in Europe—and that for the next few years Europe would have as many boundary disputes as Polish emigrants have cousins. He fought the League of Nations with the League for the Preservation of American Independence, of which he was vice president. That organization was formed to coöperate with Senators opposed to the league; and on it, to a large extent, was built Harding's fight for the Presidency. The most dramatic incident in Pepper's fight was his debate with Senator Hitchcock in the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia. The house was jammed; and Pepper and Hitchcock, after the fashion of all those who opposed each other on the League of Nations, thought that they got the better of each other. Pepper's efforts seem to have helped, at any rate; for not long after he had been appointed to the Senate to fill the place of the late Boies Penrose he overheard a guide leading a party of brides, grooms, corn farmers and pilgrims toward the Senate Chamber. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to take you to a place of extreme interest—the place where the League of Nations was killed."

Friends High and Low

For twenty-one years Pepper has been a member of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. He has written religious books, and he has been keenly interested in religious and missionary work in the Philippines, China and Japan. Some, too, would call him an uplifter, because he is always doing something to better the lot of jailbirds. He would admit, if asked, that he has a large number of friends who are murderers, burglars and forgers. Burglars, however, he views pessimistically. He has hopes for almost every other sort of criminal, but he feels that you can never be sure you've reformed a burglar. Burgling, he thinks, combines the joys of big-game hunting and those which come to the gambler when he gets something for nothing, so that the burglar never loses his aptitude for this fascinating profession, following or avocation.

But in spite of his tendency toward uplift, he packs, as the saying goes, a powerful wallop, and is apt to remember some of the more militant precepts before he remembers the one about turning the other cheek. If, therefore, anybody were to come right out in the open and accuse Pepper of representing any particular class of people he would probably be the recipient of a quick stiff-arm jolt in the shape of an abrupt reminder that Pepper represents murderers and millionaires, employers and employes, beggars and ball players—that he has more friends among different sorts of people than any recent American with the exception of Roosevelt.

Simplicity is elegance. That being the case, Pepper could not, if he tried, be more elegant in his beliefs on various matters that will soon set a few tireless members of that august body, the United States Senate, to spouting passionate and meaningless rivers of words that will seldom be listened to by more than ten or twelve bored Senators, a couple of industrious stenographers and a few heartily disgusted reporters. You can call it being regular or you can call it climbing aboard the steamroller or you can call it anything else you like, but when you are through calling it names you might try calling it common sense or an application of the old axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Old American Stuff

For example, Pepper holds that no problem that confronts this country, whether it be levying taxes or adjusting tariff schedules or fixing railroad rates, is rightly solved if it is solved in the interest of any class or locality or at the expense of any other class or locality. This applies to the so-called farm bloc and to special interests that may be working on the tariff or on immigration and to matters of similar kidney.

Many, for example, use their voting power to levy excess-profits taxes, which gratify them enormously because the taxes seem to come largely from rich men's pockets and to bear comparatively lightly on their own resources. The actual economic effect, however, is to make rich men do things in industry which result in unemployment. Therefore the thing which is done by the poor against the rich turns out to be an evil from which the poor man suffers intensely and the rich man only a little.

As regards the military situation, he views the surrounding scenery with an equally kindly and simple smile. On the one side are arrayed the "sexless sirens who infest the shoals of pacifism"—the words are Pepper's; and on the other side is arrayed an idle regular army whose idleness automatically breeds dissatisfaction, pugnacity and militarism. To yield to either would be fatal. Therefore the sexless sirens must be ignored, and the Army—officers and enlisted men both—must be set to work training a yearly crop of reserves. Thus there will be no idle hands in the Army, so that dissatisfaction and torpid livers will vanish from it; and at the same time the country will be insuring itself against future ills by storing up a steadily increasing number of trained reserves.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Simplicity is elegance. Honesty is the best policy. Pepper's memory has never failed him. It's mostly the good old prewar stuff; that is to say, there's none of the new, long-haired, foreign-born stuff to be found in it; none of the offshoots of that "organized covetousness and transfigured crime masquerading under a high-sounding Russian name," to quote Pepper again. It's all the old stuff—old and straight; and old friends are best.

Falls River in the Yellowstone National Park

The friction-proofed tire now a reality!

Friction, the primitive means of creating flame, is today the big problem in tire-making; the source of road-burn, of 95 blowouts in 100.

84% Proofed against friction -against road-burn!

Contradicts all previous conceptions of tire service

Now comes a tire to change men's views of road endurance—84% friction-proofed!

It marks a new era in tire-making. An era of greater endurance, of reduced tire troubles, of astonishingly increased mileage.

Friction is the greatest enemy of tire life. It is heat. And heat destroys rubber. It weakens tires; makes them susceptible to stone bruise, to easy puncturing. It lessens resistance one-half.

Yet every turn of the wheel creates friction. Tires are friction-heated in gaining road hold. A touch on the brake multiplies it.

Thus there is a constant fight between man-combined materials and the natural element which destroys them.

95 blowouts in 100 are charged to friction—to road-burn.

A problem 20 years old

Since the development of the first pneumatic tire, friction has been the great problem in tire-making.

We recognized that fact when first we started to build tires. We knew if we could solve it, mileage conceptions would be changed. So for years we experimented. World-experts worked with us. Innumerable processes were tried, only to be discarded. Expense was not considered.

What 84 Per Cent Friction-Proofed Means

Friction is the enemy of every tire in service—the source of 95 blowouts in 100. By special process, Brunswick Tires are 84% friction-proofed. A new conception of tire endurance is thus effected. Service is multiplied; road troubles reduced to an amazing minumum.

Now we've 84% succeeded

Today, we offer an 84% friction-proofed tire. The process is a special one—the final solution as we see it. Time may come when 100% friction-proofing is achieved. But we doubt it, for that would effect virtually everlasting service.

But 84% means, we believe, such tremendous road endurance that thinking men will scarcely ask for more.

Hence, in this new and greater Brunswick, we feel the Supreme is being offered.

At standard prices!

For 76 years we have specialized in super-quality products. Yet our prices have always been held to standard.

So throughout the world, the name Brunswick stands for that which is best in manufacture, at lowest consistent prices.

Thus, the friction-proofed Brunswick conforms to the standard list—is delivered to the user at the price of an *ordinary* tire.

We urge all motor car owners, all operators of delivery trucks, as a simple matter of good business, to *get the facts* about this new Brunswick—cord or fabric—before re-equipping with new tires. Any Brunswick dealer will gladly explain them.

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BRUNSWICK
TIRES
84% Friction-Proofed

Tom Macklin Wins a $5,000 Job

Good news for Tom Macklin—he has just been picked for a five-thousand-dollar job.

Fairly surprised him, the promptness with which he won promotion, and the actual fun that he got in going after it.

Tom, you see, was just an average chap who had been slaving for years in the general offices of the Marbury Company. Meanwhile, other fellows his own age had been stepping into the big-pay positions.

Then one day, less than twelve months ago, Tom Macklin woke up. He did the thing that he should have done five years before—he enrolled with LaSalle Extension University.

And suddenly he made a very happy discovery—he found home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method downright interesting.

Fascinating, so he called it, to take those problems just as they were put up to him by highly successful business men and to work them out for himself.

For the first time in his life he began to see real progress. Tasks he would have side-stepped a month or so before he performed quickly and satisfactorily. His chief was quick to see the improvement, both in his work and in his attitude toward the job. The result was inevitable. When Johnson left to go with another concern, Macklin was named to succeed him—at a salary to start of $5,000 a year.

Your Shortest Route to a Big-Pay Position

Typical, Macklin's experience, of that of thousands of ambitious men who have found their path to success in the LaSalle Problem Method.

Letter after letter in the files of LaSalle Extension University tells the same thrilling story. If the men now in low-pay jobs could see those actual letters, literally thousands of them, telling of rapid advancement to positions paying $3,000, $5,000, and up to $10,000 a year, they would never rest until they had mastered the specialized training that they absolutely need to win success.

Send for "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

What are you going to do with your spare time during the next few months? Will you use some portion of it to help you on your way to bigger things, or will you continue to drift—drift—drift—and be forced to content yourself with your present earnings?

One thing, mighty important, you should do at once—you should get the *facts*. The coupon will bring them to you without obligation, together with particulars of our convenient payment plan; also your copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

"Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it *free*.

Mark—Sign—Mail the coupon—NOW.

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Gentlemen: Send me without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

☐ Business Management	☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Salesmanship	☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Higher Accountancy	☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Railway Accounting and Station Management	☐ Business English
☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.	☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Commercial Law	☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Industrial Management Efficiency	☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Banking and Finance	

Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____

PLAY

(Continued from Page 9)

now that he'd drifted into a way of saving up these business jokes to make Edith laugh. That was the whole trouble, he thought bitterly—Edith had forgotten how to laugh. A darned shame too. She had had such a jolly little tune of a laugh before she'd changed.

He spread the photographs on his desk before he rang for a stenographer. They ought to help construct that letter to Miller. They were even better than he'd thought. He could use some of those ideas in place of the suggestions he had tentatively sketched in his interviews with Miller. Beyond the prints he began to see the woman who had devised and posed and photographed them. An extraordinary girl, sure enough. It wasn't impulse that ——

Evidently this thing wasn't curable! He scowled at his obstinate delusions and punched the call button with needless emphasis.

III

"YOU'LL have to fix things so that I can deal with you on this Miller job. I simply bar your Mr. Carey."

W. John Simpson became conscious of an inner brightness. He might have known that Carey would disgust Dora Willet. He ought to have given her credit for so much taste, to say nothing of sense. Carey, whose notion of pleasing a lady was mainly a certain audacity in timing the adoption of "kid" as his form of address.

"All right. I can arrange that, I guess." He spoke confidently. Since the acquisition of the Miller account he had perceived a new and grateful attention to his suggestions at the office. McIntyre would back him on this if Carey tried to fuss. He chuckled. "I don't blame you. Carey ——"

"Oh, he's the regular thing. There are only two kinds; and his kind's less poisonous than the other."

Simpson lifted his brows. He objected to such inclusive generalities. He refused to choose between classification with Carey and being graded as yet more poisonous.

"I don't get that. How do you mean?"

She waved her hand wearily. "I suppose not. You wouldn't. It doesn't matter."

"But it does! I want to know which class I'm in, and why ——"

"That places you. You're the other kind."

"And why? I don't see any crossbones on my label."

"They never do. You're the type that takes its sentiment seriously. Carey's the sort who just makes it absurd, cheap. He's the male of the vamp species."

W. John Simpson sat very still, holding his unbelieving breath. It just couldn't be true. There really wasn't any such woman.

"And you think I'm the opposite sort—the kind that can't see anything to a kiss but a first degree in matrimony? Thanks!"

"Oh, you won't admit it of course. They never do; the he-coquettes would make Gibraltar look like a weathervane if you'd let them tell it; and the others are all positive butterflies. Let's drop it. I'm busy, and Carey's kept me way behind with this new series."

He held his peace. Words wouldn't convince her, but time could do it. Besides, how did he know that she wasn't only pretending? After all he didn't know anything about her yet. He could wait. But if she was real ——

The fatalistic theory acquired a new force, however, in the light of what had been said. Probably, just as she claimed, all man, like Gaul, was divided into three parts, of which W. John Simpson was one. If it proved that she occupied a similar division of the other gender there must be something in the idea of destiny. You couldn't account for it on any other theory. Billion-to-one shots couldn't win unassisted.

McIntyre justified his confidence. The man who had solved the long-standing mystery of Andrew Miller was more important than any number of fat art directors; Carey, rashly venturing on a veiled hint of resignation if his province were subjected to trespass, heard a pungent reference to the difference between producers and spenders that sent him back to his desk with the look of one suffering from a slow leak. Striking shrewdly while the metal glowed W. John Simpson adjusted the salary matter rather effectively. Seventy-five dollars a week, after this, and a commission on new business too. Very different from the forty-dollar status at which he had seemed to stick for the last year and more. His chest needed more room, somehow, than his vest allowed. He meditated on suitings over his work. Tweeds, probably—something that would combine dignity with—with class.

Collaboration in the photograph matter led, as he had foreseen, to a rapid progress in less commercial directions. It was necessary rather often to interrupt protracted sessions in the studio with brief luncheons at the tea room in the basement; a pressure of rush work required a pause for dinner and a return afterwards to work under artificial lights. The actinic quality of this illumination would have been severe on some complexions, but Dora Willet seemed to profit by it instead of losing. She paid for her own food always. He had the wit to offer no protest about this. *Suaviter in modo*—he amended the tag hastily—*et suaviter in re* too. Edith had insisted on going Dutch, at first.

He suffered still from a sense of undeserved reproach when he thought about Edith. He couldn't help holding her responsible for this. It was another grievance, although in justice to her he had to admit that she was taking it nicely. She'd only phoned a few times, and his uneasy references to night work and the Miller account had satisfied her. She wasn't going to pester him, he saw. That was something. But it was her fault that he persisted in feeling mean about dropping her. If she'd been what she'd pretended to be, what Dora Willet seemed, there wouldn't have been a single parting pang.

He became gradually aware of a reassuring background behind Dora Willet. At a late interview in her studio he encountered her mother, a Victorian survival, to whom, he instantly perceived, this daughter was as mysterious as a duckling to the aggrieved hen responsible for its incubation. Mrs. Willet visibly disapproved of a business intimacy unsanctified by social and domestic preliminaries. It was she who invited Mr. Simpson to regularize this relation by calling at the apartment. To his surprise there was no objection on Dora's part.

"You might as well," she declared. "Come along now and have dinner with us if you've nothing else on hand."

He hesitated. It undeniably had the look of the usual trap. The minute the family element entered the equation you could expect trouble. Still, Dora's tone was almost a release in advance from any inferences on Mrs. Willet's part.

"I'd like to," he decided.

After all, it would be just as well to get a line on her people. You could learn a lot about a girl by watching her relatives. More than once he'd avoided distressing entanglements by a timely glimpse of the family group.

There were three other Willets, he discovered, besides Dora's mother, and it needed only a few minutes to enlighten him unmistakably as to their attitude and hers. Mr. Willet addressed his daughter with a cautious deference which W. John Simpson instantly interpreted, before Dora's conversation revealed the fact that Mr. Willet was looking around. Miss Mamie Willet, appealing from the decisions of the lower court in a plea involving the propriety of a screen drama entitled The Hundred-and-First Kiss, confirmed a guess which had already become almost a conviction, and the unusual tone of Master Clarence in the same dispute became sulkily submissive when Dora handed down a confirmation of the previous finding, which was at once and silently accepted as final by all concerned.

He departed early, his doubts dissipated. There couldn't possibly be any room for sappy sentiment in a girl who carried this family on her charming neck. Probably she harbored a lively desire to excoriate the parties who had invented marriage. And even if she was like all the rest of them, here was an impassable rock in the path. No woman would expect a man to shoulder that crew, and it was quite obvious that this was what a man would have to contemplate if he ——

She went to the door with him and shook hands. He discovered a distinct thrill at

Wherever asbestos products are used

In great industrial plants: on the brakes of motor cars and trucks: in the engine rooms of steamships, or on the Nation's railways, there you find—

GARCO
ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

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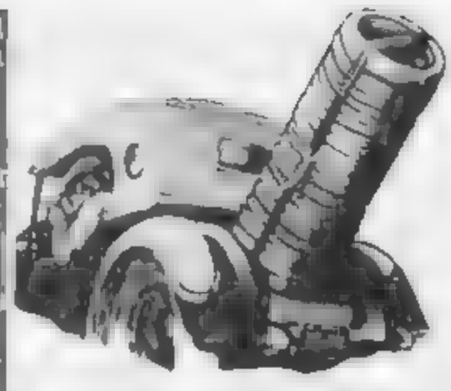

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the contact. Somehow he hadn't expected that her hand would be like this; it wasn't a business hand at all. He had a sudden stab of anger against the other Willets. Letting a girl like this support them!

"You're great!" he said, on impulse. "I—you're a double wonder."

"I don't exactly hate myself either," she admitted. "I'll have those washing-machine ideas ready sometime to-morrow. Phone you. Good night."

He restrained a buoyancy in his feet as he walked home. Absolutely no nonsense about her; and yet —— He opened and closed his right hand reminiscently. This began to look as if a dream could come true, even a wild dream. She wasn't a bit the hard, emotionless, business type or her hand wouldn't be like that to the touch.

He remembered the way she had seconded her mother's invitation. "You might as well." He understood that tone now. She was serving notice, in effect. She'd classified him among the men who needed such a warning. He didn't resent this so much, now that he knew; at least she had also given him credit for enough intelligence to see and heed it. She didn't take him for the usual sapheaded male anyway. And she'd find out very soon that she was wrong about the rest of it.

He enjoyed his state of mind scientifically. It was the way he had felt before, when he had clung to the same hope, but this time there was less doubt in the background, less of that sophisticated scoffing from his enlightened self. Here was a girl who wouldn't ever let sticky sentimentality spoil things and yet could —— He moved his remembering fingers gently. That was what you got for being different; the ordinary fellow would never get any such reaction from a casual contact of hands. He was humming softly as he climbed the stairs to his room.

IV

DORA didn't move. She was so still that for a moment he had a sharp fear that she was angry, disgusted, after all, at what had happened. He held his breath, waiting. It was a climactic instant, with all the future wavering in a balance. If she took offense ——

"That," she said softly, with just a whisper of a laugh behind the word, "that was a nice kiss, Johnny."

He breathed again, relief quickening his delight. She took it perfectly. He might have known all along that she was real.

"The night needed it—to be perfect."

He had used the phrase before, under similar circumstances, but it was, he felt, as good as new. It was another test. If she resented its delicate hint as to the episodic nature of that kiss ——

"Why, Johnny!" She faced him quickly. There was light enough from the thin moon to let him see that her eyes were wide. "You're a clairvoyant! How did you know I was going to say that?"

He laughed softly. "I didn't. I felt that way, that's all. It's true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true! But you ——" She paused. "I thought—oh, it doesn't matter. It spoils things to dissect them. Let's not talk."

He smiled triumphantly at the silvery night. She knew! Very gently he touched her hand, relaxed and motionless on the scuffed wood of the pier. She turned slowly toward him as if she waited, as if ——

"It's late. We'd better go."

He rose at once, helped her scramble up from the timber.

"Yes. And it's easy to spoil things when they're perfect, isn't it?"

He laughed again. She wasn't sure of him even now. He heard her breath catch in her throat.

"Are you pretending, Johnny? Because if you are it's rather brutal. And you can't possibly be real."

"That's what I've been telling myself about you, Dora. I wasn't sure till just now that there were two of us. But there are. It isn't possible, but it's true."

She stood facing him. "Don't you want to—to kiss me again, before we go back, Johnny?"

He caught himself in time. "Not any more than you want me to. It's perfect, isn't it, as it is?"

She laughed softly. "That wasn't fair, I admit. But I had to know. Oh, Johnny, it's going to be wonderful! I've always dreamed of somebody who could feel as I do about it. Somebody who could ——"

"I told you there were two of us. I don't more than half believe it myself, but the thing's happened. It's true."

The lights at the station, the homing holiday crowd, brought them back to another reality. Their eyes met and laughed together. In the car they were silent, sharing an esoteric amusement at the frank emotions of the common herd. Dora put it into words: "They don't know when to stop, poor things."

He nodded. But the word jarred unpleasantly on his mood. It suggested an end of even this radiant miracle of coincidence. He and Dora knew when to stop; the time would come when they would go their ways without rancor or regrets. He discovered a sudden savage hostility to the thought. Perfect things should endure forever. A comradeship like this ought not to fade and die, like ordinary friendships. If it could only last —— He asked himself sharply why it couldn't? Why couldn't they go on and on, as they'd begun, in this soft twilight zone of gentle emotions, never overstepping the boundaries like the unthinking who couldn't let perfection suffice?

The conceit took hold of his fancy, thrilling him. Forever and forever! It needn't even end with age; he saw them, white haired, still under the spell of a romance unspoiled by excess. It might go beyond, even —— He drew his breath very deep. Dora would see it too. He turned to tell her eagerly.

"I've been thinking about that Larned business, Johnny. I believe you could make him see reason if you keep pounding away at one definite point, instead of arguing on generalities. Let's work out a specific campaign in advance, and sell him that, instead of debating about advertising itself."

"Something in that, I guess."

He was annoyed to find a mild disappointment below his approval. Of course she was right to be severely practical in this atmosphere; you couldn't possibly talk about misty, fragile fancies in the seat behind that pair of gum-chewing cuddlers. But it was a pity, all the same, to surrender that thinly sweet instant of romance so suddenly. One should approach reality, after a rare and exquisite excursion into dreams, by a gently graduated descent.

He listened to Dora's elaboration of her theory, compelled to agree and to admire, and yet faintly discontent. Nothing was absolutely perfect, after all. His thought moved in some groove of association to that other evening, by the little Jersey lake. Edith hadn't taken it any more seriously than Dora, in one sense. But she hadn't talked all the way home about advertising aluminum kitchenware either. He resisted a twinge of conscience. Of course it was a long time since he'd seen Edith! Why shouldn't it be? It would be longer now before he saw her again. Hadn't he found Dora?

"It's a bully scheme, Dora. We'll have a shot at it."

He frowned as the girl in the seat ahead snuggled in the hollow of a weedy shoulder. But the frown was directed chiefly against a disgraceful, unbidden envy. It was sickening to think of himself and Dora in that artless, vulgar juxtaposition; he despised himself because in the teeth of this doctrine he continued to harbor the belief that it would be pleasant.

Even in the taxicab he governed that debased impulse. Their hands barely touched as they parted. Dora's smile praised him.

"I hardly hoped you'd play up so beautifully, Johnny. If you only knew ——"

He laughed shortly. "Think I don't? It's just as bad, being a man. You can't have anything unless you want it all!"

She shook her head. "They can't drive you frantic—begging you. If I give them the slightest excuse they think ——"

He untangled the obscure speech. Most men—any man except W. John Simpson—would certainly justify her complaint.

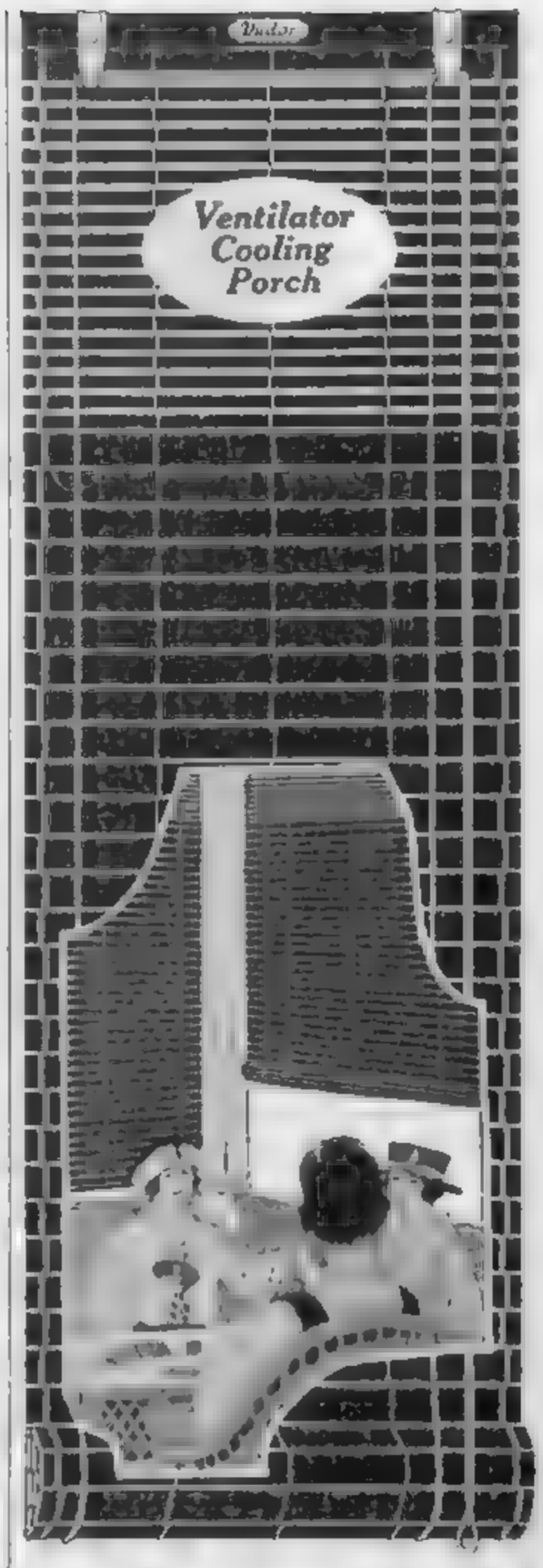
"Well, you can trust me, that's sure." He spoke grimly.

"And you can trust me. Good night, Johnny."

He paid the cabman and walked back to his room. If it could only last!

V

A DIVIDED mood went with him to the ground-glass door of the studio—a door which had mysteriously acquired overnight a new and portentous aspect. He was at once eager for this interview and afraid of it. If he had been wrong about her, after all, he would find it out now. She'd be different anyway. They were always different after such revealing occasions as last night.



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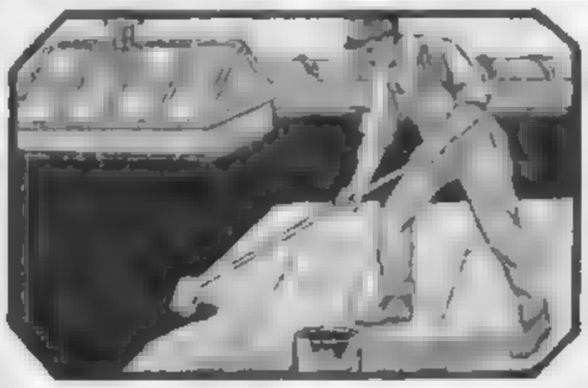

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There was a sharp relief at the sight of her, crisp and brisk and unmistakably businesslike, and her greeting finally shamed his lingering doubts. He listened to brief and pungent comment on the character of photo-engravers in general and of McIntyre's pet firm in particular, a discourse illustrated with proofs of the new Miller cuts.

"You're right, Dora. They've gummed the job. I'll get right after them."

He might have known she wasn't like the others. Nothing about her remotely suggested that she had watched the moonlight on the surf last night. A faint uneasiness subsided so quickly that he was conscious of a vacuum in its place. In the relentless morning sun she was prettier than under a feeble moon; her clear color, the glints of light in her hair, the soft, lovely curve of her cheek stimulated an ache in his throat. There was something out of tune here. A girl like this—what a pity that circumstances obliged her to think about the sins and shortcomings of engravers! He thought of that family group with a sudden vindictive animosity. All sponging on her, so that there was room in her waking life for only rare brief moments of that faërie thing for which Nature had so patently cast her!

"Dora, I—last night ——"

Her smile flickered through her annoyance and was gone.

"Business hours, Johnny. Nine to five, except Saturdays and Sundays."

Oh, she was wonderful! She remembered, and yet memory didn't govern her. She could keep things separate. That ache in his throat quickened and throbbed. What a crime that she had to!

"I knew you'd say that," he said slowly. "Dora, I can't get over it. It doesn't seem possible that it's true."

"Nine to five," she repeated. Again the smile flitted away almost before he saw it, and the slight frown came back. "I've got something worked out on that Larned account. Thought of it last night. Moving-picture effect—tell the whole story in photographs."

She fumbled for a scratch block and drew rapidly. He watched her, his admiration doing battle with that persistent aching compassion. Even last night, instead of thinking about what had happened, she'd worked out this idea for selling Larned's Eternalastic Saucepans! He put a protest into words when she paused:

"Last night, Dora? I thought you said that business hours were from nine to five."

He barely saw the smile this time. She spoke abruptly:

"Oh, don't, please! This is serious for us both. If you can get that contract it means ——"

"I'm sorry."

He was mollified at once. It wasn't business, altogether, after all. She'd lain awake to puzzle out this plan on his account. He touched her hand gratefully. She drew it away.

"It means five or six hundred net for my end of it," she finished sharply. "I'm counting on you to get it for me."

"I'll get it."

He was not deceived by that subterfuge of hers. He took his leave presently, upborne by the reassuring discoveries of the interview. She was even more marvelous than he had thought.

The conviction was forced upon him as a magic summer slipped away in almost daily business contacts, relieved by rare brief lapses into the pianissimo sentiment for which he had longed in vain, exquisite moments which inevitably ended in an abrupt complete return to the wholesome sanity of their workaday relation. There were other moonlit evenings at the less congested public beaches, late prolonged rides home from the play in open taxicabs that dawdled through the park or past the river, interludes of that precious intimacy generated by the seclusion possible only in a crowded noisy restaurant of alien earthbound souls. And always there was that entire assurance that each chapter was complete in itself, that here was no serial romance, leading to a climax, but a barely connected series of distinct adventures, ending exactly where they began.

He knew that it was perfect. Examining those excursions along the borders of romance he found no least excuse for the persistent sense of something lacking which grew upon him with dismaying obstinacy. Dora was exactly the woman of all those hungry, hopeless dreams. And yet ——

Sometimes when he saw Andrew Miller on affairs of business he found himself pervaded by a queer compassion. It must have hit this old bachelor pretty hard, that infatuation with Dora. Of course Miller was common clay and couldn't understand how Dora looked at things. It must have hurt him. Dora could be cold iron when she chose. And she wasn't even sorry for poor old Miller. She spoke of him with a kind of exasperation—a man so saturated with sappy sentiment that he had insisted on marrying the whole Willet family!

"If you hadn't come along I'd have had to charge off about four hundred dollars' worth of work I'd done for him," she declared. "I had to break it off altogether, he was such a pest."

W. John Simpson winced and rebuked himself for it. She was absolutely right, of course. Hadn't he dropped Edith just as abruptly?

Dora's hand touched his as if by accident. They were going home through the park after a play. That was one charm of those sentimental moments—their unexpectedness. Somehow to-night he had a sense of discord. She didn't mean anything by that; she didn't care any more about W. John Simpson than about Andrew Miller. It wasn't real. He drew his hand away and muttered an apology, as if it had been his fault.

"How does Larned like the teakettle series, Johnny?"

He sighed. It was perfect. Absolutely perfect. But ——

VI

HE SURVEYED Edith impersonally, aloof, observing that his continued silence did not in the least disturb her, that she was wholly content to hear the brisk little clock, the friendly whit-whit-whit of the gas grate, her attention seemingly engaged with her seam, her lips drawn together in an absorbed pout. His smile softened. Edith was so different!

He deliberately catalogued the items of her superficial appeal, confirming an accurate mental list of them. She looked up, meeting his eyes above her sewing, and her lips relaxed in the smile for which, without knowing it, he had been waiting.

"I saw Dora Willet this afternoon," she said. "She said the nicest things about you, John. I don't understand men a bit. If I were you I'd be simply mad about a girl like Dora."

W. John Simpson permitted his eyes to contemplate the mauve flame of the stone in Edith's new ring.

"Oh, Dora's all right," he conceded generously. "But nobody could possibly care about her—that way. She"—he groped for a suitable phrase, at once chivalrous and emphatic—"she hasn't any capacity for deep feeling. She—she just plays."

Edith's eyes widened.

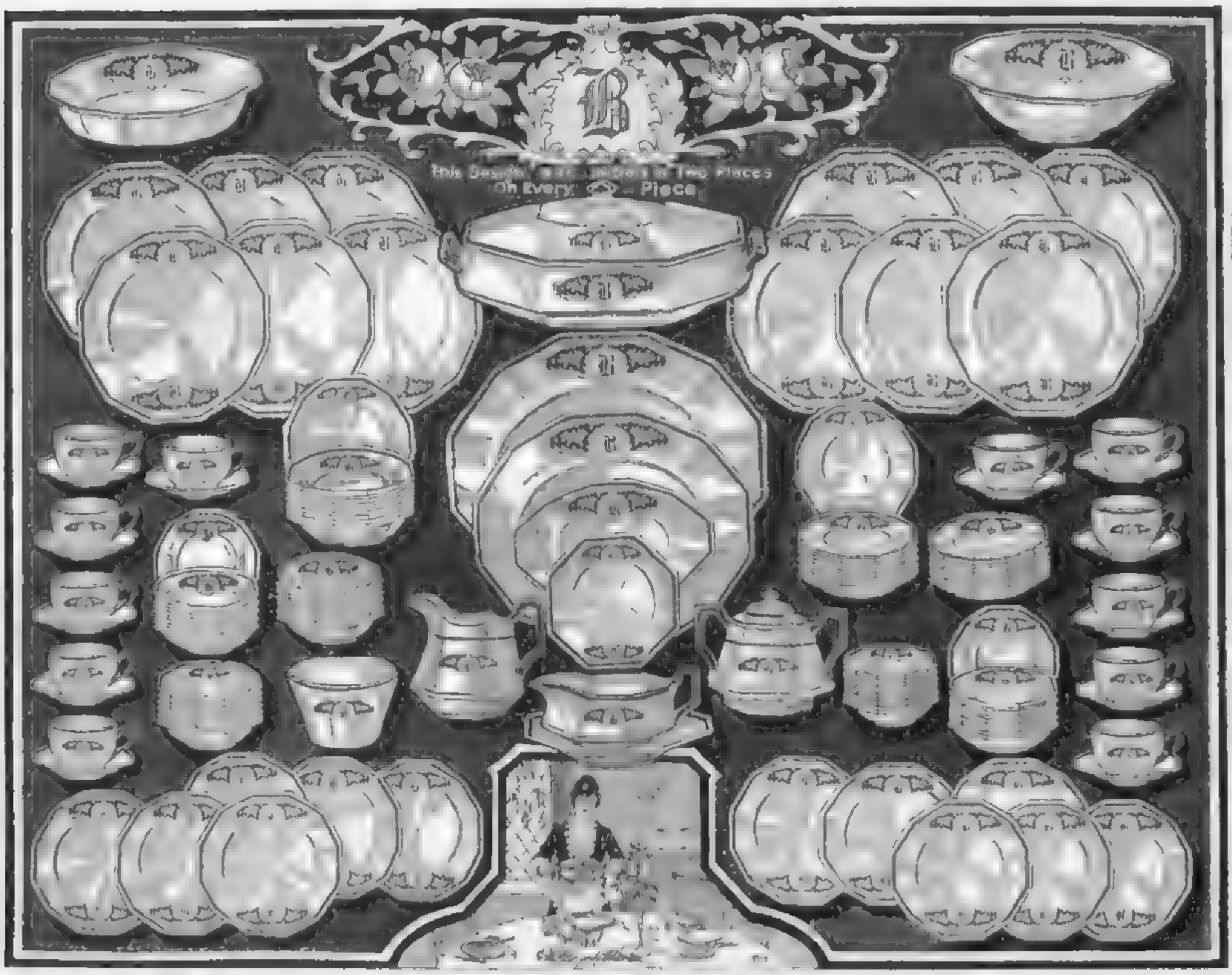
"Plays? Why, nobody works any harder ——"

"I didn't mean it that way. She can be serious enough about things that don't matter—business and all that, you know—but she only wants to play with the things that count."

He leaned forward and rested his hands on hers.

"Like—like this, Edith!"

This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places in wreath with 5-color decorations on every piece, and gold covered handles, consists of:
12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches
12 Soup Plates, 7¾ inches
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes 5⅜ inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates 6¼ inches
(Text continued on other side of illustration)



This beautiful 110-piece Set also consists of:
1 Platter, 14¾ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish 8¾ inches
1 Butter Plate 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10¼ inches with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7¾ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with Cover (2 pieces)
(Text continued on other side of illustration)

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Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece —5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold

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was actually *filmed* in the desert.

HERE is a production abounding in big scenes, surcharged with true-to-life local color. To make this vibrant photodrama, Henry-Roussell, greatest of all French directors, led his company thousands of miles from civilization, into the heart of the shimmering desert.

There, with thousands of splendidly-mounted Arabs assisting, the unbelievable gorgeousness of the country of the Prophet was used as a background. The rendezvous on the crumbling steps of the ruined Temple of Isis, the sword duel by torchlight, the interiors of the dazzling tent-harems—all are exquisite scenes to thrill you.

But, woven through it all, is a great story—a passional epic of a fair-haired Englishgirl's swooning infatuation for a handsome young Arab sheik. Hadjid Ben is a polished product of Oxford education and London haberdashery, but in his eyes is the mystery of the land of his fathers.

The couple marry—with the understanding that the girl shall be the sole light of Hadjid's harem. Then follows the clash of his oath to his bride and allegiance to the faith of his sires.

If you seek the **unusual** in motion picture entertainment, see

"The SHEIK'S WIFE"

which thrilled jaded Broadway. Its love story is dramatic, primitive, almost brutal—but it reveals the human heart.

This picture is coming to your favorite theatre—ask about it.

PROTECTING THE SMALL INVESTOR

(Continued from Page 4)

to follow. No one will argue that the blue-sky laws have accomplished nothing. Some swindles have been prevented or checked. Yet some of the biggest stock swindles in history have flourished in recent years in sections of the country where the blue-sky-law idea has been popular.

Even where the operations of swindlers have been checked by blue-sky commissions or other state authorities the initiative for action seems to have come in the case of several of the most notorious fakers from other and outside sources.

But Mr. Cromwell emphatically denies that the Stock Exchange has shown no interest in this subject. It helped to bring about the passage of the Martin Bill, which became law in New York State on May 7, 1921. This is an exceedingly drastic blue-sky law, which gives the attorney-general of the state sweeping powers to investigate and prosecute criminally those "engaged in the fraudulent, fictitious or pretended issuance, sale, promotion, negotiation, advertisement or distribution of any stocks, bonds, notes, evidences of interest or indebtedness or other securities within the state." It reaches not only persons but partnerships and corporations, and the attorney-general is empowered not only to go after those who are engaged in fraudulent practices but also those "about to employ any device, scheme or artifice to defraud or for obtaining money or property by means of any false pretense, representation or promise."

Not only authorities connected with the Stock Exchange but many bankers and lawyers familiar with the sale of bogus investments have long maintained that the chief difficulty is not so much the lack of laws as of enforcement machinery. The problem, they say, is not one of having more laws but of self-starters for those that already exist.

"If you really want to know the fundamental difficulty I will tell you," said a lawyer whose familiarity with crooked brokers and stock promoters probably equals that of any in the country. "The average district attorney although possessing great powers does not like to start something which he cannot finish. This whole subject of brokerage and stock promotion is complicated and abstruse to the lay mind. The district attorney has no time to study the subject; he has a thousand other things to do. He is poorly equipped to meet this special problem, and he knows, besides, that the crooks will employ the best lawyers there are to fight him, lawyers who know every detail of the game."

Laws That Lack Self-Starters

"But make no mistake about it, there are plenty of laws to meet the situation. Take the case of the great bucket-shop ring which an assistant to the attorney-general of the State of Pennsylvania in coöperation with the Stock Exchange cleaned out of the western part of that state a few years ago. The assistant knew nothing about it when he started out, but he studied the subject for months before he made a move. He found that the ordinary gambling laws used in conjunction with the bucket-shop law would meet the case. He took no chances on the local authorities being friendly with the bucket-shop people. He suddenly swooped down upon the bucket shops with the state constabulary; and that was the end of those swindlers.

"If the laws in all the different states relative to the issuance of and dealing in securities could be made uniform and then intelligently and effectively enforced without adding any new ones, the whole situation would be cleaned up."

Of course there is usually more glory to be won in the political arena by urging new and sweeping legislation and posing as the reformers of Wall Street than by merely enforcing existing laws that are dead on the statute books and of which the public has never heard.

The mere piling up and enactment of new legislation, commissions, bureaus, departments and forms of control means nothing unless laws already on the books are enforced. There have been laws in New York State for more than ten years aimed at the bucket shops, and yet there has been very little enforcement under the statutes. Moreover, there appears to have been very little effort, if any, made to enforce the relatively new Martin Act, and the bill has been much criticized by those who want still newer legislation, although it would appear to the layman to be a powerful and efficacious weapon.

Such at least are the facts which those familiar with and sympathetic toward the operations of the Stock Exchange are sure to call attention to. When asked specifically what plan or program the Stock Exchange has to combat bucket shops and bogus investments, Mr. Cromwell, besides referring to the Martin Act, which the Exchange helped to put on the books, pointed out two other lines along which the Exchange is working.

Remedial Agencies

One of these is the formation of an organization for popular education in thrift and sound investment. Among those on the organization committee, besides Mr. Cromwell, are representatives of several very large public-utility corporations engaged in the direct sale of their own securities to the public, and bankers representing both the commercial and investment banking interests.

Another purpose of the association is to assist in providing machinery whereby securities may more effectively be distributed to small investors. It is hoped to do this by inducing a larger number of banks and employers to buy sound securities for their customers and employes. The effort is to get the banks to break down the awe which the small investor feels for banks and bankers, and which is one reason why he would rather deal with the smooth, slick stock salesman than with his own bank.

It is hoped also to interest newspapers and advertising agencies to shut out more effectively the advertisements of swindlers, and also to prevent these gentry from getting bank references. Another most important purpose is to inform the public where facts regarding fraudulent promotion and stock swindles may be promptly had and handed over to the legal authorities or other agencies qualified to prosecute.

It is very difficult, of course, to get a large number of business organizations together for coöperative purposes of this kind. There is no immediate profit in it and each business organization prefers to carry on such work in its own way. But many of those who have studied the subject carefully agree that there is no other way of really waging an effective war upon the financial swindler. There is no single existing agency that is powerful enough by itself to follow up the constant violations of law. If the banks, insurance companies, investment bankers, stock exchanges and the larger corporations could act together something might be accomplished for the first time. Whether these various agencies can actually work out such a plan of coöperation remains to be seen.

Mr. Cromwell stated that another method to be followed by the Stock Exchange to protect the purchasers of securities will be a more frequent and accurate investigation of the financial condition of its own members. It already possesses almost absolute powers of discipline, which it frequently exercises. But it has long been urged to supervise its own members, under this complete power which it now has, far more actively than in the past.

"We are going to require from our members, at periods as frequent as twice a year, the answering of a questionnaire which will cover all the points necessary to disclose their condition."

He said that the Exchange would also adopt a system of requiring its members to take off trial balances as often as once a month. Mr. Cromwell readily agreed that the failure to do this in the past has been a piece of carelessness and that certain member firms have been unaware of their own condition for considerable periods of time, becoming involved sometimes without really knowing it. It has been asserted by Mr. Cromwell, however, on another occasion that in the last ten years fewer Stock Exchange members, relatively, have failed than banks.

"What is the attitude of the Stock Exchange toward what might be called

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indiscriminate speculation?" I asked. "Should everyone speculate, or only those with means and special equipment?" Which question, of course, refers to margin purchases.

"My personal advice, given in Boston to a large audience and since then by letter to our members in outlying districts, has been that if a man with a small amount of money comes into the house he should be advised to take his money and put it in the bank; and that it is very much against the interests of the public, which, after all, is the interest of the New York Stock Exchange, that people with small amounts of money should be allowed to speculate. When they get enough money to buy and hold outright a share or two shares of good stock, fine!"

Mr. Cromwell said that he doubted if any, or at least if many, decent brokerage houses on the Stock Exchange would refuse to buy stock outright for the smallest investor or in the smallest quantities. He said that upon all occasions he urges members to accept such business despite the smallness of the commission. Although Stock Exchange firms are allowed to charge a minimum of a few cents a share commission when buying stocks in hundred-share lots, they are not expected to take any order where the total commission is less than one or two dollars; and this may prove quite an item to an investor who buys only one or two shares at a time.

Mr. Cromwell believes that it would be better for investors to keep their money in a bank until they have perhaps $500, when they could purchase several shares of stock, and the commission paid to the broker would then be only a small percentage of the total amount.

In reply to a further question, as well as in speeches to members of the Exchange, he said that he did not believe in the partial-payment plan, which, it may be remarked, practically all stock-exchange authorities have always regarded as merely a disguised form of margin speculation and subject to all the evils thereof. If a small investor wishes to buy stocks he should save his money in a bank, according to Mr. Cromwell, until he can buy something outright.

Bucket Shops Still Popular

Upon being asked whether he thought small investors would do better to buy stocks outright through brokers or through banks Mr. Cromwell replied that he did not see that it made much difference. He said that this was a case where the public interest should be served and protected as much as possible, and that no matter how extensively people purchase stocks through their banks the Stock Exchange would not be injured, because the competition would be of the respectable kind. In fact he added that efforts are now being made by Stock Exchange interests to persuade the rural banks to act for persons who wish to buy stock outright.

The competition to be feared, he indicated, is the unfair kind of the get-rich-quick promoter and broker, who makes promises which cannot be lived up to and who by mere display of office space, multiplicity of telephones, clerks and the like attracts the ignorant and gullible.

Upon being asked whether he did not believe that if proper efforts were made vastly larger numbers of people could be started as investors in conservative securities rather than as speculators in more or less fraudulent stocks, Mr. Cromwell replied that though this is no doubt true, the other side of the question is that "you cannot stop the cheap gambling speculator from going to cheap bogus brokers any more than you can prevent people from buying gold bricks or from buying cigars from the peddler who said he smuggled them in from Cuba without paying the duty."

There is a certain type of speculator, he pointed out, who really seems to prefer bucket shops and other cheap places where he is made to feel at home and not asked too many embarrassing questions. Provided he has a hundred dollars or so he is accepted without question, and often feels at home much more than he would in a legitimate brokerage office, where his financial credentials are more carefully looked into.

"One of the facts that make difficult the suppression of some of the most objectionable practices is the readiness and willingness of the public to buy securities through irresponsible dealers in stocks and bonds. It seems to be only necessary to place a gold-lettered name on an office window to attract a certain class of investors ready to put their money into the hands of men who are without standing or conscientious scruple, and who are only masquerading as brokerage firms.

"This type of investor seldom or never inquires into the legitimacy of the firm with which he is risking his money, but goes to the dealer's office much as he would go to the first hardware store, had it been his purpose to buy nails instead of stocks or bonds. He appears willing to take the so-called broker's advice as to the character of what should be his investment or speculation as readily as he parts with his money, and in this way he makes himself an easy prey to stock-swindling transactions.

"He has no knowledge of whether the dealer is or pretends to be a member of a reputable Stock Exchange or has a connection with a reputable Stock-Exchange firm. It is enough for him that the dealer has an office—until he loses his money; and then he in his ignorance is only too ready to blame it all on the Stock Exchange."

Reprehensible Practices

It is said that as a result of a recent bucket-shop failure the fact came out that a man who is a prominent capitalist in his own town and who buys very large quantities of bonds and other conservative investments from some of the largest banking and brokerage houses in New York had an account for about $120,000 in the bucket shop. The truth was of course that he wished to speculate or, it might be more correct to say, gamble there, because he was in wholly different company from his ordinary business and financial associates. He was afraid that if he speculated in this way through a recognized stock-exchange firm of standing the fact might in some way become known to his friends and associates.

This sort of speculation is quite common, and the writer has known of numerous cases where people seek out questionable brokers in order to get as far away from their usual connections and associations as possible. Mr. Cromwell also referred to the evils of speculation upon the part of the poorer members of the working classes, of chambermaids, bootblacks and the like. He spoke of cases where such persons had been hired by bucket shops to induce their friends and fellow servants to speculate.

"I will say this: If we found a house of ours that had been responsible for a thing of that kind and had not looked carefully into the position and standing of these people, we would take most drastic action. But how to prevent them dealing in these other outside houses, I do not know."

Mr. Cromwell also declared that he would take a very strong attitude against members of the Stock Exchange calling up strangers on the telephone as contrary to proper standards of conduct. This has been one of the greatest evils and nuisances of the bucket shop and get-rich-quick swindles. It is of course perfectly legitimate to call up customers, but the fly-by-night brokers have made it a practice to telephone or telegraph to strangers urging them to buy ten shares of this or that.

Another subject touched upon was the criticism directed against the Stock Exchange for restricting the advertising and business-getting freedom of its members. All advertising of Stock Exchange brokers is scrutinized with the utmost care by the authorities of the Exchange, and it has been asserted that the rigidness of these requirements has driven business into the arms of the swindlers. But the difficulty is that stockbrokers, if allowed complete freedom of statement, will always be tempted to prophesy—in other words, to give tips on the market.

It is clear that the problems of the Stock Exchange are not simple or easy to solve. The facts as stated in this article are purposely those which are presented in behalf of the Stock Exchange. There may be other points of view to consider in protecting the investor. It is possible that the Stock Exchange has not been anything like vigilant enough in the past. It may not have been active enough in suppressing the evils of speculation or in putting itself in a position where it can be more clearly dissociated in the public mind from the swindling fraternity. But the problem cannot be understood unless the facts as seen and presented by those interested in the Stock Exchange are first understood.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue.

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The 25 Year Pen
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Same except for size

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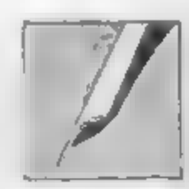

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Resembles Chinese-red lacquer
Point guaranteed 25 years

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ONE CROWDED HOUR

(Continued from Page 7)

"She's worth more," he told himself softly. "If she was mine I'd give a hundred times that much to get her back again." And he thought of this husband of hers, whom she wished to torture, and wondered what he had done to her, and hated this man he had never seen because the woman hated him. "He's not going to get her back," Jeff swore in his thoughts. "If I can help her keep away from him he'll not get her again." There was nothing possessive in the feeling which was awakening in him. His devotion to her was a completely unselfish force.

It was also the most powerful emotion Jeff had felt in all his fifty-seven years.

III

WILL BELTER stopped at the farm next morning, and lingered, talking with Jeff, watching furtively for a glimpse of the woman; asked at last, point-blank, if it was true that Jeff's niece had come to visit him. He and Jeff were on the porch, outside the kitchen door; and Jeff nodded and, raising his voice, called to the woman, who was inside. He called her by his niece's name.

"Mary!"

She came slowly to the door, dreading this contact with a stranger.

"This here's Will Belter, one of our neighbors," Jeff said by way of introduction. "He lives up on the ridge beyond the village."

Will, greedy eyes upon her, said, "Howdo, ma'am?"

The woman watched him through the screen door, and answered, "How do you do?"

He said no more, and after a moment she turned back into the obscurity of the kitchen.

Will told Jeff, "She's older than I figured she'd be."

"She looks older," Jeff agreed. "That long train trip was pretty hard; and she was kind of sick."

"Ain't but twenty two or three, is she? I'd think she was thirty, anyway."

"Twenty-four," Jeff told him.

When Will presently went on his way Jeff watched his disappearing figure with stern eyes, and there was trouble in his countenance when he turned and saw the woman standing inside the screen door and also watching.

"Who was that?"

"I'd as soon he hadn't come here," Jeff confessed. "He's a mean hound. A natural-born talebearer. Maybe we fooled him though."

She made no comment, but both understood that her desire to remain hidden was imperiled by this man's appearance. The shadow hung over them all that day. In the evening they read the paper together, found in it little that was new.

Afterwards the woman sat for a long time, thoughtfully silent, and at last said abruptly, "I think I'd better tell you why I ran away."

Jeff looked across at her in surprise, hesitated. Then: "You needn't, 'less you're a mind to," he assured her. "It don't matter to me."

"It is your right to know," she decided. "And—I'd like to be able to talk about it with you. It would be a relief, I believe."

Jeff nodded. "I expect that's so," he assented.

She took the paper from him, opened it to an inner page and pointed to a paragraph under a separate headline, beneath the story of her own disappearance.

"You saw this about Mr. Viles' secretary being arrested?" she asked.

Jeff looked at the paper. The paragraph recited the fact that after a preliminary hearing Franklin Gardner, secretary to Leander Viles, had been held for the grand jury on a charge of stealing gems belonging to the missing woman.

Ranney nodded. "I heard about his being arrested, in town that day," he told her.

"That was why I had to run away!" she cried, a sudden passion in her tones. "That was why I had to get away. Because it was I who saw him take them, and if they made me tell he would have to go to jail."

She was leaning across the table, resting on her elbows, her fingers twisting together; and she watched Jeff anxiously, hungrily, as though to be sure he understood.

Jeff considered what she had said for a moment, and at length asked slowly, "Saw him steal them?"

"It's a necklace," she explained desperately. "Pearls, and a pendant set with diamonds, very beautifully. Mr. Viles used to boast how much he paid for it. He was ever so proud of it, you see. He wanted to show it to a man who is on the yacht with him, and that's why he asked me to go down to the cabin and get it from the safe."

Jeff was trying to fill out the gaps in her story. "That's when you found out the necklace was gone, eh?" he inquired.

She nodded. Her words came in a rush: "I saw Mr. Gardner come out of my cabin door, with the leather case in his hand. He dodged away; and I suppose he thought I had not seen him. And when I opened the little safe in my cabin the necklace was gone."

Jeff grinned a little at that. "So your husband didn't get to show it off, and brag about it, after all?"

His antipathy toward this husband of hers was increasing.

The woman shook her head. "I had to go back and tell him it was gone," she assented. "And he went into one of his terrible rages. I was frightened. The doctors have warned him. So I tried to reassure him, told him that Mr. Gardner had the necklace." Her hands were tightly clasped, the knuckles white. "Oh, I shouldn't have let him know!" she cried wearily. "But I thought he must have asked Mr. Gardner to get it, must have given him the combination of the safe. Only he and I had it."

Memories silenced her; and Jeff had to prompt her with a question: "But he hadn't done that?"

"He hadn't! He hadn't!" she assented in a voice like a wail. "And when we tried to find Mr. Gardner he was gone. Gone off the yacht. Had run away. So then Mr. Viles went ashore himself, and by and by he came back, very well pleased, and said they had caught Mr. Gardner on the boat and had the necklace back again."

"Did you run away right then?" he asked, when he saw she had forgotten to go on.

She hesitated, as though choosing her words.

"No," she told him. "That was the day before. I was very unhappy even then. But until the next day I did not realize. Mr. Viles made me see. It was just before dinner, and I met him in the main cabin. He was very expansive and very good-humored and triumphant. He spoke of Mr. Gardner. And he said this to me."

She repeated the words in a curious, parrotlike tone, as though they were engraved upon her memory. "He said: 'It's lucky you saw him, Lucia. If you hadn't actually seen him come out of your cabin with the necklace in his hands we probably couldn't send him to jail, even now!'"

Jeff was watching her attentively, waiting.

"I hadn't really understood, before, that they would send him to jail," the woman cried. "I asked Mr. Viles if he meant to do that, and begged him not to; and he just laughed at me. He said: 'He'll do ten years for this little piece of work, Lucia. And you'll be the one whose testimony will send him up. That ought to be a satisfaction to you.'"

She added, with a movement of her hands as though everything were explained, "So I ran away. There was a sailor who helped me and gave me his coat, and I ran away, and got in your car because it was raining so hard and that was the first place I saw where I could hide and be sheltered from the rain."

She broke off abruptly; and neither of them spoke for a period, while Jeff considered that which she had told him.

At length he asked gently, "You didn't want to see this here Gardner in jail?"

The woman cried passionately, "No! No! Oh, he was wrong to steal. If I had not seen him I would never have believed —— But I didn't want to put him in jail!"

"I guess you liked him pretty well," Jeff said. His tone was sympathetic, not inquisitive.

"Yes," she nodded sadly, as though she spoke of one who were dead. "Yes, I did." With a sudden confidence she added, "Why,

(Continued on Page 138)

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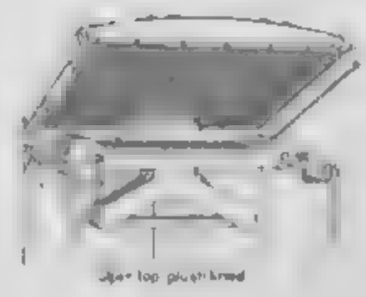

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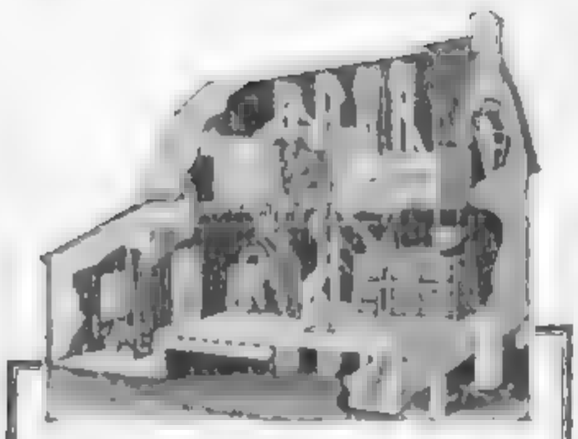

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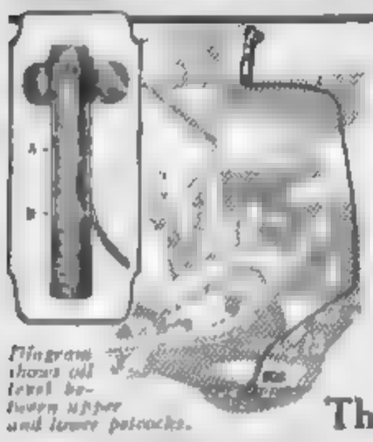

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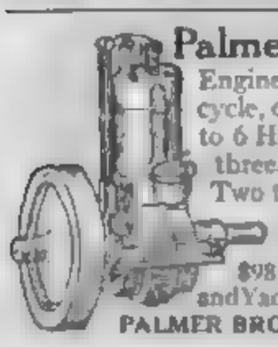

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(Continued from Page 134)

he was my best friend. We knew each other so well. It was through him I met Mr. Viles. And then Frank had to go to Europe on business for Mr. Viles, and he was away so long, and I did not hear from him. I used to work, you know. I was a buyer in one of the New York stores. And Mr. Viles was ever so good to me, and I was tired, and he begged me so. That was how I came to marry him."

"I don't figure you ever loved him very much," Jeff suggested after an interval.

"He was good to me at first," she protested. "I think he meant to be good to me."

Silence fell upon them both once more, and this time it persisted. By and by Jeff rose from his chair, passed behind hers and touched her shoulder roughly with his heavy hand.

"I wouldn't worry too much," he said cheerfully. "I wouldn't worry too much if I was you."

She looked up at him and smiled through sudden tears. "You're good to me," she told him.

"You run along to bed," Jeff bade her. "Just forget your bothers and run along to bed."

But when she had gone upstairs the man remained for a long time in his chair beside the warm lamp, thinking over what she had told him, supplying for himself the things she had not told. Jeff had a shrewd common sense; he was able to fill in many of the gaps, to see the truths to which even Lucia was blind. And as he thought, his eyes clouded with slow anger and his brows drew somewhat together; and when he got up at last to turn toward his bedroom there was a ferocity in his expression that no one had ever seen on Jeff Ranney's face in all his fifty-seven years. He spoke slowly, half aloud, addressing no one at all.

"Damn the man," he muttered. "I'd like to bust him a good one. It'd do him good."

Upon this wish, which had a solemnity about it almost like a prayer, Jeff went to bed.

IV

NEXT morning, when Andy Wattles drove by the farm with Will Bissell's truck on his way to East Harbor, Jeff saw that Andy had a passenger. Will Belter was riding to town with Andy. They hailed him as they passed the barn, and Andy waved a hand in greeting as they disappeared. Jeff's perceptions were quick; it was no more than half a dozen seconds before he understood that there was menace in this move on Belter's part. His first thought was to stop the man and bring him back, but the truck was already far away along the townward road. He shook his head; there was nothing he could do. If Belter meant harm the harm was done.

But the incident put Jeff on his guard, so that he made it his business to stay about the house that day; and when, in the early afternoon, an automobile stopped in the road before the farm he saw it and was ready. He had given the woman no warning, but she heard the machine, and came to his side in the dining room and looked out through the window. Themselves hidden, they could see the car. Three men were in it—the chauffeur, Will Belter and another. Jeff knew this other man; it needed not the woman's exclamation to inform him. Her husband had found her hiding place.

When Lucia saw him she sank weakly in a chair beside the table, said in a voice like a moan, "He's found me! He's found me!"

But for this crisis of his adventure Jeff was ready; he rose to meet the moment, gripped her shoulder.

"Just mind this," he told her swiftly. "Keep your head, ma'am, and mind what I say. You don't have to go back with him unless you want. He can't make you, ha'n't no legal way to make you; and if you don't want to go you don't have to go. I'll see't he don't take you unless you say the word."

She looked up at him in swift gratitude; and he smiled at her and asked, "Now can't you take a little heart from that, ma'am?"

"He's coming," she whispered.

And Jeff looked through the window again and saw that Viles had left Belter and the chauffeur in the car he had hired in East Harbor. He himself came steadily toward the kitchen door, while the two other men watched him from the road. Jeff and the woman heard his loud knock upon the door.

At this summons Jeff left her where she sat, her strength returning. He opened the kitchen door and faced the man he had learned to hate so blindingly that the passion intoxicated him. Yet his countenance was calm, his features all composed.

Viles was a large man without being fat; one of those men who have about them the apparent solidity of flesh which is the attribute of such dogs as Boston terriers. He may have been six feet tall, but he was inches broader across the shoulders than most men of his height. His countenance was peculiarly pink, as though rich blood coursed too near the surface of his skin. Jeff marked that he was subject to a certain shortness of breath, that his eyes were too small, and that even now a little pulse was beating in the man's throat.

Yet Viles spoke in a smooth and pleasant voice, said a jovial good afternoon and asked if this was Jeff Ranney's farm. Jeff said it was.

Viles asked "Are you Ranney?"

"I'm Ranney," Jeff assented. He had not asked the other to come in; the screen door still separated them.

"Ah," said Viles. "I am told your niece from California is visiting you. I have a rather important bit of business to transact with her."

Jeff shook his head. "She ain't my niece," he answered frankly. "She's your wife, that had to run away from you."

His voice was stony; but at his words Viles moved backward a step, as though under the impact of a blow, and Jeff saw the swift rage mount his cheeks in a purple flood. Then the rich man laid his hand upon the screen door, opened it.

Jeff did not move to one side, and Viles said hoarsely, "Get out of my way, you impudent fool!"

Jeff shook his head. "Listen, mister," he said softly. "This is my house. You can't come in here on your own say-so. I'm not fooling with you either. If you want to come in, you ask."

Viles lifted one clenched hand as though to sweep the other aside; and Jeff added, "I've heard enough about you so I'd like right well to mix it up with you a little bit—if you want to try anything like that. Do you?"

"I want to come in," said Viles hoarsely.

Jeff considered this for a moment, then he spoke to the woman, over his shoulder. "Do you want to see him?" he asked her.

"I suppose so," she told him wearily.

Jeff nodded. "All right, mister," he said to Viles. "Come in and take a chair."

Viles had somewhat recovered himself. He followed Jeff's indifferent back into the dining room. The woman did not rise. Jeff set a chair across the table from her, and Viles sat down in it while Jeff himself crossed to shut the door that led into the parlor, then came back and leaned against the kitchen door, watching this husband and wife, waiting for what they would say.

Viles had drawn a velvet glove over the iron hand. He asked the woman gently, "Are you all right, my dear?" She nodded. "You are well?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "Yes, I am well."

He looked toward Jeff. "Mrs. Viles is unfortunately subject to moments of great depression," he explained courteously. "In these moments ——" He stopped, arched his eyebrows meaningly, as though Jeff must understand.

"You mean she has crazy spells?" Jeff asked bluntly. Viles protested wordlessly. "She don't act crazy to me," Jeff commented. "But you may be right. She married you."

He was seeking quite deliberately to goad the other man into violence, but Viles controlled himself, said across the table to his wife, "We have been greatly concerned, my dear."

"I'm sorry," she said unconvincingly.

"It is a relief to know that you have not suffered. That scratch across your temple ——"

Lucia touched with her fingers the slight wound. "It is nothing."

"You must have a good rest in bed when we get back to the yacht," he told her. There was an elephantine sportiveness in the man's demeanor. "I'm going to enjoy taking care of you."

She was silent for a moment, then slowly shook her head. "I don't think I'll go back," she told him. "I don't think I'll go back at all."

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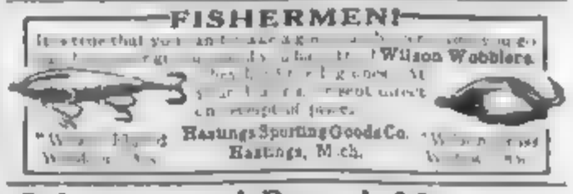

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He tried to laugh easily. "You're fancying things, Lucia. It is your home. You belong there."

She faced him with a moment of decision. "If you withdraw the charge against Frank I'll go back with you, Leander."

"Withdraw it?" he asked in pretended astonishment.

"I can't bear to have him go to jail," she cried softly.

"But, my dear, the man's a thief; has betrayed the trust I reposed in him."

"I can't help it. I can't help it. I don't want him to go to jail."

Viles dropped his eyes to the oilcloth that covered the table and drummed upon it with his fingers for a moment, then turned to Jeff.

"I'd be obliged for a few moments' talk with my wife alone," he said, a sardonic note in his tone.

Jeff held his eyes for a minute, then looked toward the woman. "What shall I do, ma'am?" he asked, as though it were a matter of course that he should defer to her.

She made a weary gesture. "He has a right to that," she said.

Jeff nodded. "I'll come back in fifteen minutes, mister," he told Viles menacingly.

But Viles smiled in affable assent. "That will do finely," he agreed.

Jeff went out through the kitchen into the shed. When he was gone Viles rose and crossed to listen at the door, and heard Jeff go on into the barn. He returned to the dining room and stood above his wife, and when she did not move he gripped her chin harshly and turned her face up to his. No velvet glove upon the iron hand now. She winced a little with the pain, but made no sound. There was triumph and malice in his grin.

"Thought you could get away with it, did you, Lucia?" he asked. She said nothing. "Thought I wouldn't find you?" Still she made no sound. "Where'd you pick up this rural squire of yours?"

His tone was insult, and her continued silence seemed to anger him; he loosed her chin with a gesture as though he flung her aside; rounded the table again and sat down facing her and lighted a cigar, watching his wife through the smoke. For a long minute neither of them moved or spoke; then she lifted her head, very slowly, and met his eyes.

After an instant he laughed at her mockingly and leaned forward, gesturing with the cigar, dropping flecks of ash upon the oilcloth.

"Lucia, my dear," he said, "you haven't played fair with me. You and that tame cat of yours. And now I'm going to even the score. If you loved him you shouldn't have married me. Or having married me you should have ceased to love him. Isn't that a fair statement of the ethics of the case?"

"I didn't know, Leander," she said pitifully. "He had been so long away."

"I sent him away," the man admitted harshly. "I wanted a clear field, and got it and got you. Thought I was getting the whole of you. But when he came back I saw within six months' time that it was only the husk of you I had won."

"You're unfair!" she cried. "Frank never spoke to me—there was never anything——"

"What do I care?" Viles demanded. "Don't you suppose I know that? Don't you suppose I've seen to it that you were both pretty closely looked after? But you loved him, and he loved you. A blind man could see that whenever you were together."

"I played fair with you," his wife pleaded. "And he did too."

"That's because you were afraid to do anything else," he assured her scornfully. "That's because you're weaklings. I'm not a weakling, my dear. In his place I'd have you. In my place I've evened the score—against both of you."

She began to sense that there was something more, something she did not know. "What?" she asked faintly. "What have you done to him?"

He puffed at his cigar, relishing it, relishing the situation. "You two blind fools! Did you think I was also blind?"

She shook her head helplessly. "What are you trying to say?"

The man swung around for a moment to look toward the road and make sure the two men who had come with him were still in the car, then leaned across the table toward her, speaking softly.

"I gave Frank the combination of your safe," he told her, grinning with delight in this moment of his triumph. "I told him to get the necklace, and take it to Boston. To have it restrung; a surprise for you. Told him not to let you see him, not to let you know. The poor fool believed me."

She was staring at him, half understanding. "He didn't steal it? He didn't steal it, then?"

"And the pretty part of it was the way I rang you in," her husband assured her mockingly. "Sending you down to the cabin at a moment when I knew he would be there. So that you might catch him in the very doing of it. So that your own testimony, my dear, might send this sweetheart of yours to jail." Her eyes widened, she was white as snow; and he threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Ah, you see it now?"

Lucia came swiftly to her feet. "He didn't steal it? He didn't steal it?" she cried. "Oh, he won't have to go to jail!"

Her husband chuckled, watching her narrowly. "Not so quick on the trigger, Lucia. Not so fast. He'll go to jail, right enough. Don't worry about that. And you'll send him there."

"But he didn't do it, Leander?" she urged pleadingly. "He's not a thief at all!"

"Of course he isn't," Viles assented. "That's the beauty of the little trap I laid."

Flames were burning in her cheeks now; her head was high. "I won't testify against him," she said swiftly. "You can't do it without me, and I won't——"

"That was why you ran away?" he asked casually. "To avoid testifying? I thought as much."

"I won't go back!" she cried. "I'll go away again!"

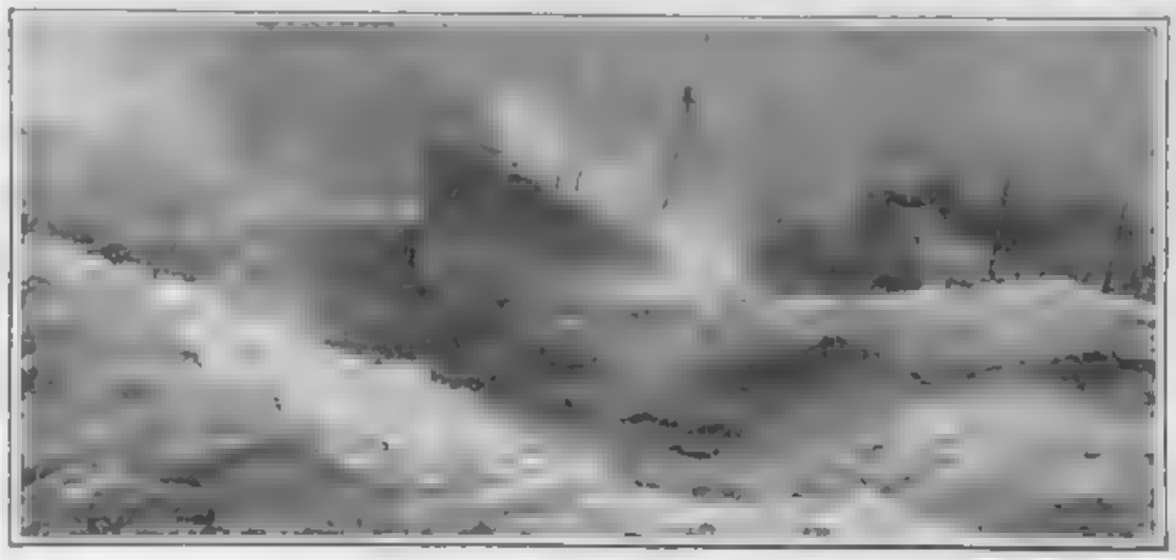
He smiled. "There were others who saw," he told her mildly. "Do you suppose I would be content with so loose a plan? They saw him, as well as you. Saw you also." He leaned toward her ferociously. "You'll testify, and you'll tell the truth, or I'll convict you of perjury on your own lie, my dear. He'll go to jail certainly; and you also if you choose."

The woman was very intent, her thoughts racing. And suddenly she laughed in his face. "And I'll tell what you've just told me," she reminded him. "How long will your scheme stand then?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no, you won't, my dear."

"I will."

"There is," he said equably, "a little provision in the law of evidence which will prevent you. A wife cannot testify to any private conversation between herself and her husband. Did you suppose I would be so mad as to let you slip out of this trap so easily? The judge himself will forbid your saying one word as to what I have told you here."



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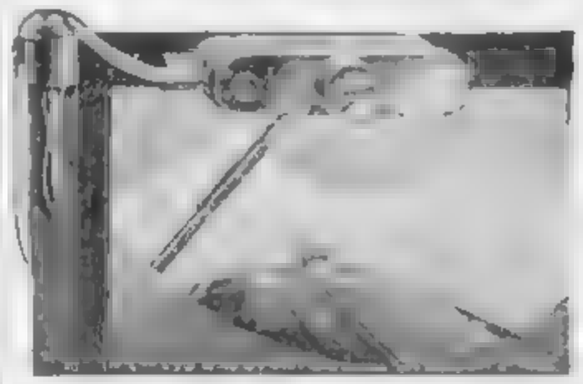

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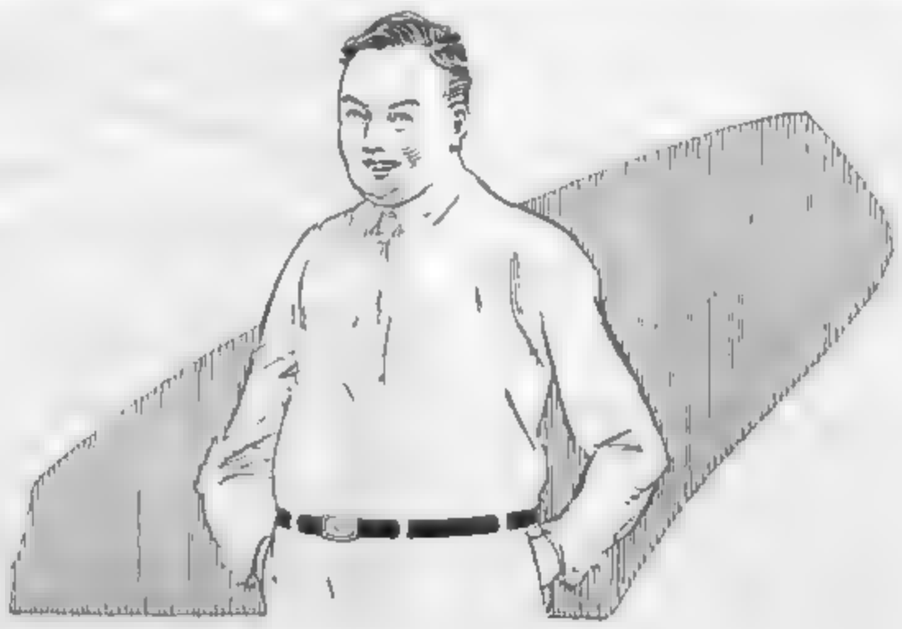

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She was trembling with despair. "I won't obey him!" she cried. "I'll tell anyway. The jurymen will believe me."

"If you blurt out such a thing against the order of the court you will be jailed for contempt, and the jury will be forbidden to believe you, will be told to forget what you have said." He shook his head mockingly. "No, Lucia, my dear, there's no way out. I have told you this simply in order that you might appreciate the pains I have taken." He laughed a little. "What a thoughtful husband you have!"

He was still sitting, watching her with a cruel satisfaction; but she was trembling, broken, her knees yielding beneath her. By littles she sank into her chair, and put her head down upon her arms and wept bitterly.

Her husband watched her from across the table and puffed at his cigar.

Then Jeff Ranney opened the parlor door and came into the room. Viles, at the sound of the opening door, looked up in surprise, looked toward the kitchen through which Jeff had disappeared, looked at Jeff again.

"What were you doing there?" he demanded, coming to his feet in sudden anger.

"Listening to you talk," said Jeff equably.

"Listening? How long?"

"Oh, I came right around the house and in the front door, soon as I went out the back. Heard all you said, I guess."

Lucia had stopped crying; she lifted her head and dried her eyes and looked at Jeff. He looked down at her and smiled, a reassuring smile that gave her somehow comfort.

Viles swung toward him, cried aloud, "You dog! I'll teach you manners!"

"Yes, sir," said Jeff slowly. "I'd like right well to mix it up with you."

Viles stopped in his tracks; the man was convulsed and shaking with his own ferocious rage. "But it ain't fair to pick on you," Jeff decided; "you're such a fool."

Lucia came to her feet, turned to Jeff appealingly. "You heard what he said?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is it true? Can he do this? Is the law that way?"

Viles reached toward his wife, would have taken her arm. "Lucia!" he cried. "Come away from here. Come away from here with me."

But Jeff put an arm between them, swept the big man back against the table. For an instant no one of them moved. Then Jeff said slowly, "I had a lawsuit once, so I happen to know. What he says is all right. On private conversations. But you see, this wa'n't private. I heard."

"You heard?" she whispered, not understanding.

Jeff nodded. "Sure. And I can tell anything I heard; and I guess—not sure, but it don't matter much, anyhow—I guess you can tell it, too, if I heard what he said."

He was looking down at her, had for the moment forgotten her husband. But Lucia had not forgotten, and it was Lucia's cry that warned Jeff. Viles was tugging a pistol from his pocket.

Jeff swung his right leg upward, kicked cunningly at the big man's hand. The pistol flew across the room; and Viles, roaring with pain, swung in at Jeff to grapple him. They came breast to breast, stood thus for an instant, each straining terribly, exerting utmost strength.

Then Viles' big head drooped with a little snapping jerk as all his body let go; and he slid limply through Jeff's arms to the floor. Jeff's one great hour was done.

An hour later Jeff drove Lucia back to town. He would send a man who made such matters his profession, to care for what was left of Leander Viles.

A day or two later Mrs. Ranney came home from Augusta. By that time Jeff had settled into the old routine once more. His life had become again as uneventful as any life can be. Save for one or two echoes of his great adventure—when Lucia wrote that she and Gardner were to wed, and when their first baby was born—his existence continued in its old accustomed way. He lived some dozen years or so on his farm eight miles out of East Harbor. Last winter, while working in his woodlot, he became overheated and then chilled with the coming of night; and a few days later he died.

$150.00 EXTRA!

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"I have just gone through my records for last month," writes Mr. Alman J. DeLong of Indiana, "and I find that my Curtis earnings for that period exceeded $150.00.

"Practically all of this business has been secured locally and with no great effort on my part," he continues. "The income is most welcome."

Letters of that sort are continually coming in to us from satisfied representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. For their work brings profits generously proportioned to the time they have to spend.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 14

All of the incidents depicted in this advertisement are facts—facts gleaned from the daily work of Grinnell engineers, salesmen and artisans. If you are interested in knowing the times, places or other details of these facts, we shall be glad to answer your request.

"Say," yelled the Production Manager, bursting in, "the big valve on the Blooming Mill line has cracked."

Father's economy lesson explodes in his hand

"That, son, is the kind of economy that keeps this steel mill paying dividends," said the father, tapping the paper before him. "That Bar Mill pipe line you had done under contract cost $1,800 more than the Blooming Mill line Henry put in with our own men. And besides he utilized most of that old material you wanted to junk."

"It's no use, Father," replied the young man, "we'll never agree on it. I'd better resign. Any consulting engineer will tell you the only way to figure costs on a line like that is on the horsepower delivered over a period of years and not on initial expense."

But right here they were interrupted. The door to the office slammed open.

"Say," yelled the Production Manager, bursting in, "the big valve on the Blooming Mill line has cracked. It won't last the day out. You'll have to work all night with a crew to get a new valve hooked up."

"And that's the old valve from the saturated steam line," gasped the engineer, sinking into a chair. "We'll have to comb the country to find a special dimension valve like that in stock."

"That means a month's shut-down," cried the President, "and the Blooming Mill can't be shut down—it can't!"

"What's it worth, Father, to have the mill running again in 24 hours?"

"Worth? It's worth $7,000—and it's—it's nothing for you to mix in on."

"Four times what you think I wasted on the Bar Mill line, eh?" smiled the son. "Will it square it if I have a new steel valve on that line by 7 o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"He's kidding," snapped the engineer.

"No, I'm not kidding. I requisitioned a *real* valve long ago. The people who installed my job advised it when they saw Henry putting that cast iron valve from the old saturated steam line into the new 'super-heated' Blooming Mill line."

"You mean the Grinnell Company advised it?" asked the President.

"Yes, and more than that, I had them test the gaskets you're using in the 1100-foot line. Their micro-photographs show them up—about as worthless as chewing gum in those joints. Take their word for it, Dad, and save another $7,000. Pull out every gasket on that line and use the kind they furnished me on the Bar Mill line. If you don't, some day you'll have a long shut-down while you are digging up a trench, stripping off steel lagging and insulation to get at a bunch of leaky joints."

"Chewing gum gaskets that might cost me $7,000! I thought gaskets were just gaskets!"

"You'd know the difference if you had sat through just one lecture on 'Purchased Material as a Factor in Power Piping.' Every Senior class gets it in the course on engineering economics. Old Professor Holborn taught us that we've got to depend upon a concern like Grinnell Company, for instance, to be sure of the right materials. They know through experience in hundreds of power piping jobs and from the results of their investigations in their big testing laboratory. They buy materials on the basis of fact, not on the basis of price!"

* * * *

Ask to have the Grinnell Industrial Piping Bulletin sent to you regularly. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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Borden's Evaporated Milk is pure country milk, with the cream *left in!* It is best for household purposes—wherever milk is needed. Delicious for coffee—excellent for every cooking use.

And the new Chocolate Malted Milk—just like the regular malted milk, but with the chocolate flavor added—has quickly become popular as a home health beverage.

Borden's Confectionery is *rich in milk.*

Whatever the purpose for which it is used, the milk on the nation's door-step is *most often* Borden's Milk—pure, rich, wholesome.

Ask for it when ordering at your grocer's.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building New York

After photo
© Victor Georg

Farrar as
Madame Butterfly

ALL that the most famous artists are to the opera and concert stage, the Victrola and Victor Records are in the homes of music-lovers everywhere. Just as the public recognizes the genius of an artist, so too does it recognize the value of the one instrument for which those artists have made records.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the first of each month.

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